SONGS EVERY ONE SHOULD KNOW

Edited by
Clifton Johnson

AMERICAN·BOOK·COMPANY

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SONGS
EVERY ONE SHOULD KNOW

TWO HUNDRED FAVORITE SONGS
FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

EDITED BY
CLIFTON JOHNSON

NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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E-P 15

Introductory Note

HERE is the foundation of musical culture so far as songs are concerned. What supplementary reading is to youthful students in gaining facility to read well, and a liking for good literature, this collection is to those who are acquiring the art of singing. Familiarity with such a collection is essential to the education of children, and is scarcely less important for their elders.

The book has about it nothing of the technical, and the selection has been made simply with reference to the charm of the songs themselves, and their power to stimulate a love of good music. They are characterized by a vigorous and easily caught melody, and are never complicated and involved.

The collection includes songs of nearly every variety, except hymns. Care has been taken to avoid coarseness and extreme sentimentality or pathos. There is something of sadness or melancholy in a few of the love songs; but as a whole the songs are full of brightness and cheer. Songs of the same kind are grouped together—a feature which will doubtless prove a great convenience.

No really difficult music is included. It can all be sung by persons of ordinary musical knowledge, and played readily by such persons on the piano or organ.

CLIFTON JOHNSON

HADLEY, MASS.

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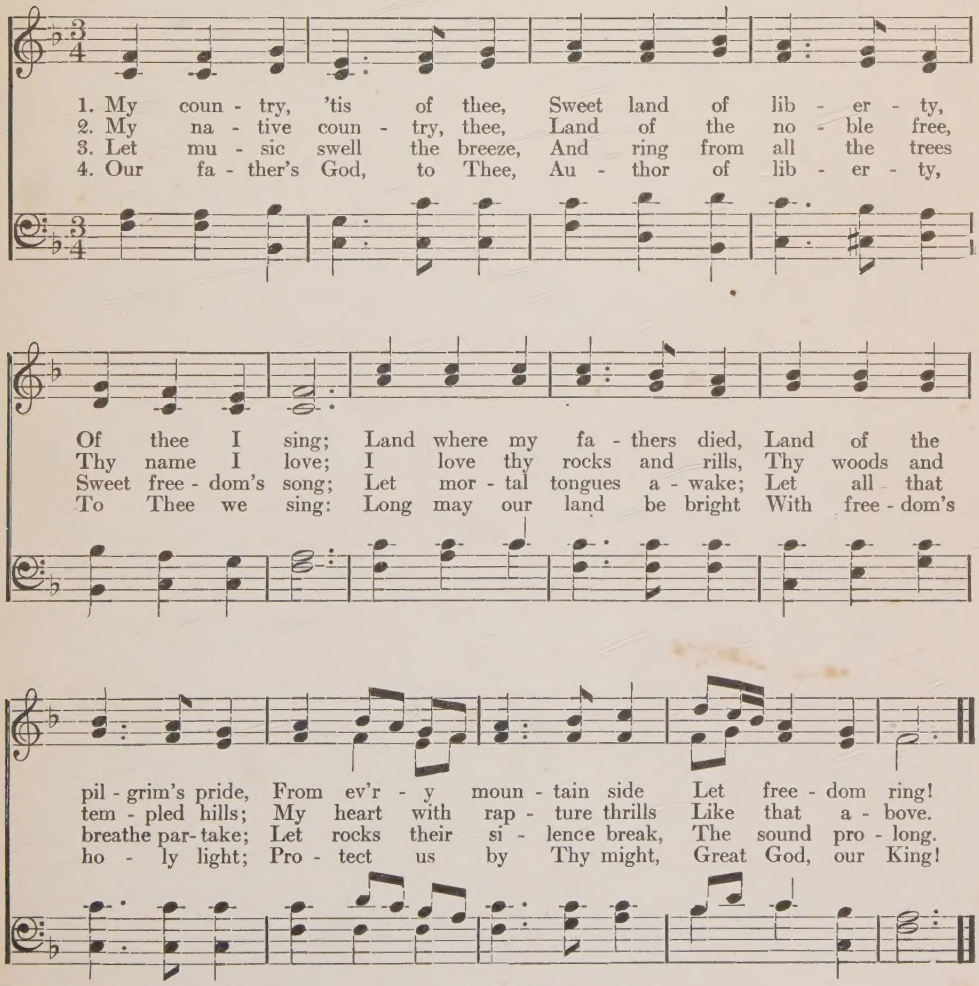
SONGS

EVERY ONE SHOULD KNOW

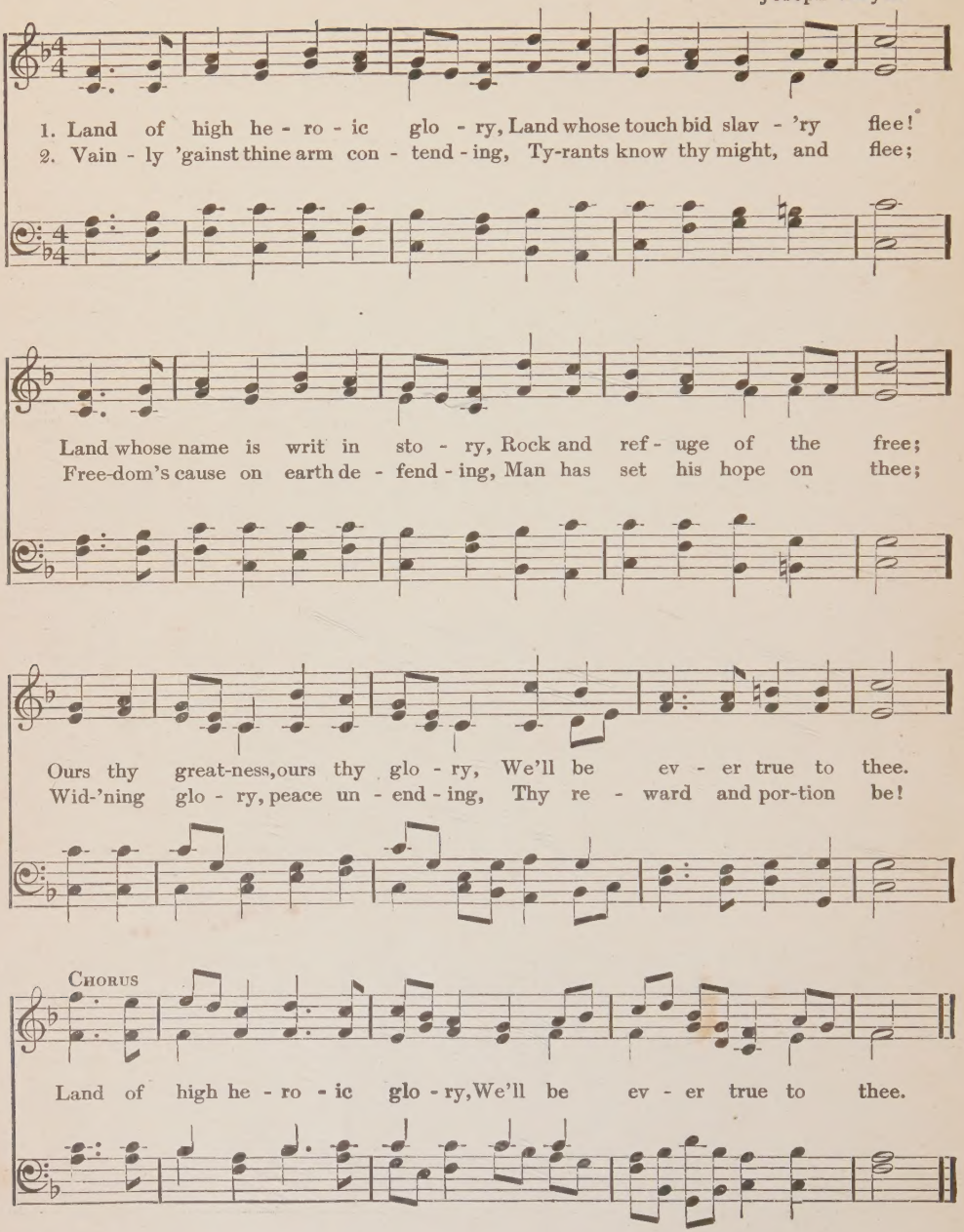
America

Rev. Samuel F. Smith — Old melody*

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's
pil - grim's pride, From ev'r - y moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

*This same air is used in singing "God Save the King," the English National Anthem.

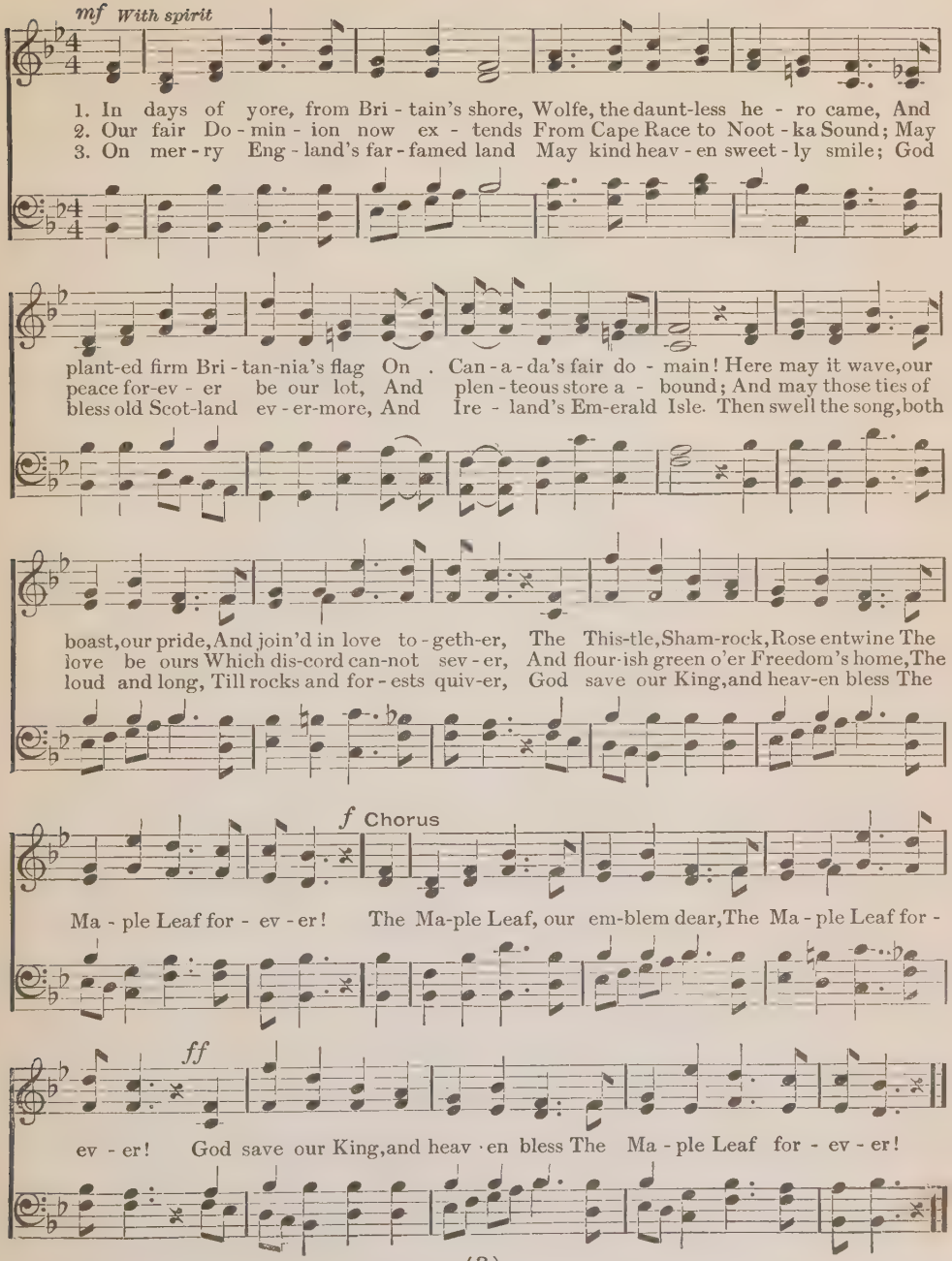
Our Country

Joseph Haydn


1. Land of high he - ro - ic glo - ry, Land whose touch bid slav - 'ry flee!
2. Vain - ly 'gainst thine arm con - tend - ing, Ty-rants know thy might, and flee;
Land whose name is writ in sto - ry, Rock and ref - uge of the free;
Free-dom's cause on earth de - fend - ing, Man has set his hope on thee;
Ours thy great-ness, ours thy glo - ry, We'll be ev - er true to thee.
Wid-'ning glo - ry, peace un - end - ing, Thy re - ward and por-tion be!
Chorus
Land of high he - ro - ic glo - ry, We'll be ev - er true to thee.

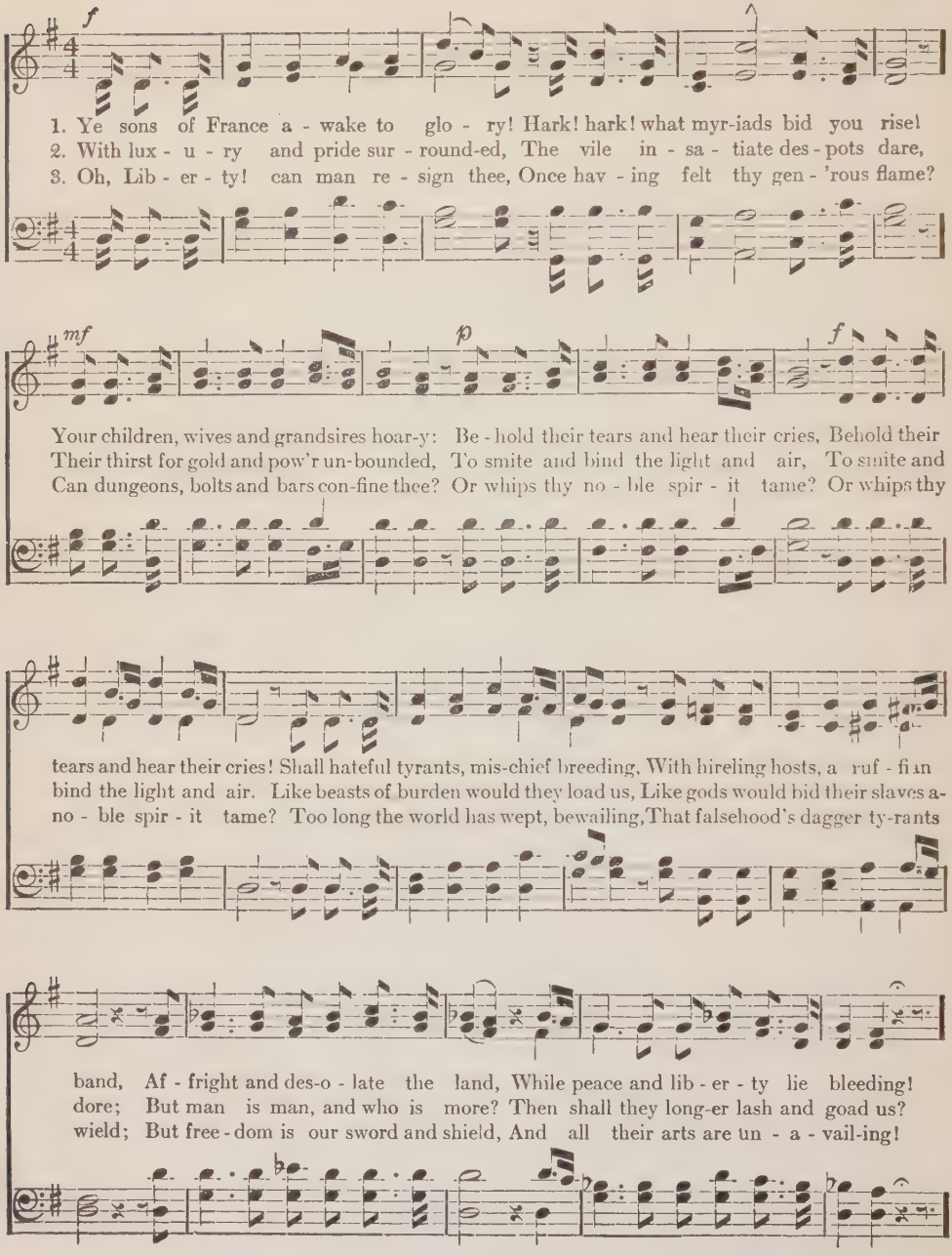
The Maple Leaf Forever

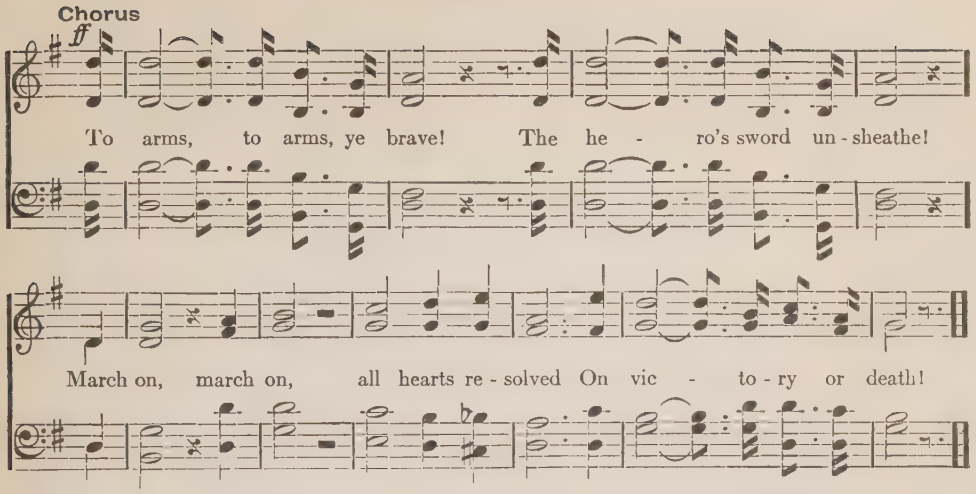
Alexander Muir


mf With spirit
1. In days of yore, from Bri - tain's shore, Wolfe, the daunt-less he - ro came, And
2. Our fair Do - min - ion now ex - tends From Cape Race to Noot - ka Sound; May
3. On mer - ry Eng - land's far - famed land May kind heav - en sweet - ly smile; God
plant-ed firm Bri - tan-nia's flag On . Can - a - da's fair do - main! Here may it wave, our
peace for-ev - er be our lot, And plen - teous store a - bound; And may those ties of
bless old Scot-land ev - er-more, And Ire - land's Em-erald Isle. Then swell the song, both
boast, our pride, And join'd in love to - geth-er, The This-tle, Sham-rock, Rose entwine The
love be ours Which dis-cord can-not sev - er, And flour-ish green o'er Freedom's home, The
loud and long, Till rocks and for - ests quiv-er, God save our King, and heav-en bless The
f Chorus
Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er! The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for -
ff
ev - er! God save our King, and heav - en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!

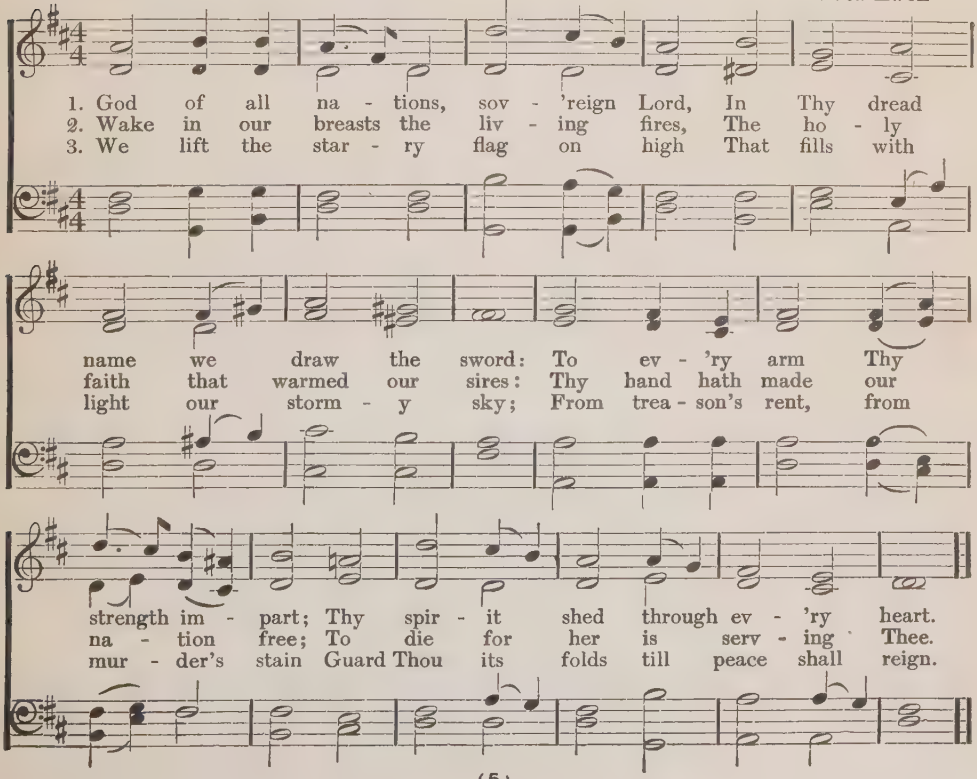
The Marseillaise

Rouget de Lisle


f
1. Ye sons of France a - wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myr-iads bid you rise!
2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round-ed, The vile in - sa - tiate des - pots dare,
3. Oh, Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy gen - 'rous flame?
mf
p
f
Your children, wives and grandsires hoar-y: Be - hold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their
Their thirst for gold and pow'r un-bounded, To smite and bind the light and air, To smite and
Can dungeons, bolts and bars con-fine thee? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Or whips thy
tears and hear their cries! Shall hateful tyrants, mis-chief breeding, With hireling hosts, a ruf - fian
bind the light and air. Like beasts of burden would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a-
no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept, bewailing, That falsehood's dagger ty-rants
band, Af - fright and des-o - late the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeding!
dore; But man is man, and who is more? Then shall they long-er lash and goad us?
wield; But free - dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail-ing!

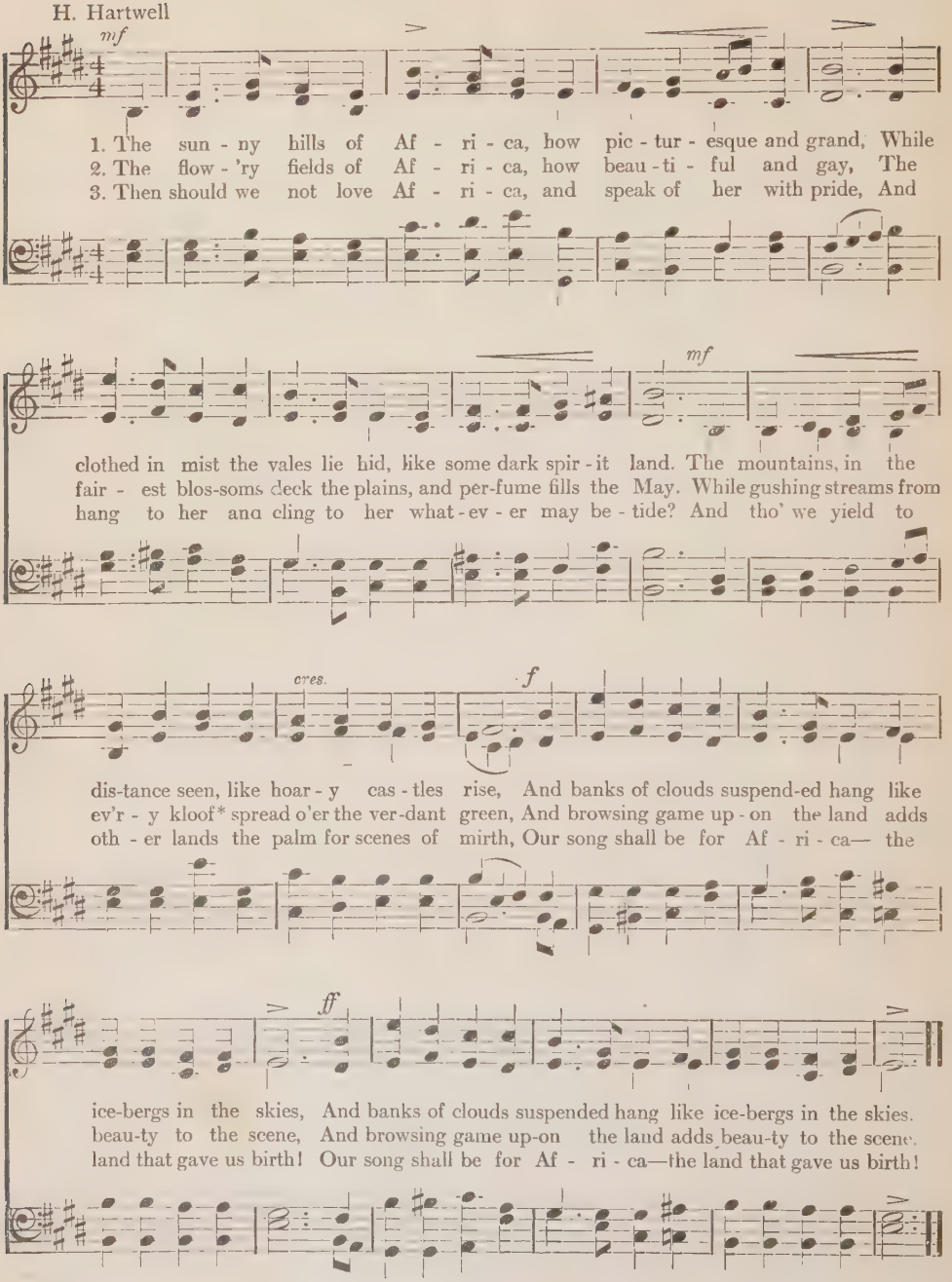
The Marseillaise

Army Hymn

Oliver Wendell Holmes — Alexis T. von Lwoff


1. God of all na - tions, sov - 'reign Lord, In Thy dread
2. Wake in our breasts the liv - ing fires, The ho - ly
3. We lift the star - ry flag on high That fills with
name we draw the sword: To ev - 'ry arm Thy
faith that warmed our sires: Thy hand hath made our
light our storm - y sky; From trea - son's rent, from
strength im - part; Thy spir - it shed through ev - 'ry heart.
na - tion free; To die for her is serv - ing Thee.
mur - der's stain Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign.

South African National Song

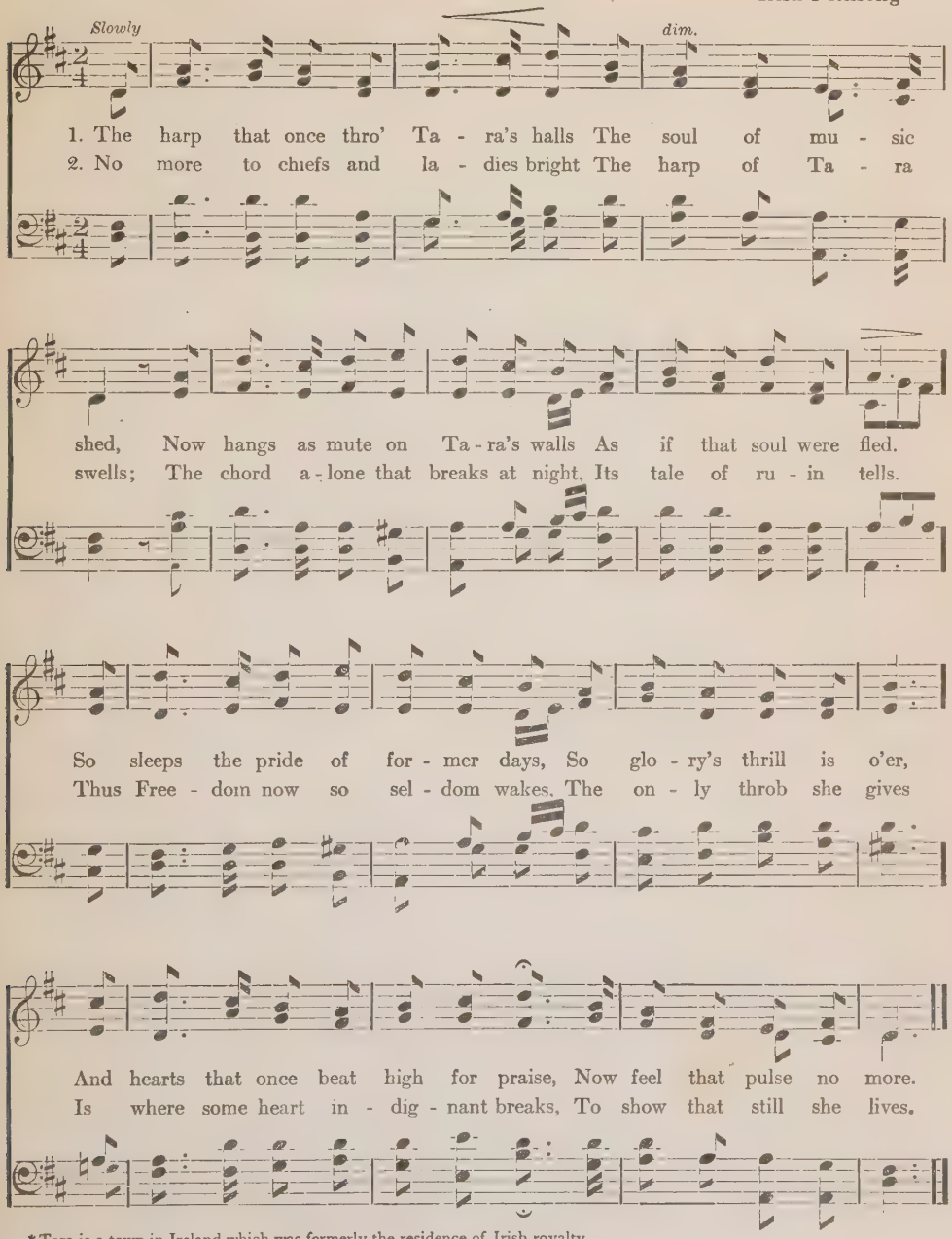
H. Hartwell


mf
1. The sun - ny hills of Af - ri - ca, how pic - tur - esque and grand, While
2. The flow - 'ry fields of Af - ri - ca, how beau - ti - ful and gay, The
3. Then should we not love Af - ri - ca, and speak of her with pride, And
mf
clothed in mist the vales lie hid, like some dark spir - it land. The mountains, in the
fair - est blos-soms deck the plains, and per-fume fills the May. While gushing streams from
hang to her and cling to her what - ev - er may be - tide? And tho' we yield to
cres.
f
dis-tance seen, like hoar - y cas - tles rise, And banks of clouds suspend-ed hang like
ev'r - y kloof* spread o'er the ver-dant green, And browsing game up - on the land adds
oth - er lands the palm for scenes of mirth, Our song shall be for Af - ri - ca— the
ff
ice-bergs in the skies, And banks of clouds suspended hang like ice-bergs in the skies.
beau-ty to the scene, And browsing game up-on the land adds beau-ty to the scene.
land that gave us birth! Our song shall be for Af - ri - ca—the land that gave us birth!

* Glen.

The Harp That Once Through Tara's* Halls

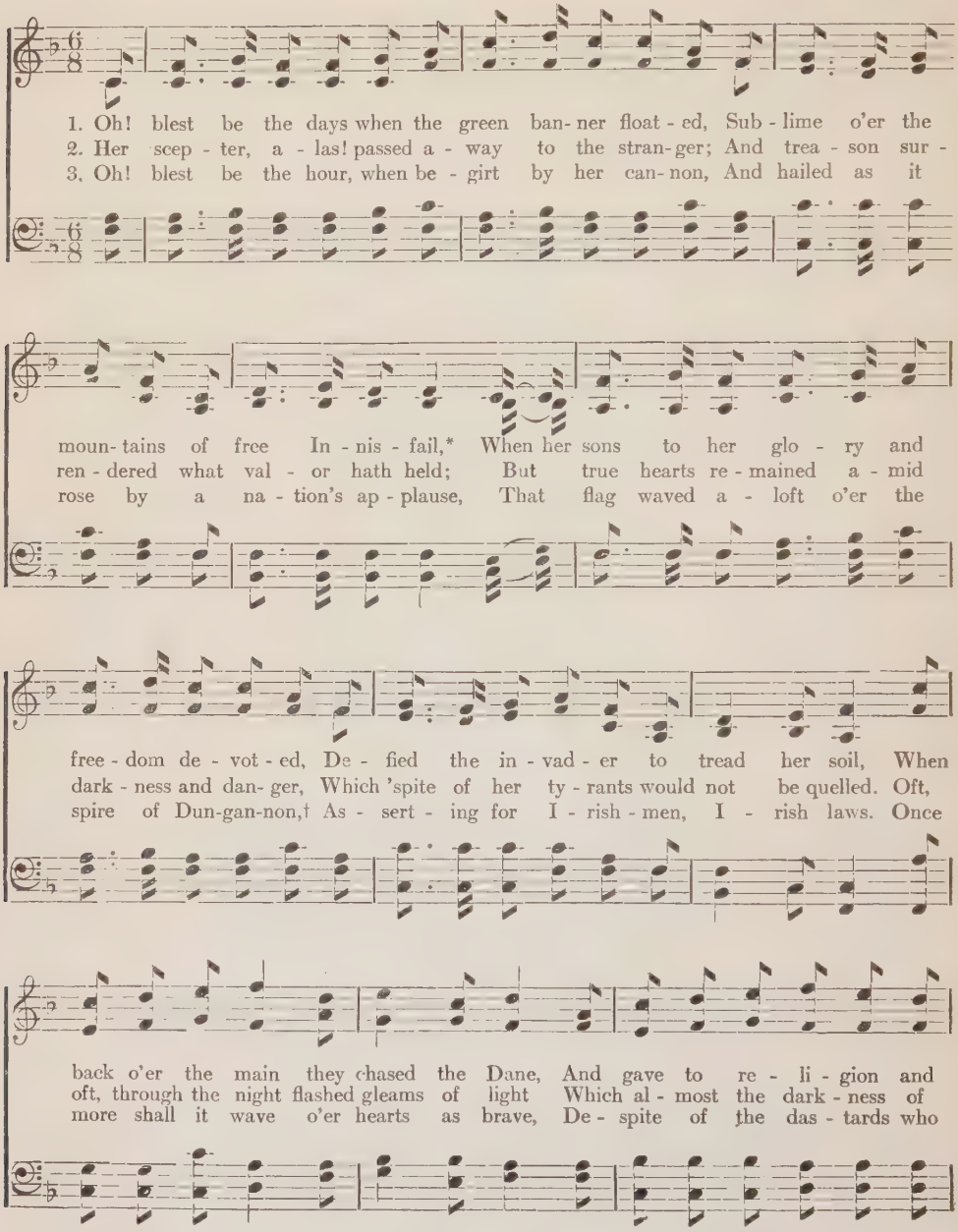
Thomas Moore — Irish Folksong


Slowly
dim.
1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra
shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled.
swells; The chord a - lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells.
So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er,
Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives
And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.
Is where some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

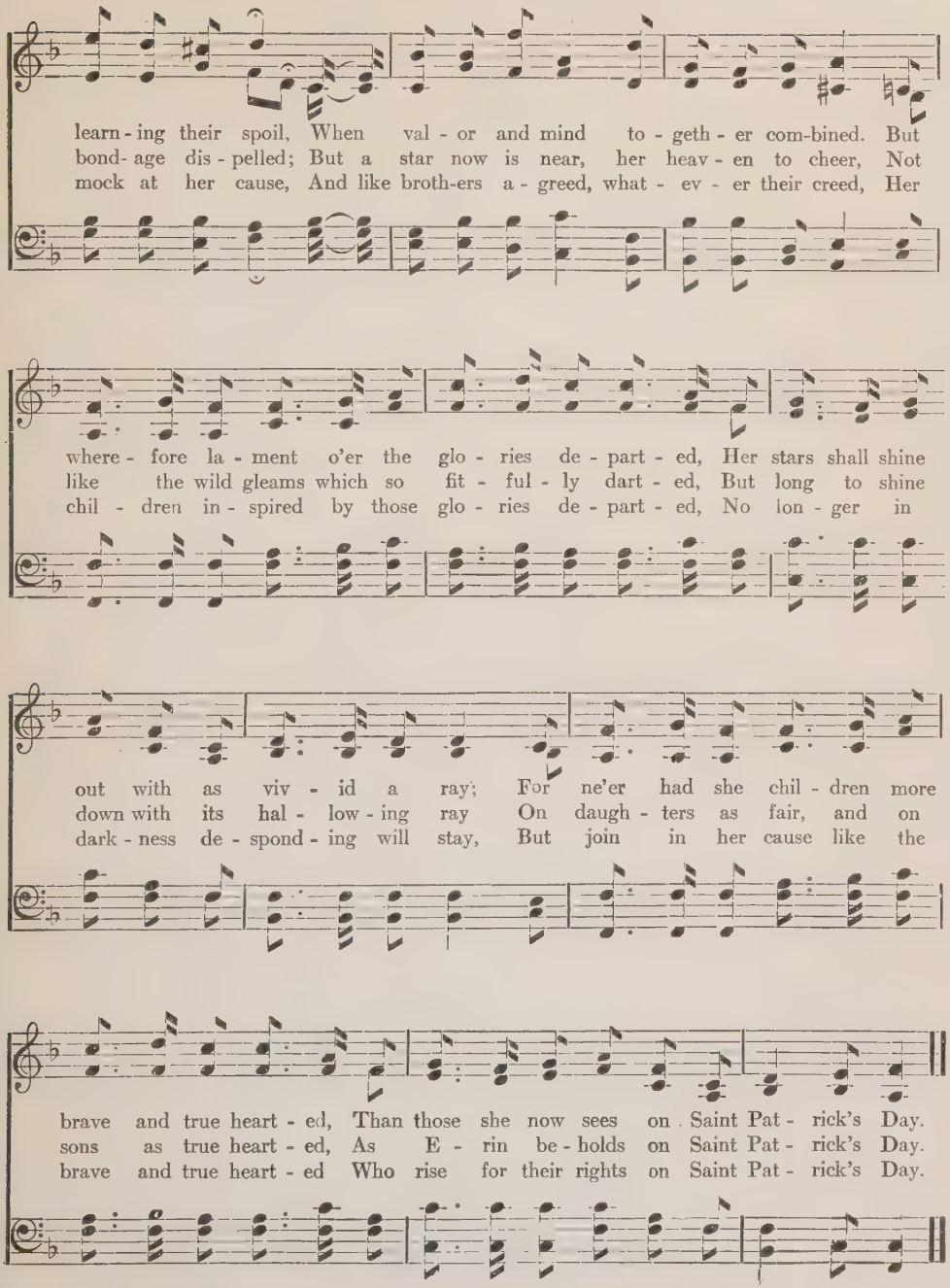
*Tara is a town in Ireland which was formerly the residence of Irish royalty.

Saint Patrick's Day

M. J. Barry — Irish Folksong

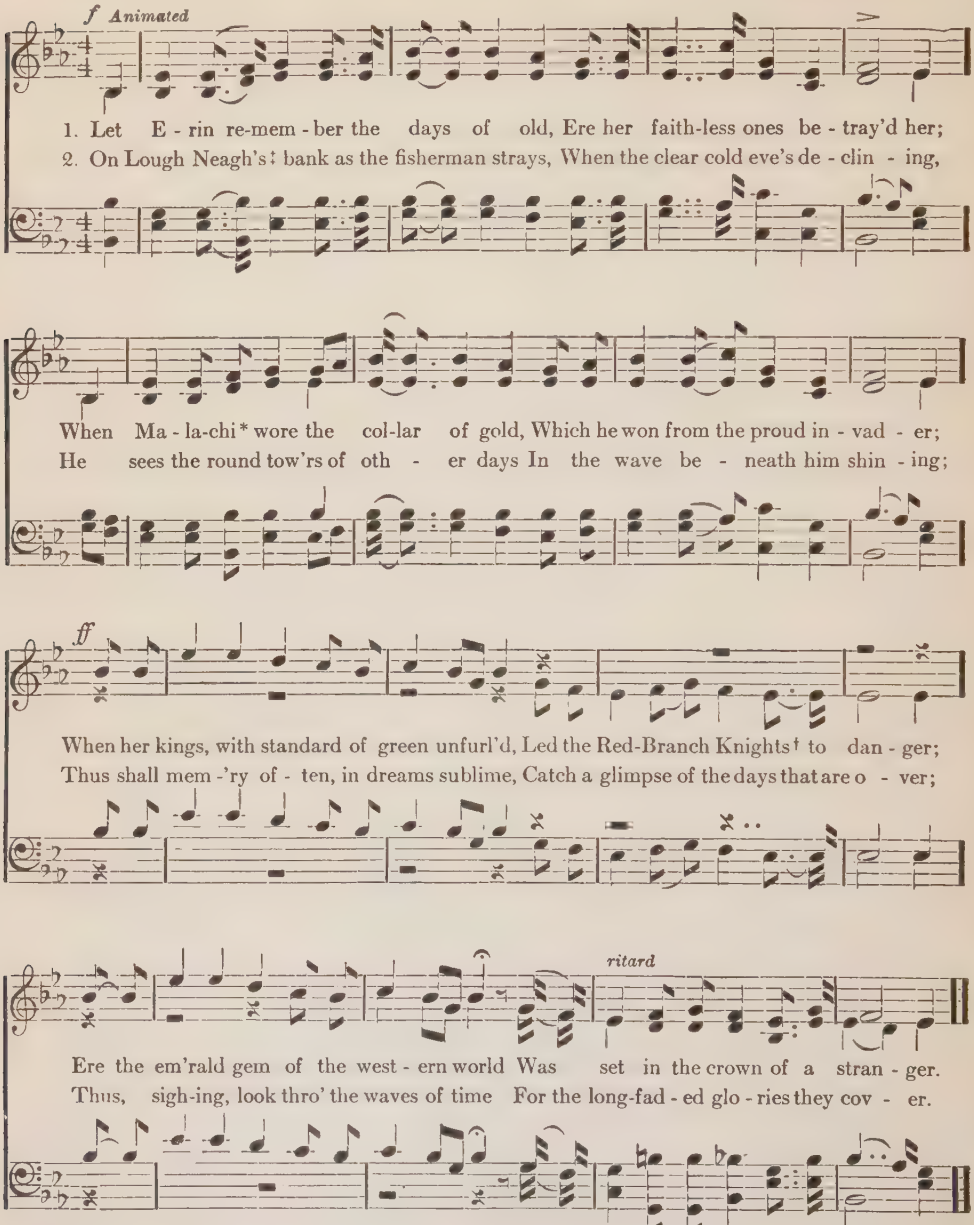

1. Oh! blest be the days when the green ban- ner float - ed, Sub - lime o'er the
2. Her scep - ter, a - las! passed a - way to the stran-ger; And trea - son sur -
3. Oh! blest be the hour, when be - girt by her can- non, And hailed as it
moun- tains of free In - nis - fail,* When her sons to her glo - ry and
ren - dered what val - or hath held; But true hearts re - mained a - mid
rose by a na - tion's ap - plause, That flag waved a - loft o'er the
free - dom de - vot - ed, De - fied the in - vad - er to tread her soil, When
dark - ness and dan- ger, Which 'spite of her ty - rants would not be quelled. Oft,
spire of Dun-gan-non,† As - sert - ing for I - rish - men, I - rish laws. Once
back o'er the main they chased the Dane, And gave to re - li - gion and
oft, through the night flashed gleams of light Which al - most the dark - ness of
more shall it wave o'er hearts as brave, De - spite of the das - tards who

*An ancient name for Ireland. †A town in North eastern Ireland, once the chief seat of the Kings of Ulster.

Saint Patrick's Day

learn - ing their spoil, When val - or and mind to - geth - er com-bined. But
bond- age dis - pelled; But a star now is near, her heav - en to cheer, Not
mock at her cause, And like broth-ers a - greed, what - ev - er their creed, Her
where - fore la - ment o'er the glo - ries de - part - ed, Her stars shall shine
like the wild gleams which so fit - ful - ly dart - ed, But long to shine
chil - dren in - spired by those glo - ries de - part - ed, No lon - ger in
out with as viv - id a ray; For ne'er had she chil - dren more
down with its hal - low - ing ray On daugh - ters as fair, and on
dark - ness de - spond - ing will stay, But join in her cause like the
brave and true heart - ed, Than those she now sees on Saint Pat - rick's Day.
sons as true heart - ed, As E - rin be - holds on Saint Pat - rick's Day.
brave and true heart - ed Who rise for their rights on Saint Pat - rick's Day.

Let Erin Remember the Days of Old

Thomas Moore — Irish Folksong

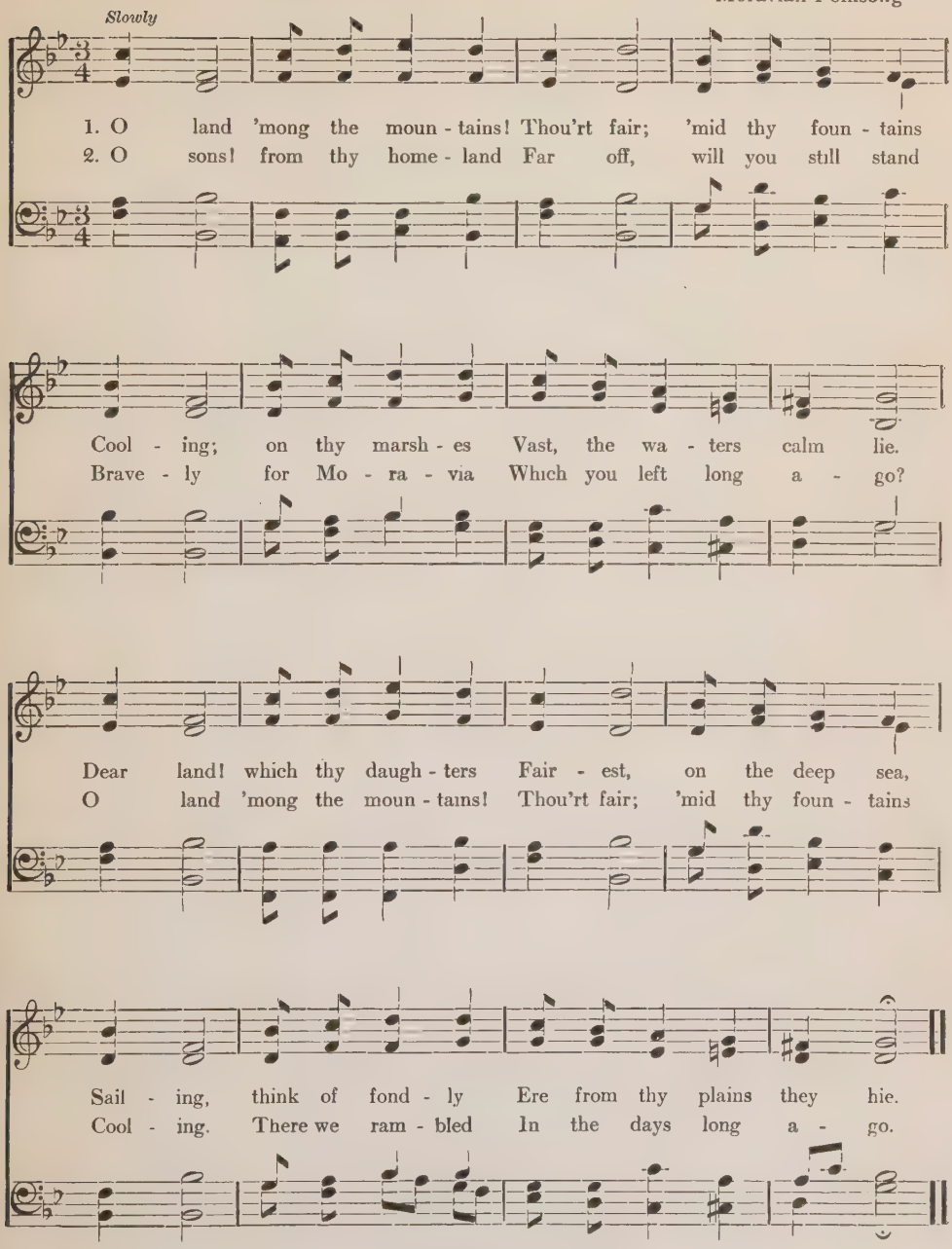

f Animated
1. Let E - rin re-mem - ber the days of old, Ere her faith-less ones be - tray'd her;
2. On Lough Neagh's‡ bank as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's de - clin - ing,
When Ma - la-chi* wore the col-lar of gold, Which he won from the proud in - vad - er;
He sees the round tow'rs of oth - er days In the wave be - neath him shin - ing;
ff
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd, Led the Red-Branch Knights† to dan - ger;
Thus shall mem -'ry of - ten, in dreams sublime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o - ver;
ritard
Ere the em'rald gem of the west - ern world Was set in the crown of a stran - ger.
Thus, sigh-ing, look thro' the waves of time For the long-fad - ed glo - ries they cov - er.

* An Irish Monarch of the 10th Century, who fought successfully the invading Danes. † An ancient Irish order of chivalry.

‡ A lake in northern Ireland—pronounced *lŏk nay.*

O Land 'Mong the Mountains!

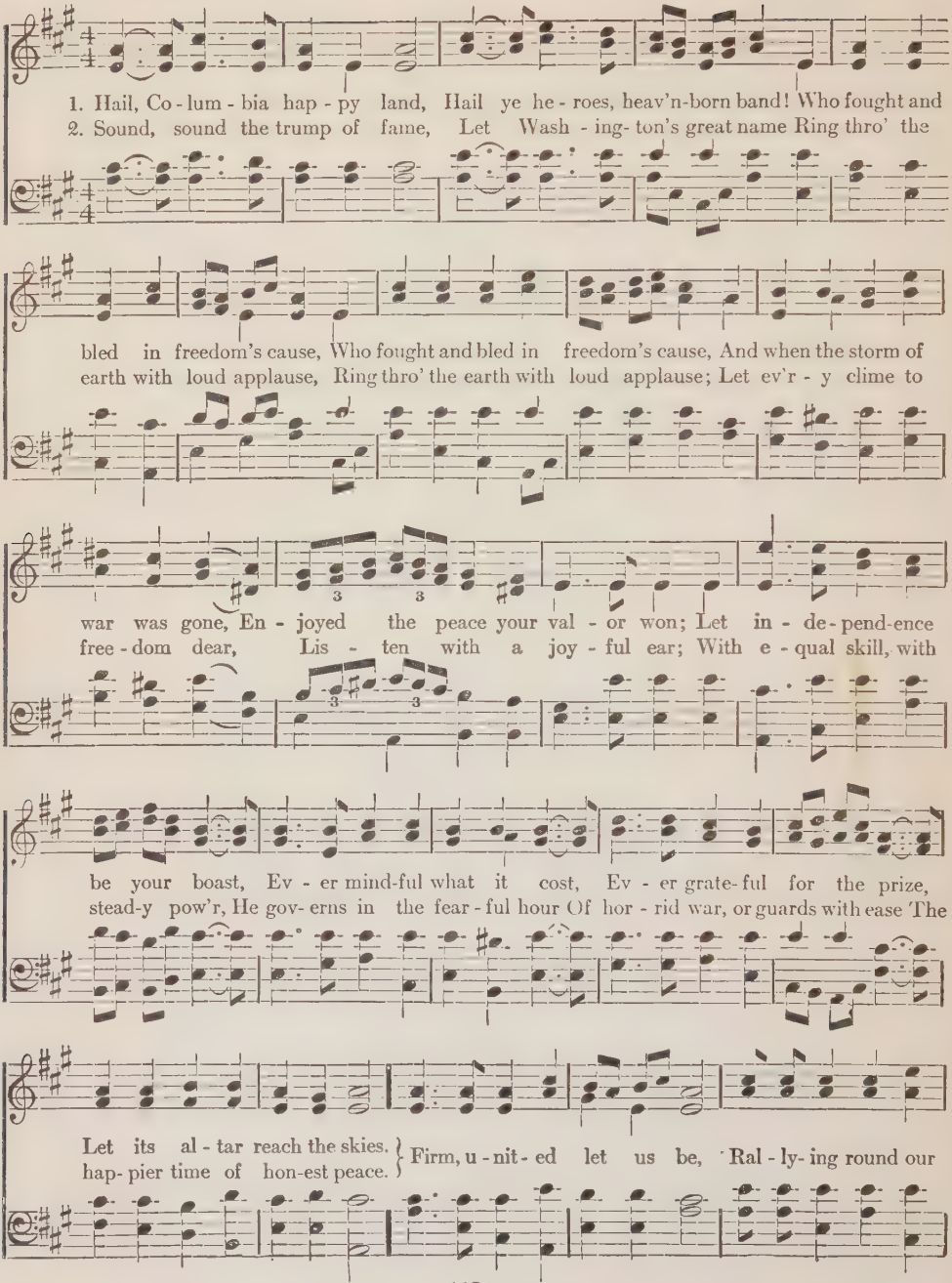
Moravian Folksong


Slowly
1. O land 'mong the moun - tains! Thou'rt fair; 'mid thy foun - tains
2. O sons! from thy home - land Far off, will you still stand
Cool - ing; on thy marsh - es Vast, the wa - ters calm lie.
Brave - ly for Mo - ra - via Which you left long a - go?
Dear land! which thy daugh - ters Fair - est, on the deep sea,
O land 'mong the moun - tains! Thou'rt fair; 'mid thy foun - tains
Sail - ing, think of fond - ly Ere from thy plains they hie.
Cool - ing. There we ram - bled In the days long a - go.

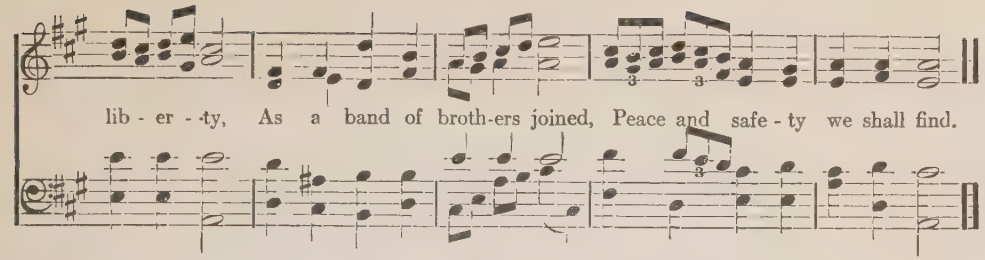
Hail Columbia

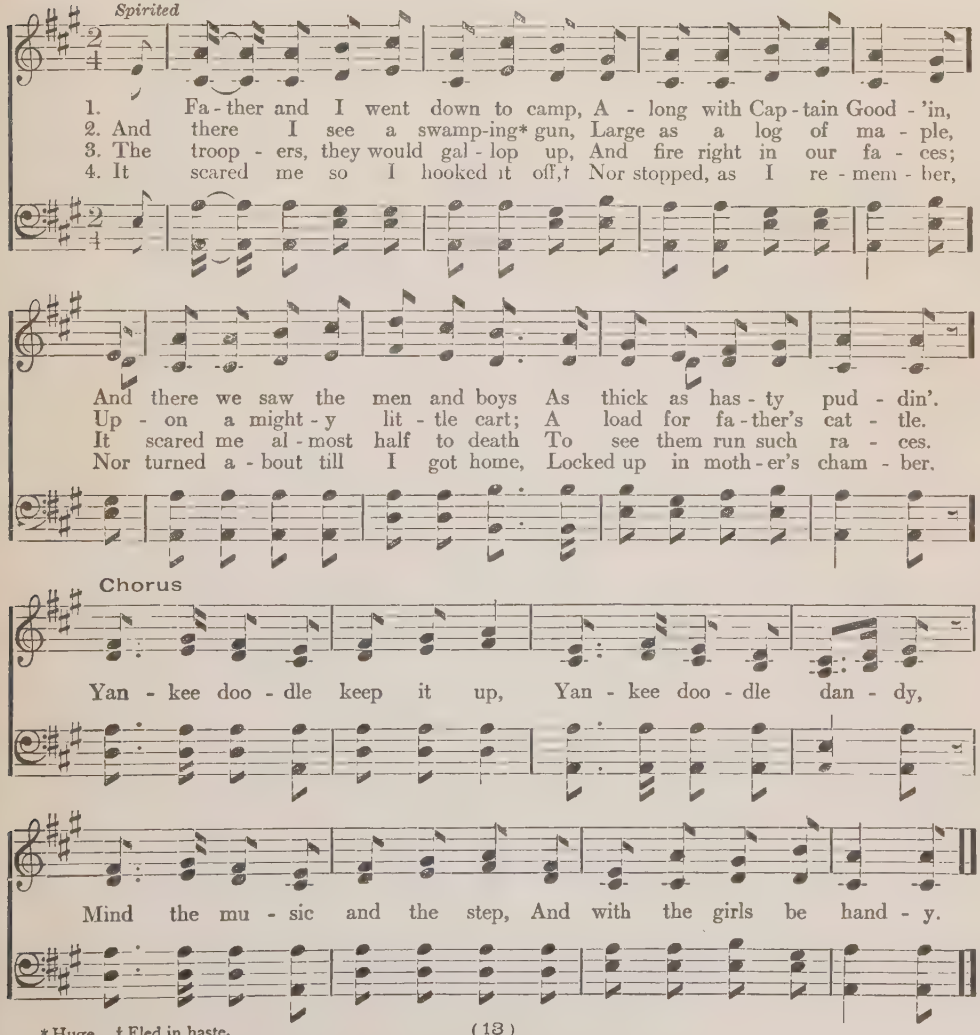
Joseph Hopkinson

Phyla


1. Hail, Co - lum - bia hap - py land, Hail ye he - roes, heav'n-born band! Who fought and
2. Sound, sound the trump of fame, Let Wash - ing- ton's great name Ring thro' the
bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of
earth with loud applause, Ring thro' the earth with loud applause; Let ev'r - y clime to
war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won; Let in - de - pend-ence
free - dom dear, Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear; With e - qual skill, with
be your boast, Ev - er mind-ful what it cost, Ev - er grate- ful for the prize,
stead-y pow'r, He gov- erns in the fear - ful hour Of hor - rid war, or guards with ease The
Let its al - tar reach the skies.
hap- pier time of hon-est peace.
Firm, u - nit - ed let us be, Ral - ly- ing round our

Hail Columbia

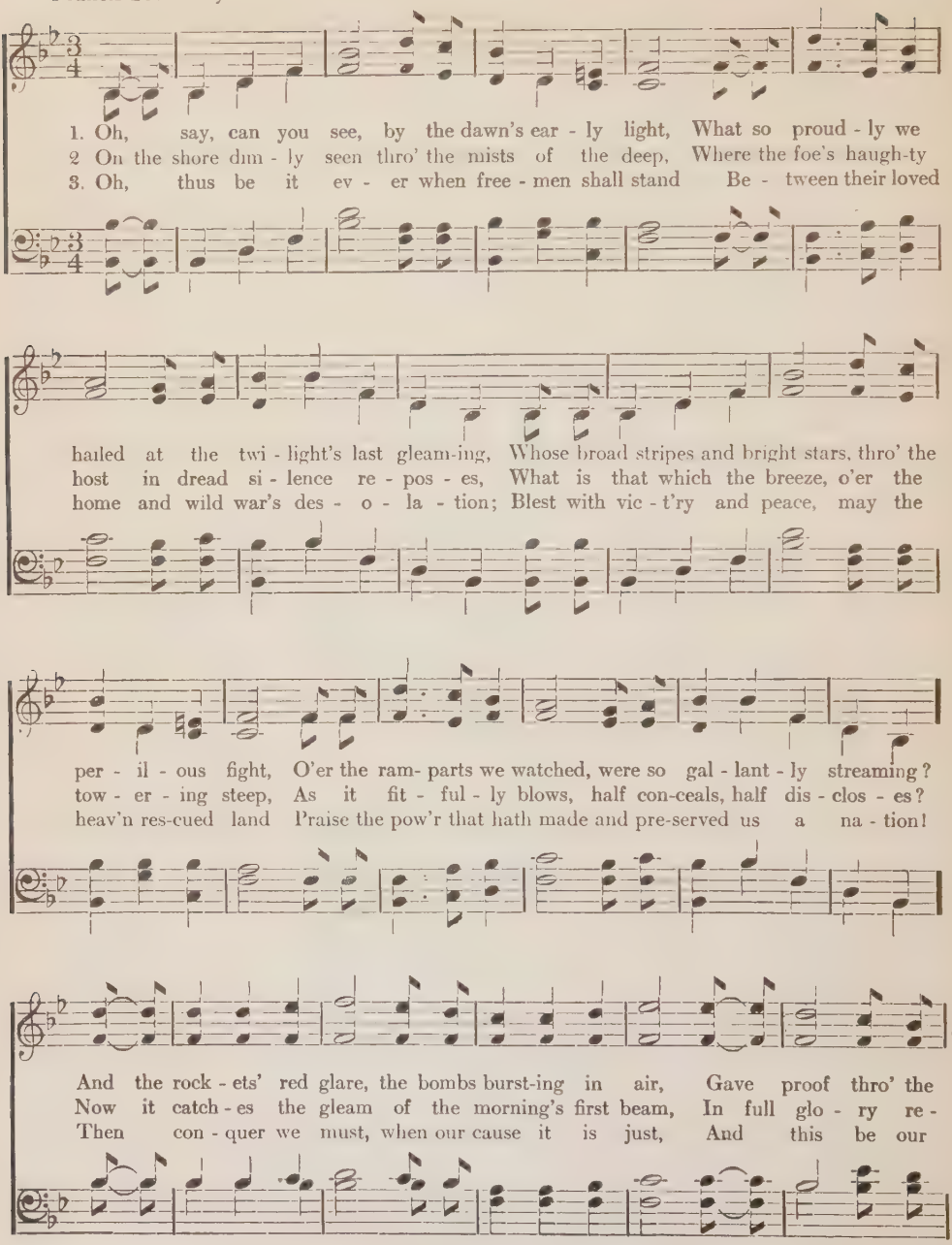


Yankee Doodle

Spirited
1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain Good - 'in,
2. And there I see a swamp-ing* gun, Large as a log of ma - ple,
3. The troop - ers, they would gal - lop up, And fire right in our fa - ces;
4. It scared me so I hooked it off,† Nor stopped, as I re - mem - ber,
And there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.
Up - on a might - y lit - tle cart; A load for fa - ther's cat - tle.
It scared me al - most half to death To see them run such ra - ces.
Nor turned a - bout till I got home, Locked up in moth - er's cham - ber.
Chorus
Yan - kee doo - dle keep it up, Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy,
Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be hand - y.

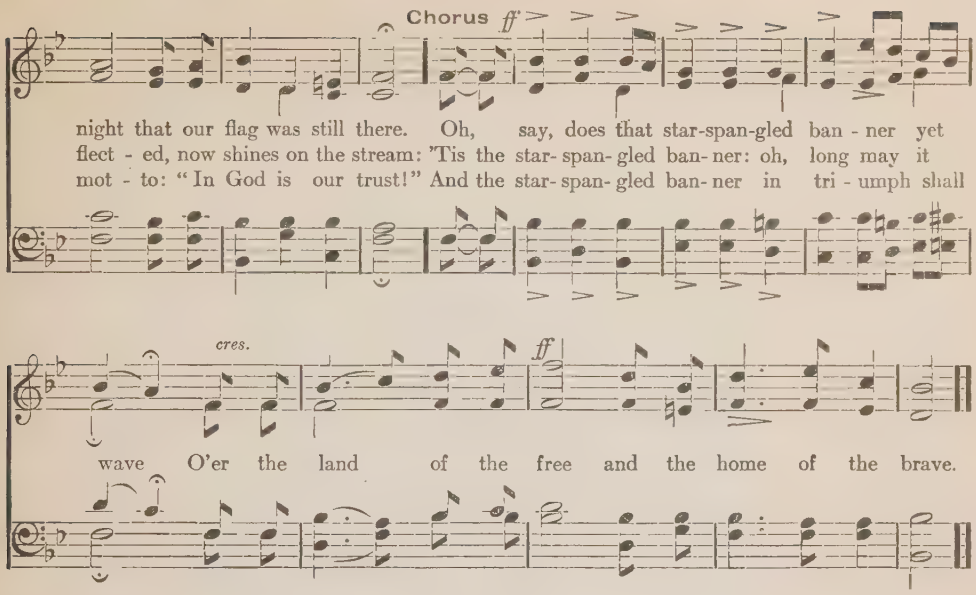
* Huge. † Fled in haste.

The Star-spangled Banner

Francis Scott Key

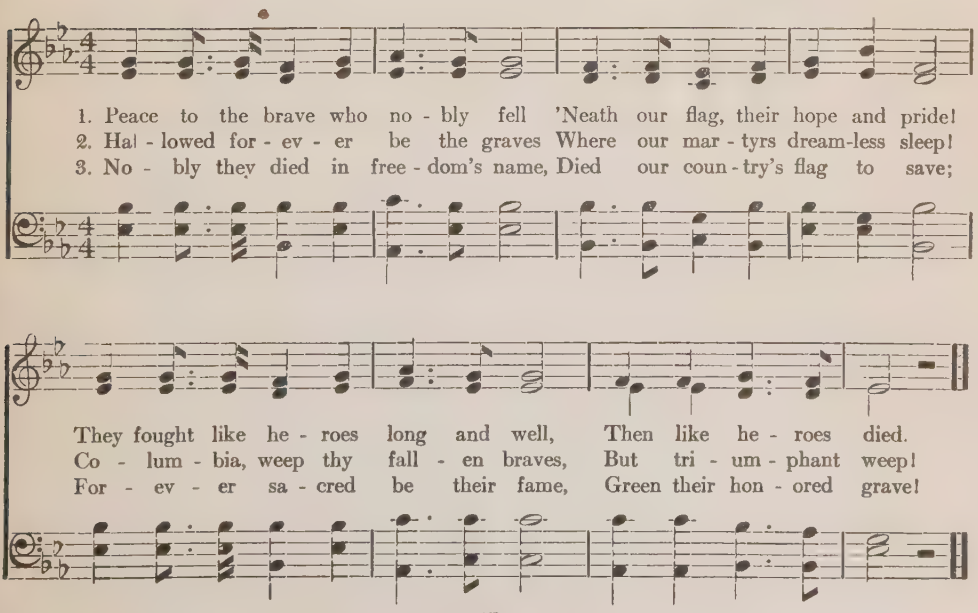

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
2 On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty
3. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be - tween their loved
hailed at the twi - light's last gleam-ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
home and wild war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram- parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly streaming?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es?
heav'n res-cued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion!
And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re -
Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our

The Star-spangled Banner

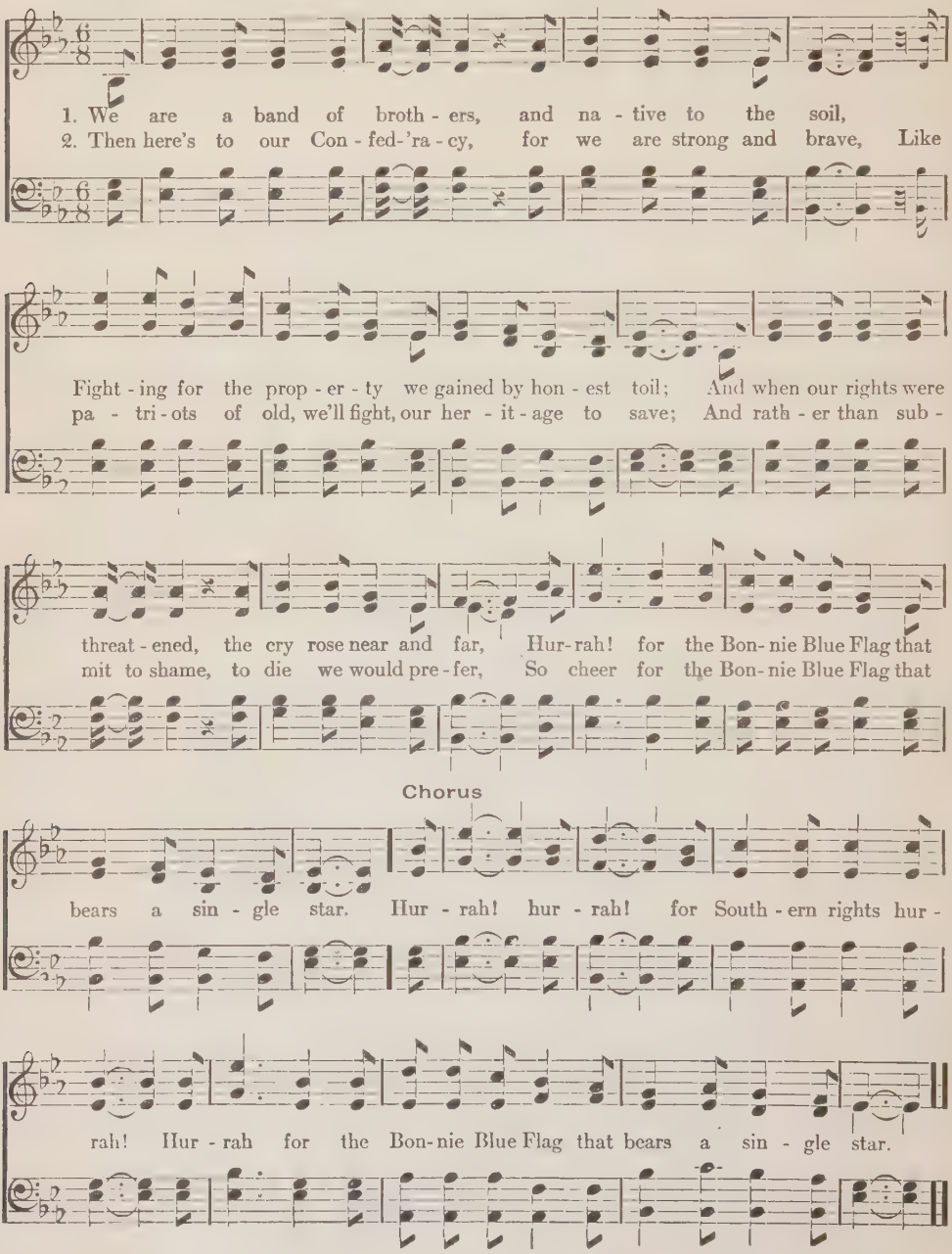

Chorus ff
night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-span-gled ban - ner yet
flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star- span- gled ban- ner: oh, long may it
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star- span- gled ban- ner in tri - umph shall
cres.
ff
wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Peace to the Brave

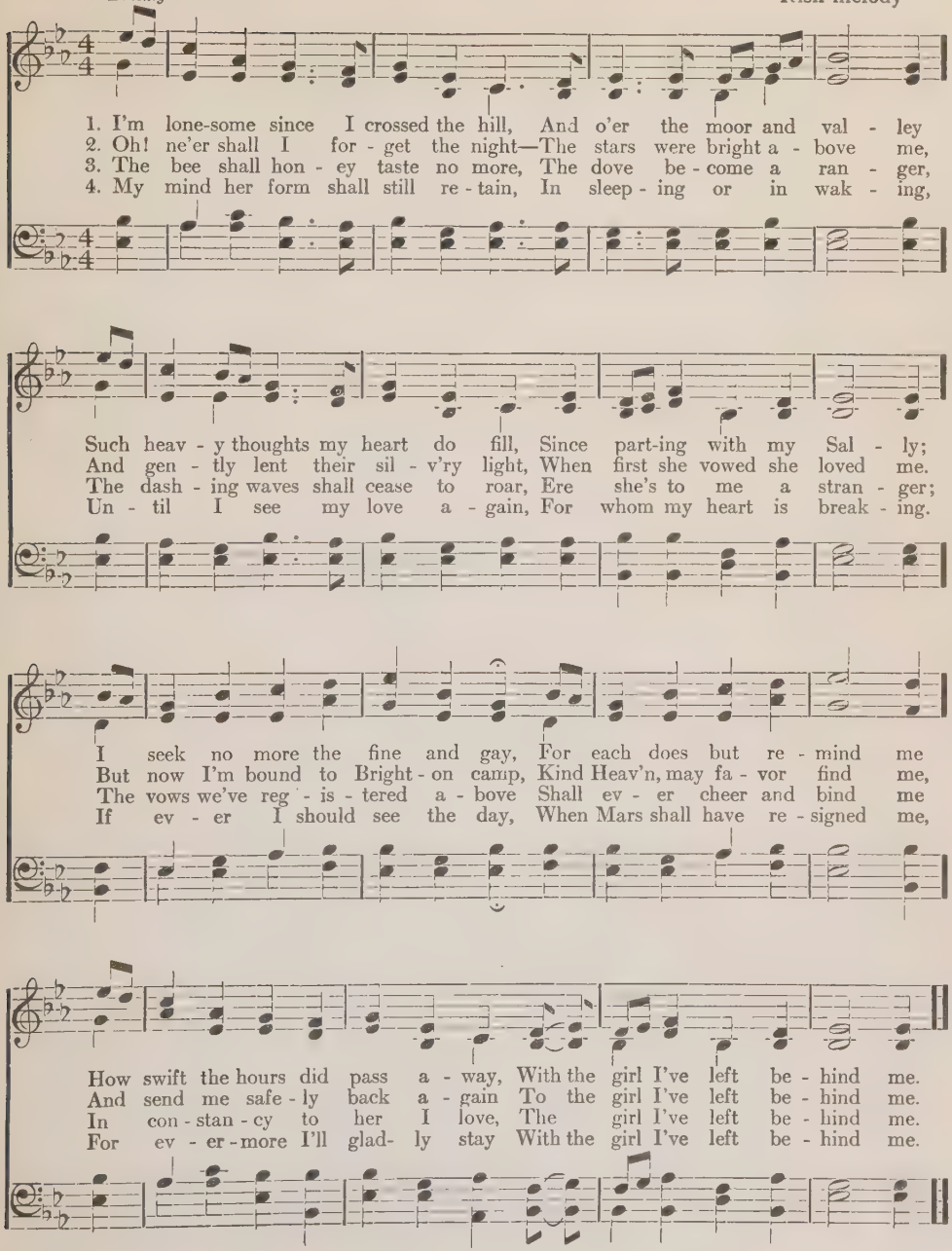
William T. Adams


1. Peace to the brave who no - bly fell 'Neath our flag, their hope and pride!
2. Hal - lowed for - ev - er be the graves Where our mar - tyrs dream-less sleep!
3. No - bly they died in free - dom's name, Died our coun - try's flag to save;
They fought like he - roes long and well, Then like he - roes died.
Co - lum - bia, weep thy fall - en braves, But tri - um - phant weep!
For - ev - er sa - cred be their fame, Green their hon - ored grave!

Bonnie Blue Flag

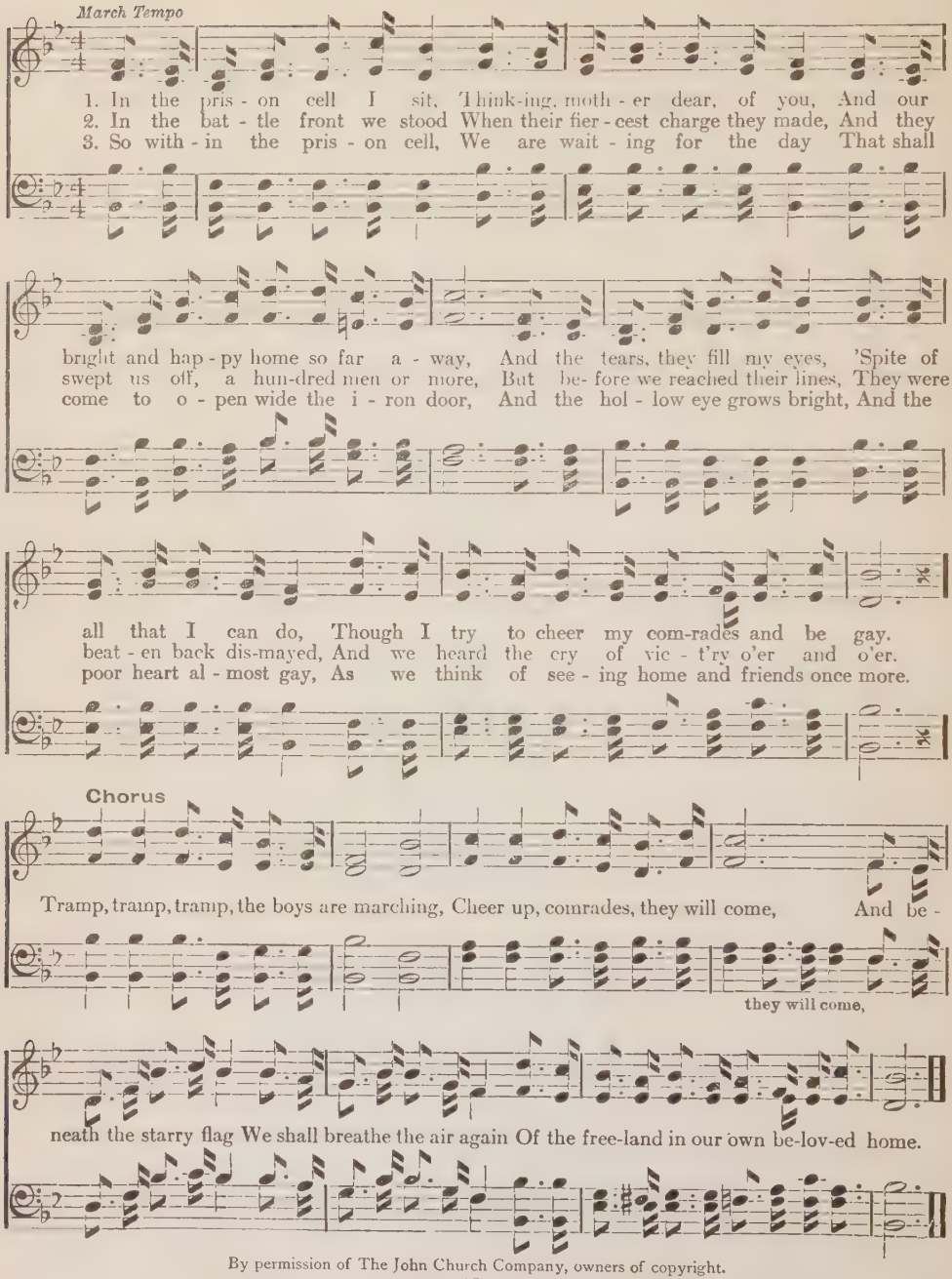
Mrs. Annie Chambers-Ketchum — Irish melody

1. We are a band of broth - ers, and na - tive to the soil,
2. Then here's to our Con - fed-'ra - cy, for we are strong and brave, Like
Fight - ing for the prop - er - ty we gained by hon - est toil; And when our rights were
pa - tri - ots of old, we'll fight, our her - it - age to save; And rath - er than sub -
threat - ened, the cry rose near and far, Hur-rah! for the Bon - nie Blue Flag that
mit to shame, to die we would pre - fer, So cheer for the Bon - nie Blue Flag that
Chorus
bears a sin - gle star. Hur - rah! hur - rah! for South - ern rights hur -
rah! Hur - rah for the Bon-nie Blue Flag that bears a sin - gle star.

The Girl I Left Behind Me

Briskly — Irish melody

1. I'm lone-some since I crossed the hill, And o'er the moor and val - ley
2. Oh! ne'er shall I for - get the night—The stars were bright a - bove me,
3. The bee shall hon - ey taste no more, The dove be - come a ran - ger,
4. My mind her form shall still re - tain, In sleep - ing or in wak - ing,
Such heav - y thoughts my heart do fill, Since part-ing with my Sal - ly;
And gen - tly lent their sil - v'ry light, When first she vowed she loved me.
The dash - ing waves shall cease to roar, Ere she's to me a stran - ger;
Un - til I see my love a - gain, For whom my heart is break - ing.
I seek no more the fine and gay, For each does but re - mind me
But now I'm bound to Bright - on camp, Kind Heav'n, may fa - vor find me,
The vows we've reg - is - tered a - bove Shall ev - er cheer and bind me
If ev - er I should see the day, When Mars shall have re - signed me,
How swift the hours did pass a - way, With the girl I've left be - hind me.
And send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I've left be - hind me.
In con - stan - cy to her I love, The girl I've left be - hind me.
For ev - er - more I'll glad- ly stay With the girl I've left be - hind me.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!

George F. Root


March Tempo
1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think-ing, moth - er dear, of you, And our
2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fier - cest charge they made, And they
3. So with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day That shall
bright and hap - py home so far a - way, And the tears, they fill my eyes, 'Spite of
swept us off, a hun-dred men or more, But be- fore we reached their lines, They were
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door, And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the
all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com-rades and be gay.
beat - en back dis-mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.
Chorus
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be -
they will come,
neath the starry flag We shall breathe the air again Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home.

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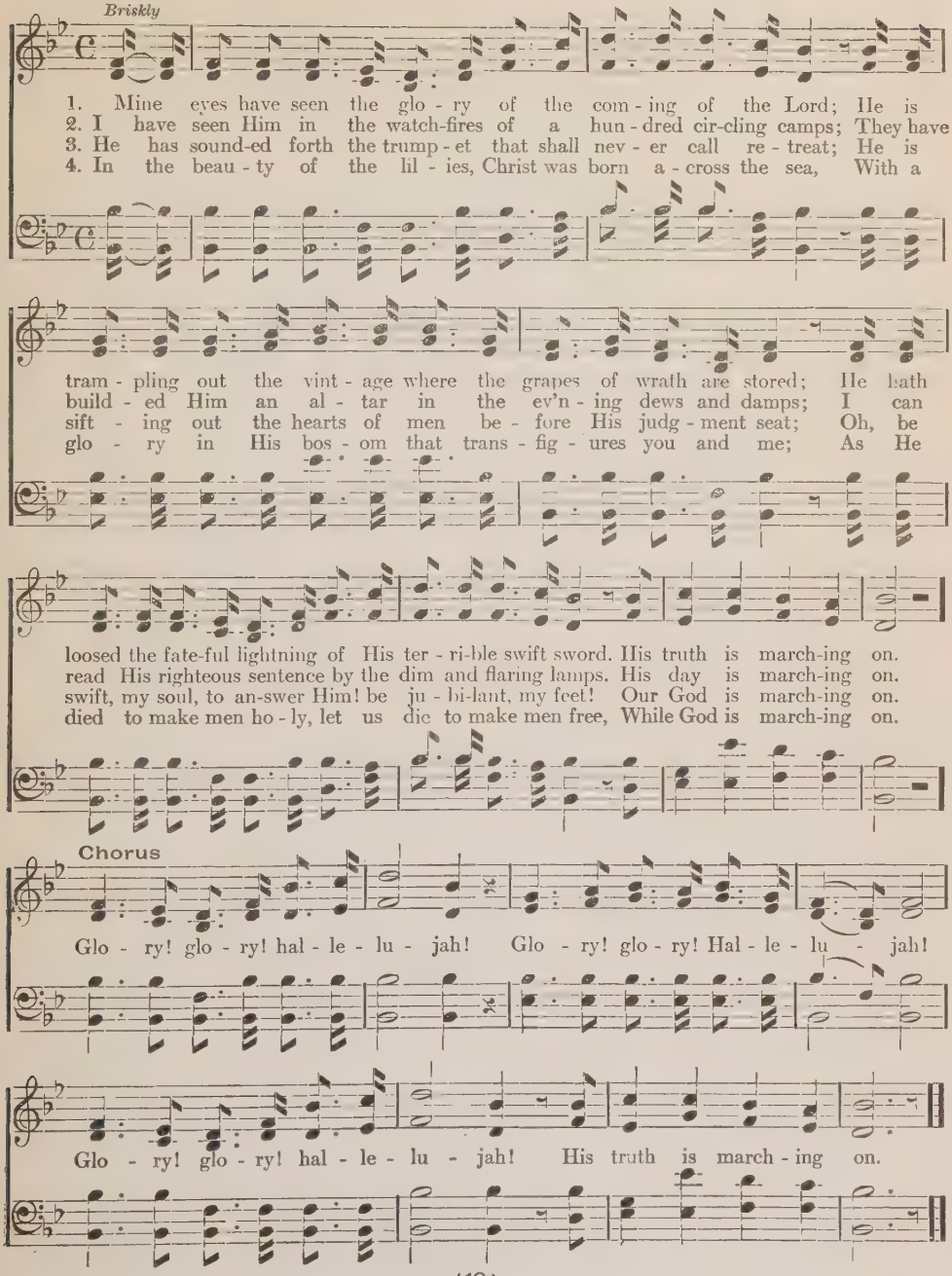
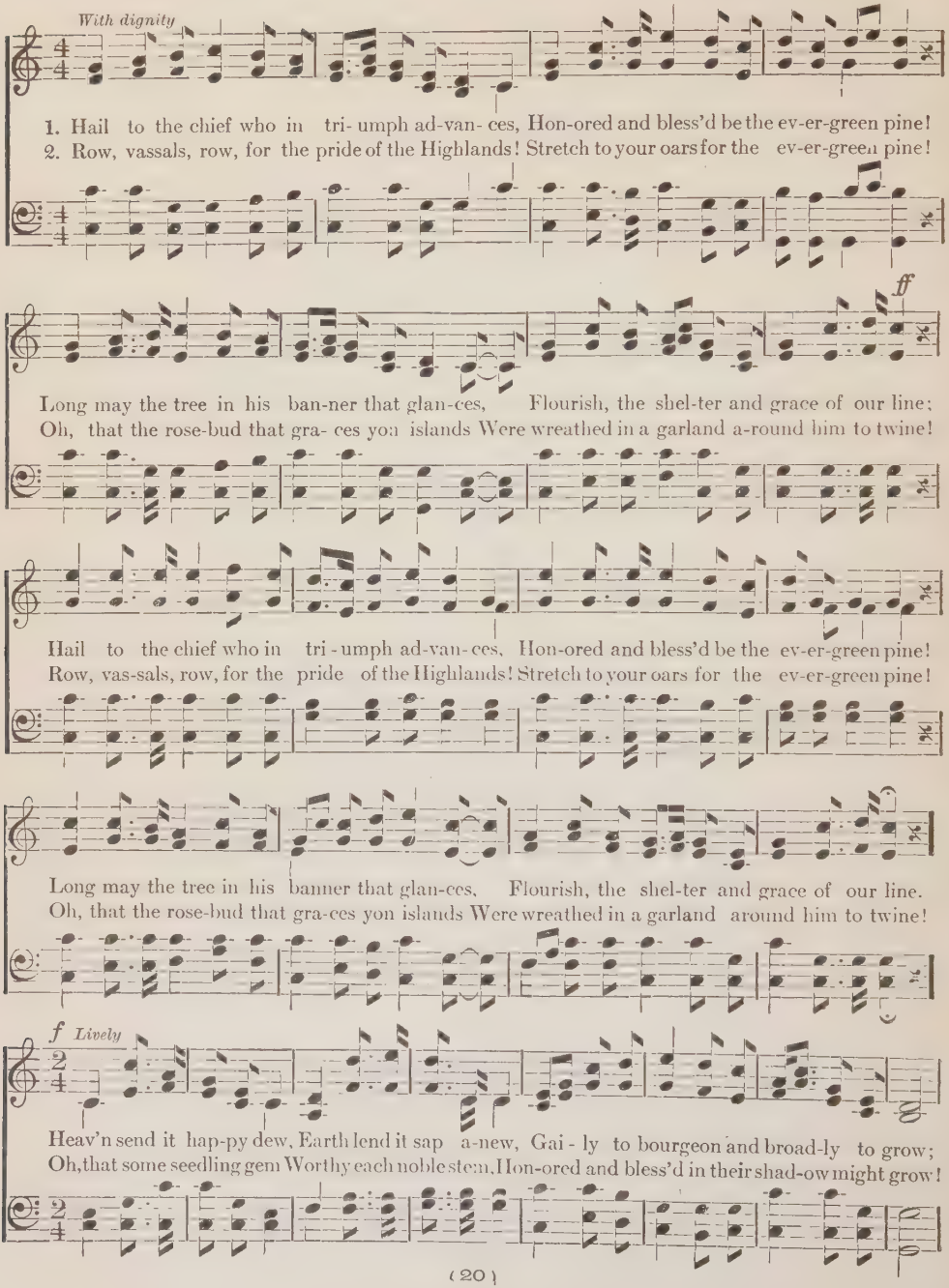
Battle Hymn of the Republic

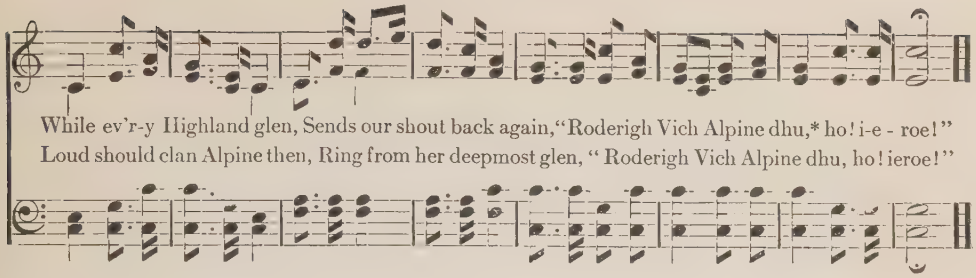
Julia Ward Howe

Briskly
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir-cling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump - et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
tram - pling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the ev'n - ing dews and damps; I can
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He
loosed the fate-ful lightning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword. His truth is march-ing on.
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps. His day is march-ing on.
swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.
Chorus
Glo - ry! glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

Hail to the Chief

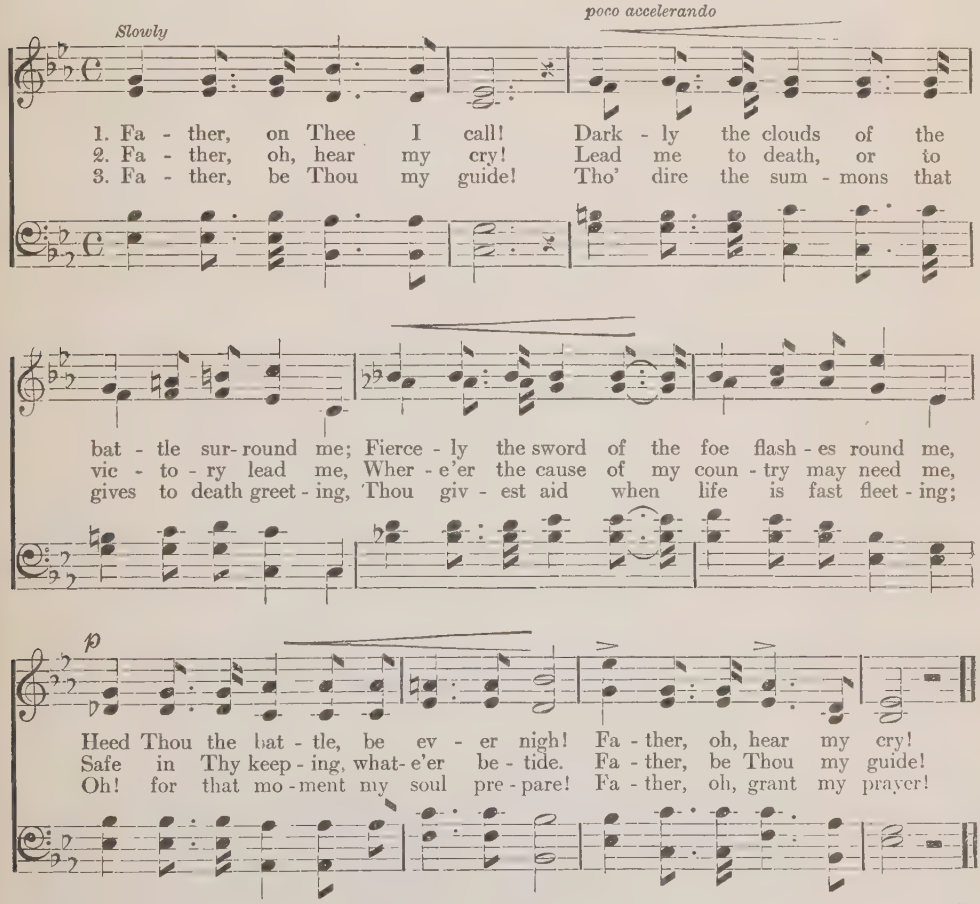
Sir Walter Scott — James Sanderson


With dignity
1. Hail to the chief who in tri- umph ad-van- ces, Hon-ored and bless'd be the ev-er-green pine!
2. Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your oars for the ev-er-green pine!
ff
Long may the tree in his ban-ner that glan-ces, Flourish, the shel-ter and grace of our line;
Oh, that the rose-bud that gra- ces yon islands Were wreathed in a garland a-round him to twine!
Hail to the chief who in tri-umph ad-van-ces, Hon-ored and bless'd be the ev-er-green pine!
Row, vas-sals, row, for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your oars for the ev-er-green pine!
Long may the tree in his banner that glan-ces, Flourish, the shel-ter and grace of our line.
Oh, that the rose-bud that gra-ces yon islands Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
f Lively
Heav'n send it hap-py dew, Earth lend it sap a-new, Gai- ly to bourgeon and broad-ly to grow;
Oh, that some seedling gem Worthy each noble stem, Hon-ored and bless'd in their shad-ow might grow!

Hail to the Chief

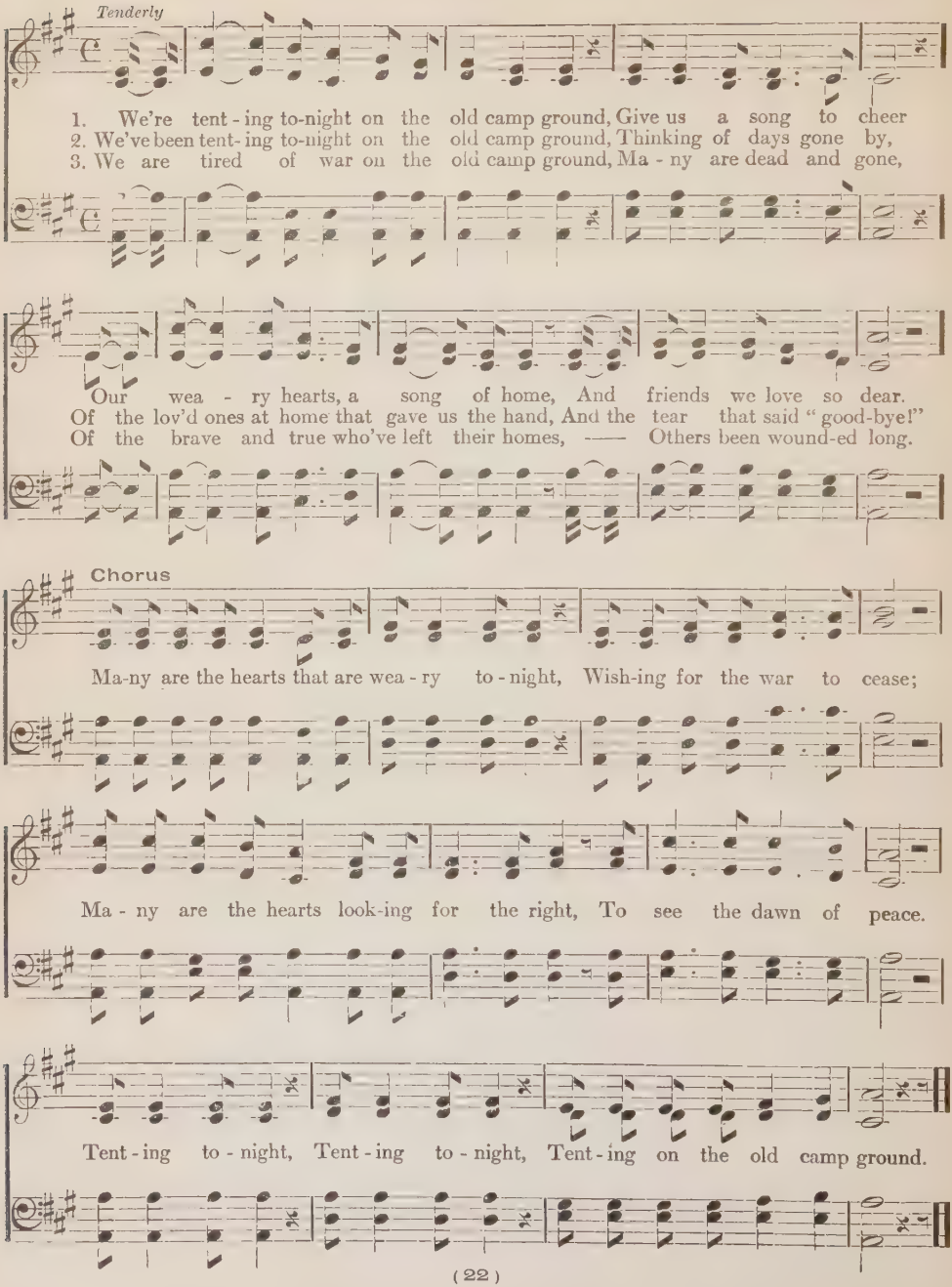

While ev'r-y Highland glen, Sends our shout back again, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu,* ho! i-e - roe!"
Loud should clan Alpine then, Ring from her deepmost glen, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

The Battle Prayer

Theodore Korner — Friedrich II. Himmel

Slowly
poco accelerando
1. Fa - ther, on Thee I call! Dark - ly the clouds of the
2. Fa - ther, oh, hear my cry! Lead me to death, or to
3. Fa - ther, be Thou my guide! Tho' dire the sum - mons that
bat - tle sur- round me; Fierce - ly the sword of the foe flash - es round me,
vic - to - ry lead me, Wher - e'er the cause of my coun - try may need me,
gives to death greet - ing, Thou giv - est aid when life is fast fleet - ing;
p
Heed Thou the bat - tle, be ev - er nigh! Fa - ther, oh, hear my cry!
Safe in Thy keep - ing, what- e'er be - tide. Fa - ther, be Thou my guide!
Oh! for that mo - ment my soul pre - pare! Fa - ther, oh, grant my prayer!

*Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, means Black Roderigh, descendant of Alpine. He was one of the chief characters in "The Lady of the Lake."

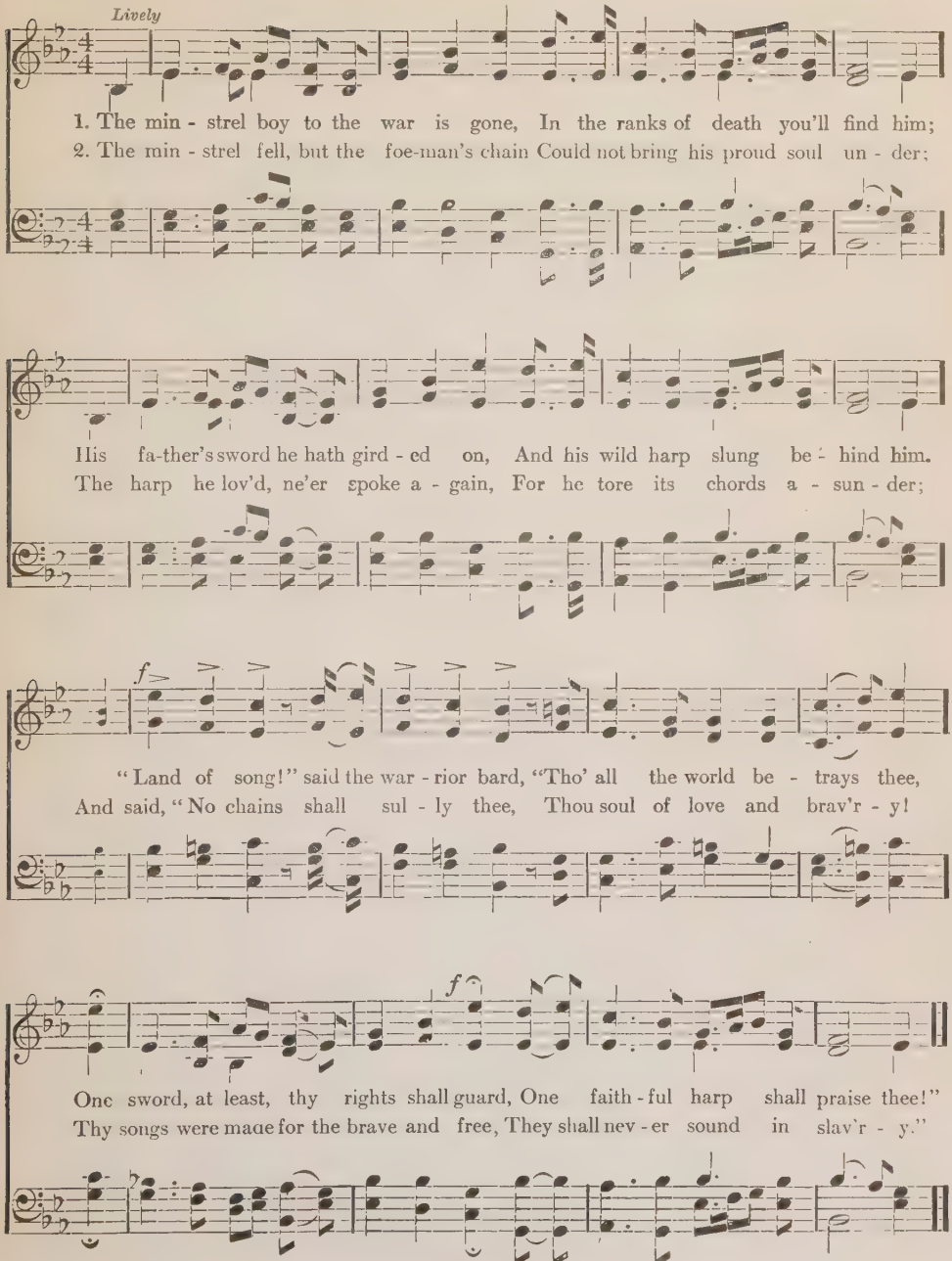
Tenting on the Old Camp Ground

Walter Kittredge

Tenderly
1. We're tent - ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer
2. We've been tent - ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by,
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are dead and gone,
Our wea - ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"
Of the brave and true who've left their homes, —— Others been wound-ed long.
Chorus
Ma-ny are the hearts that are wea - ry to - night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;
Ma - ny are the hearts look-ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace.
Tent - ing to - night, Tent - ing to - night, Tent - ing on the old camp ground.

The Minstrel Boy

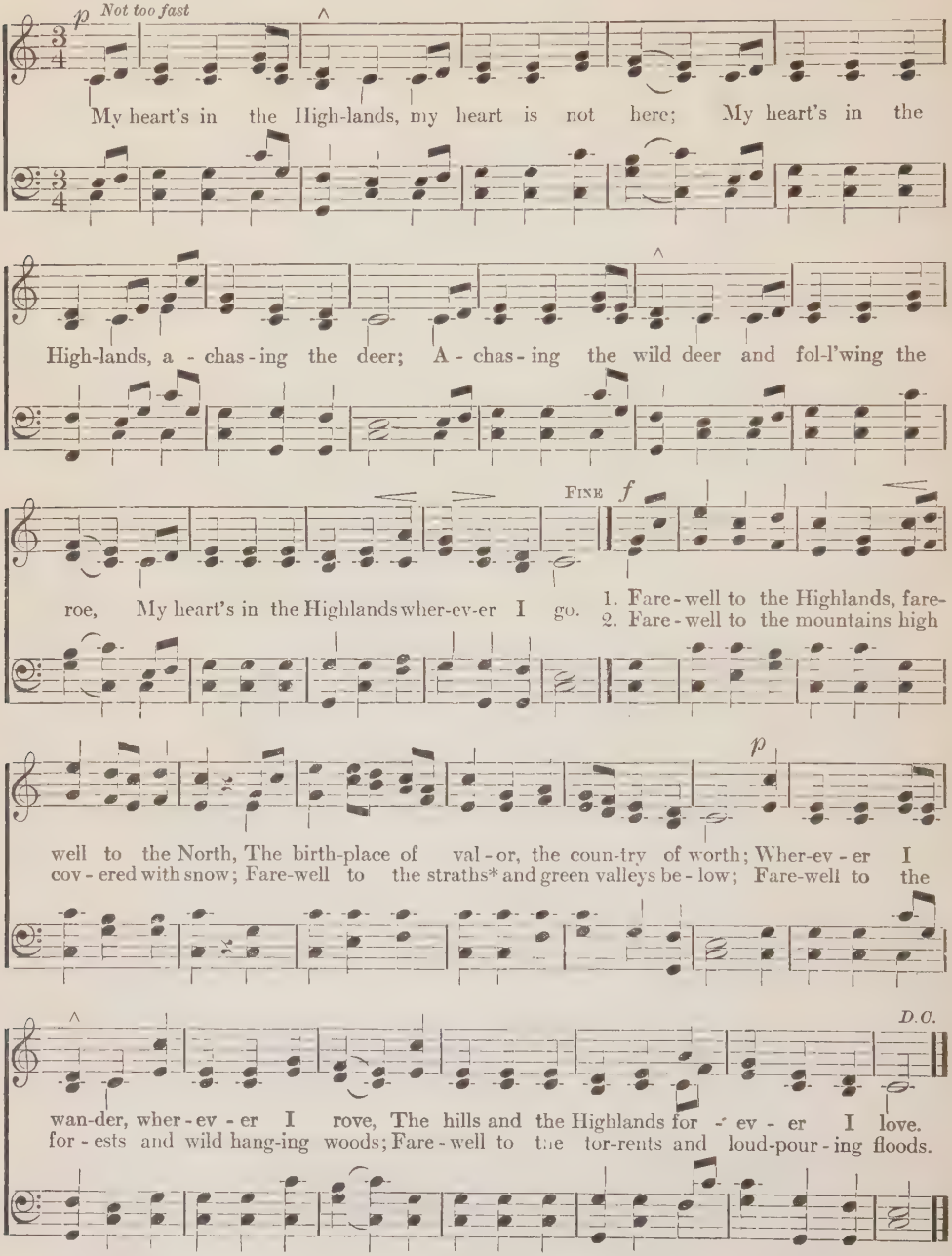
Thomas Moore — Irish Folksong

Lively


1. The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him;
2. The min - strel fell, but the foe-man's chain Could not bring his proud soul un - der;
His fa-ther's sword he hath gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.
The harp he lov'd, ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a - sun - der;
f
"Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee,
And said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav'r - y!
f
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee!"
Thy songs were made for the brave and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav'r - y."

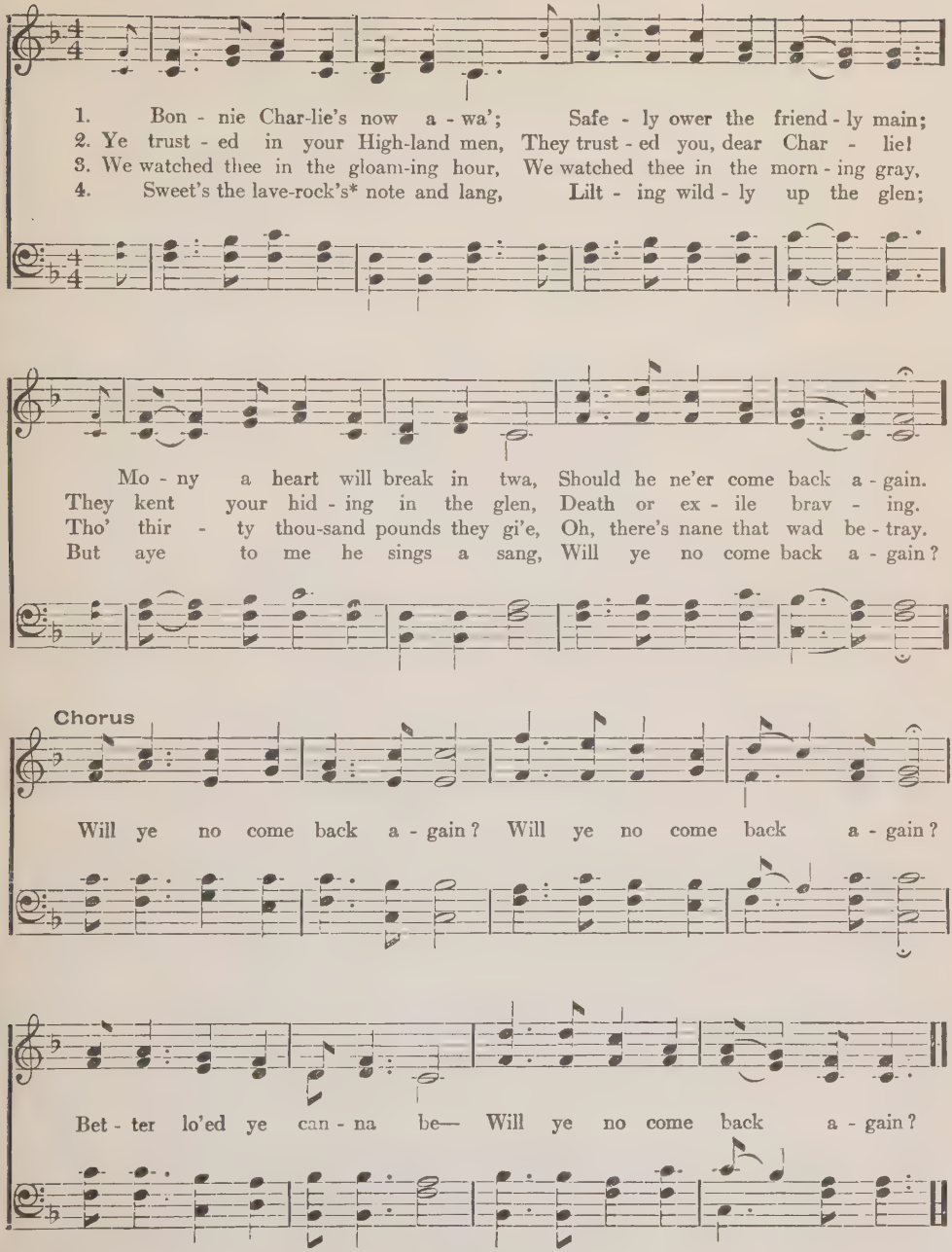
My Heart's in the Highlands

Robert Burns — Scotch Folksong


p Not too fast
My heart's in the High-lands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the
High-lands, a - chas - ing the deer; A - chas - ing the wild deer and fol-l'wing the
FINE f
roe, My heart's in the Highlands wher-ev-er I go.
1. Fare - well to the Highlands, fare-
2. Fare - well to the mountains high
p
well to the North, The birth-place of val - or, the coun-try of worth; Wher-ev - er I
cov - ered with snow; Fare-well to the straths* and green valleys be - low; Fare-well to the
D.C.
wan-der, wher - ev - er I rove, The hills and the Highlands for - ev - er I love.
for - ests and wild hang-ing woods; Fare - well to the tor-rents and loud-pour - ing floods.

*A wide open valley.

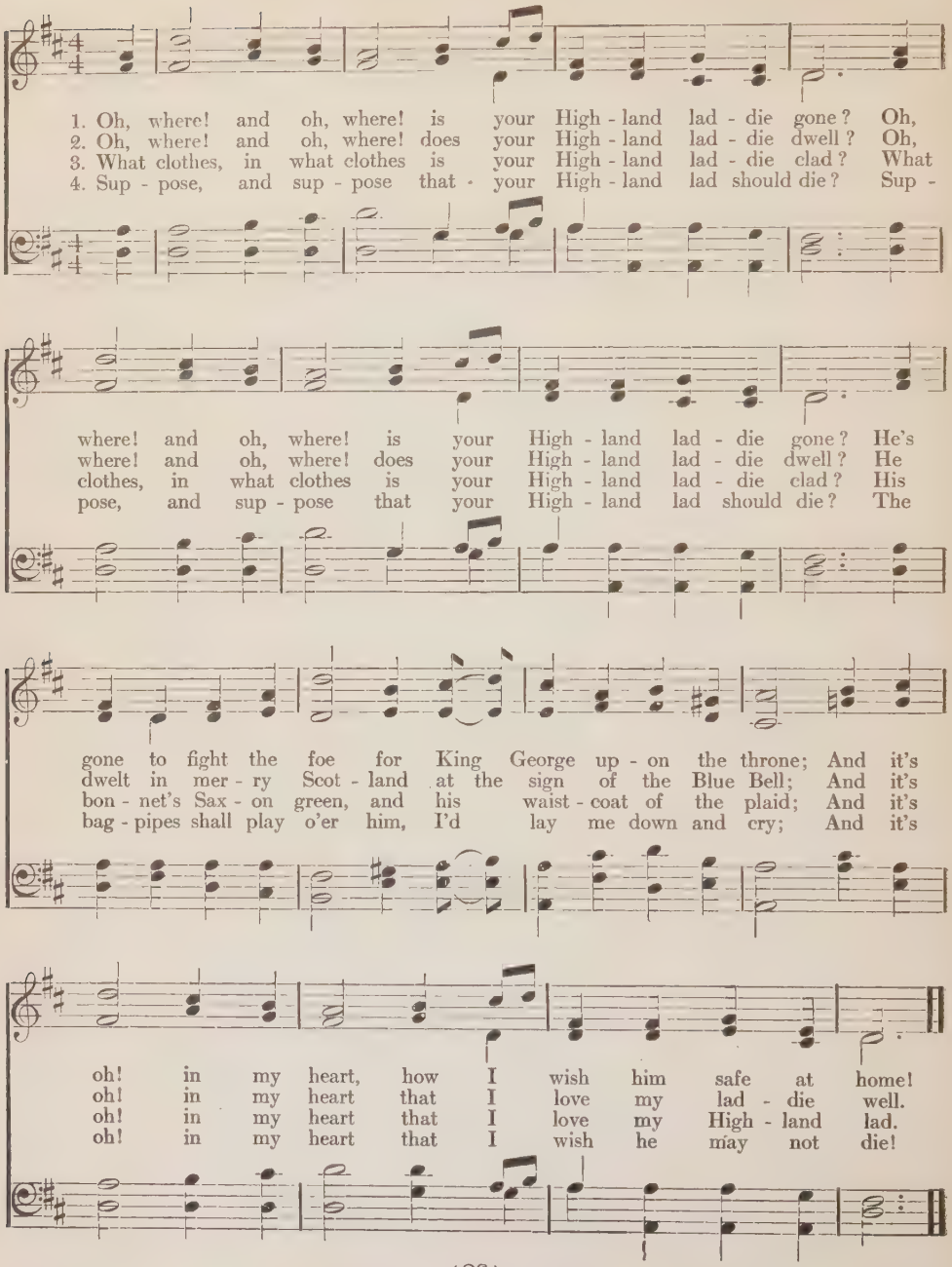
Bonnie Charlie


1. Bon - nie Char-lie's now a - wa'; Safe - ly ower the friend - ly main;
2. Ye trust - ed in your High-land men, They trust - ed you, dear Char - lie!
3. We watched thee in the gloam-ing hour, We watched thee in the morn - ing gray,
4. Sweet's the lave-rock's* note and lang, Lilt - ing wild - ly up the glen;
Mo - ny a heart will break in twa, Should he ne'er come back a - gain.
They kent your hid - ing in the glen, Death or ex - ile brav - ing.
Tho' thir - ty thou-sand pounds they gi'e, Oh, there's nane that wad be - tray.
But aye to me he sings a sang, Will ye no come back a - gain?
Chorus
Will ye no come back a - gain? Will ye no come back a - gain?
Bet - ter lo'ed ye can - na be— Will ye no come back a - gain?

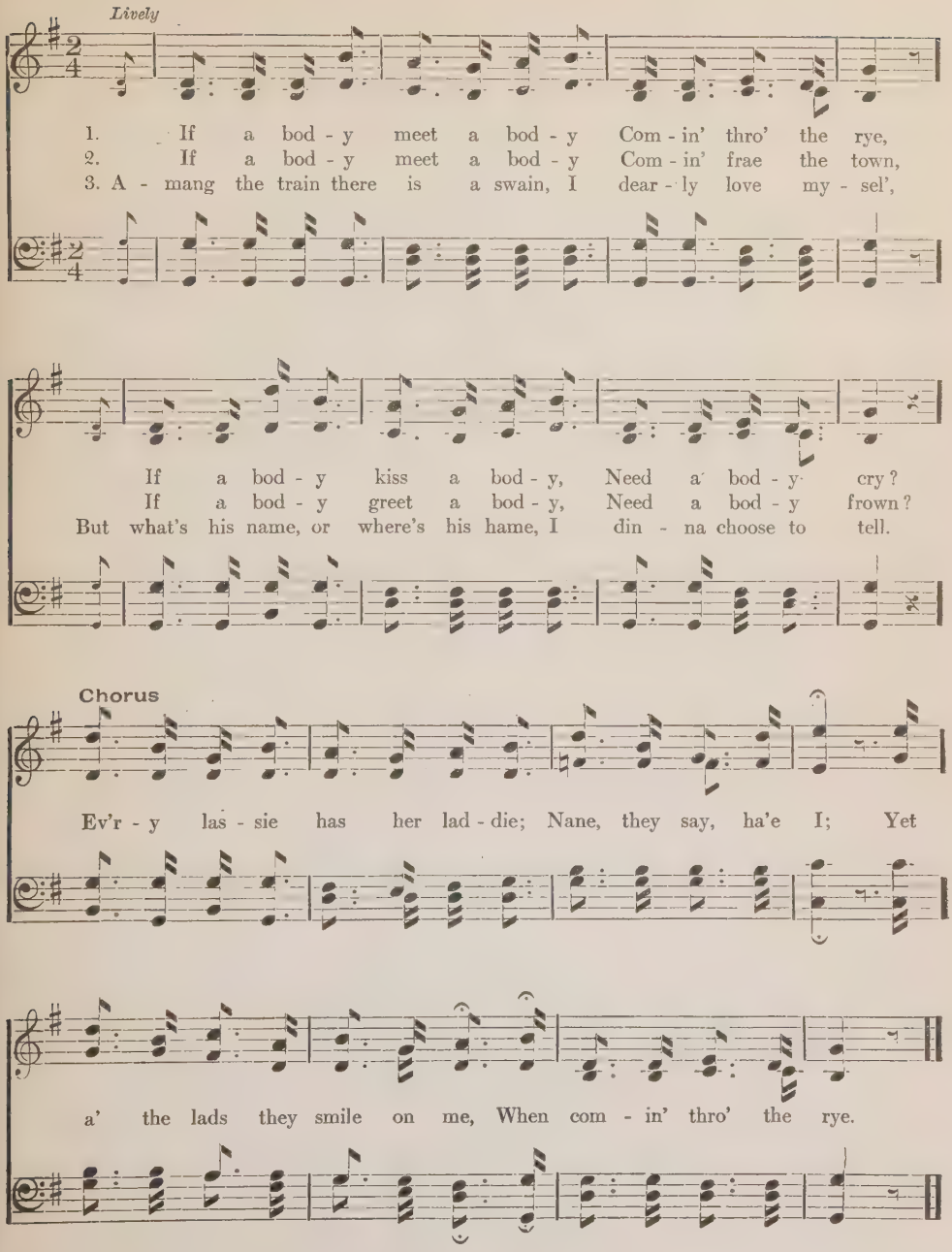
* The Lark.

The Blue Bells of Scotland

Mrs. Jordan (Dora Bland)


1. Oh, where! and oh, where! is your High - land lad - die gone? Oh,
2. Oh, where! and oh, where! does your High - land lad - die dwell? Oh,
3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High - land lad - die clad? What
4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High - land lad should die? Sup -
where! and oh, where! is your High - land lad - die gone? He's
where! and oh, where! does your High - land lad - die dwell? He
clothes, in what clothes is your High - land lad - die clad? His
pose, and sup - pose that your High - land lad should die? The
gone to fight the foe for King George up - on the throne; And it's
dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the sign of the Blue Bell; And it's
bon - net's Sax - on green, and his waist - coat of the plaid; And it's
bag - pipes shall play o'er him, I'd lay me down and cry; And it's
oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
oh! in my heart that I love my lad - die well.
oh! in my heart that I love my High - land lad.
oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die!

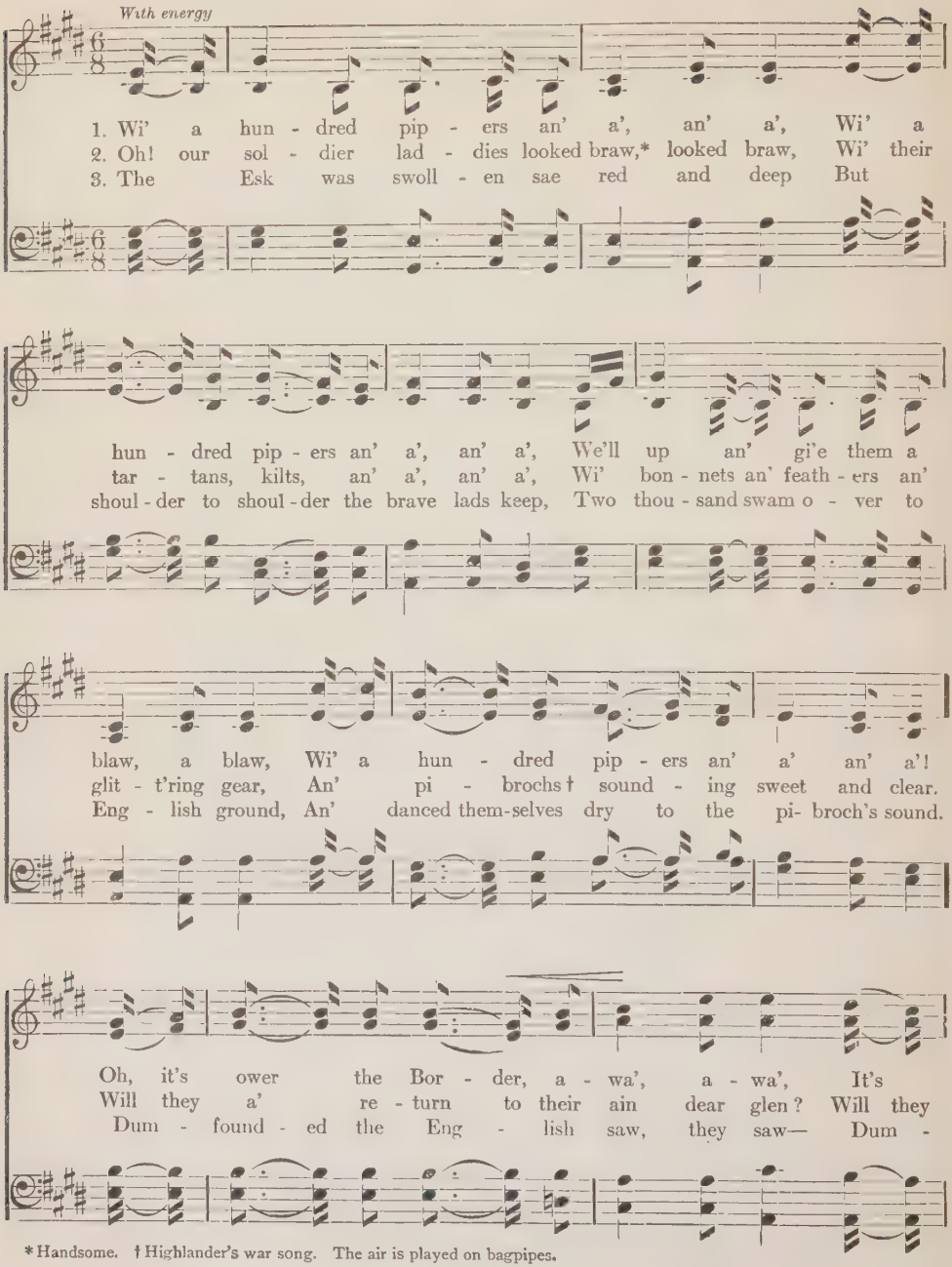
Comin' Through the Rye


Lively
1. If a bod - y meet a bod - y Com - in' thro' the rye,
2. If a bod - y meet a bod - y Com - in' frae the town,
3. A - mang the train there is a swain, I dear - ly love my - sel',
If a bod - y kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry?
If a bod - y greet a bod - y, Need a bod - y frown?
But what's his name, or where's his hame, I din - na choose to tell.
Chorus
Ev'r - y las - sie has her lad - die; Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet
a' the lads they smile on me, When com - in' thro' the rye.

The Hundred Pipers

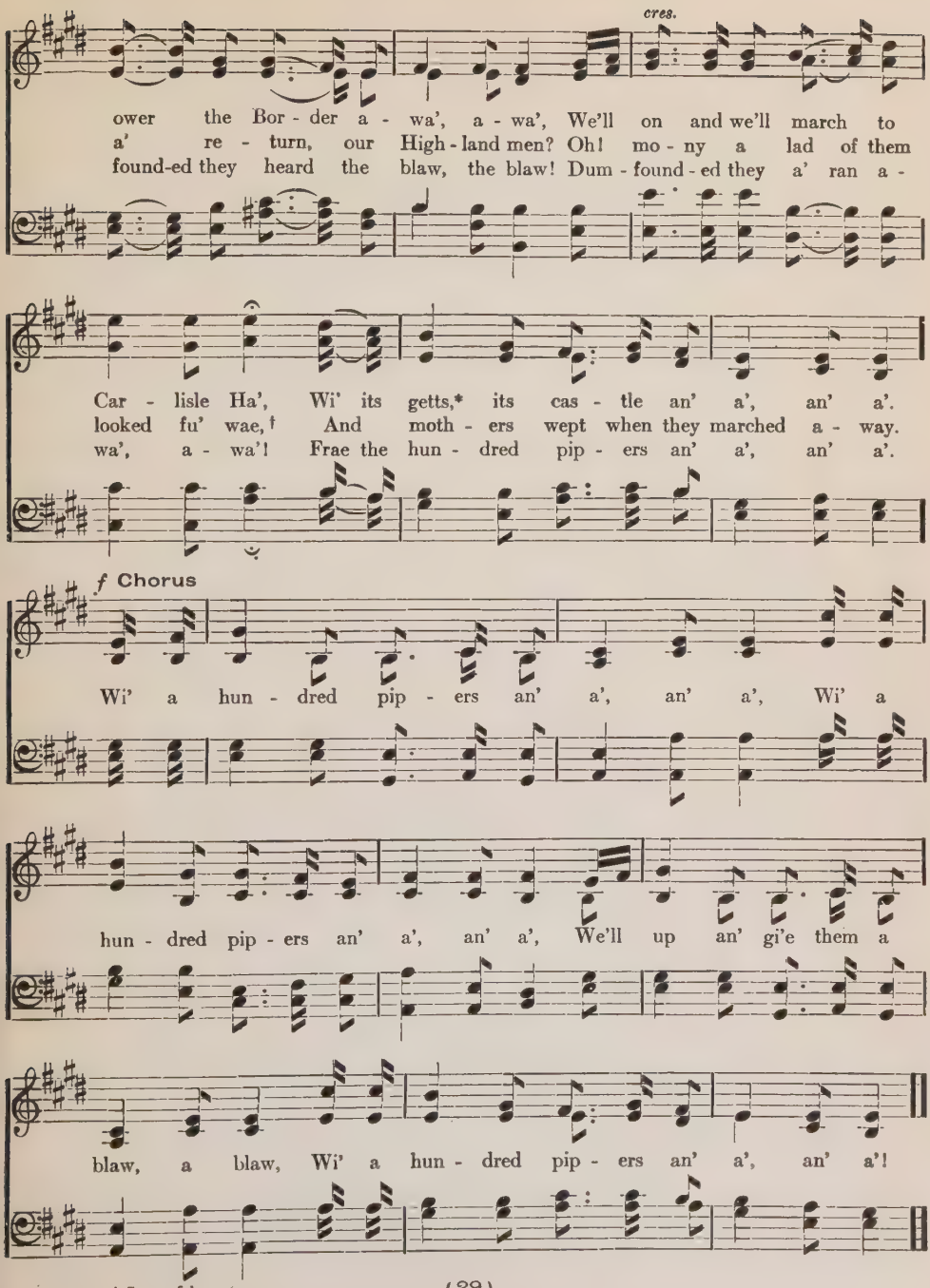
Caroline Nairne

With energy


1. Wi' a hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a', Wi' a
2. Oh! our sol - dier lad - dies looked braw,* looked braw, Wi' their
3. The Esk was swoll - en sae red and deep But
hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a', We'll up an' gi'e them a
tar - tans, kilts, an' a', an' a', Wi' bon - nets an' feath - ers an'
shoul - der to shoul - der the brave lads keep, Two thou - sand swam o - ver to
blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pip - ers an' a' an' a'!
glit - t'ring gear, An' pi - brochs† sound - ing sweet and clear.
Eng - lish ground, An' danced them-selves dry to the pi- broch's sound.
Oh, it's ower the Bor - der, a - wa', a - wa', It's
Will they a' re - turn to their ain dear glen? Will they
Dum - found - ed the Eng - lish saw, they saw— Dum -

*Handsome. †Highlander's war song. The air is played on bagpipes.

The Hundred Pipers

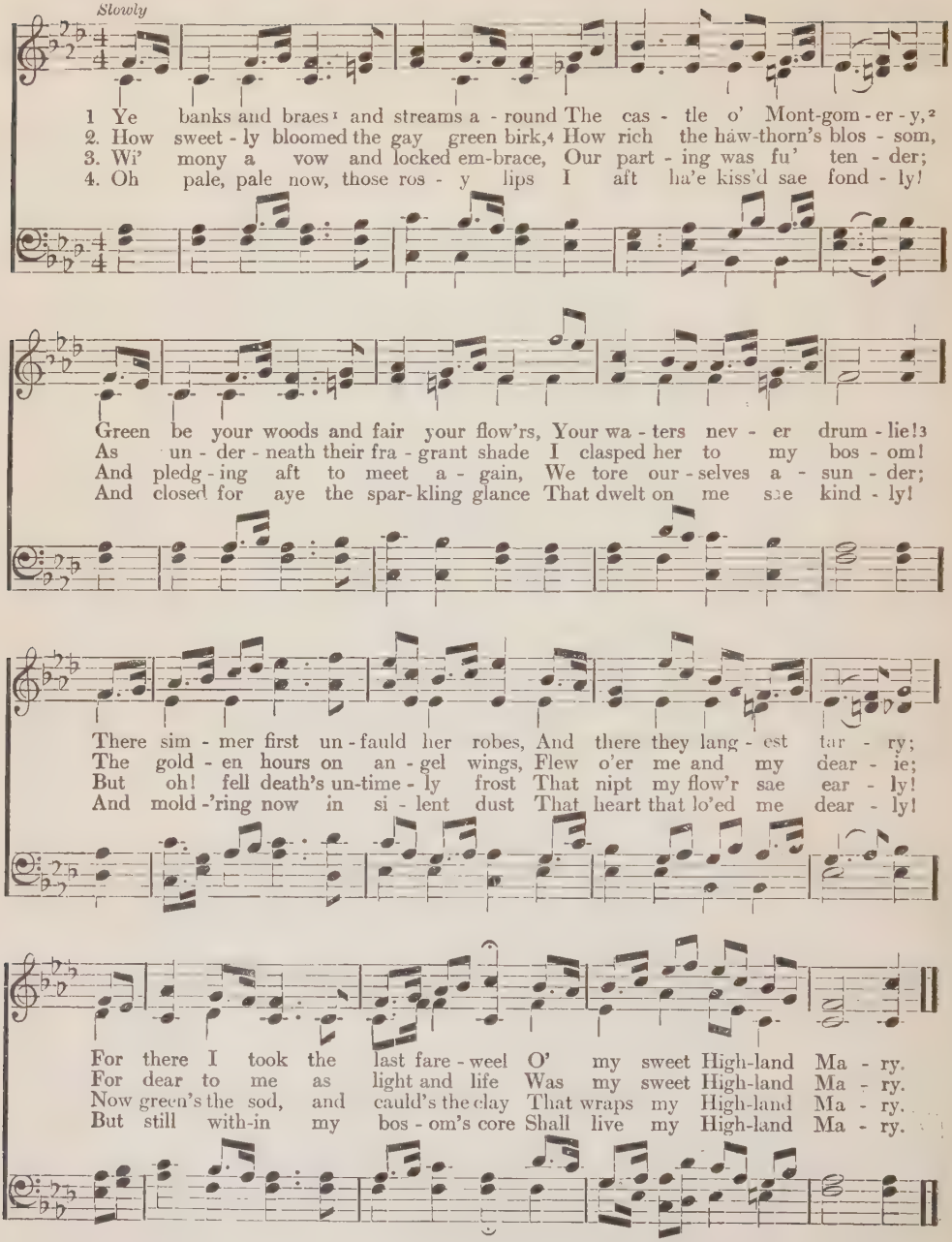

cres.
ower the Bor - der a - wa', a - wa', We'll on and we'll march to
a' re - turn, our High - land men? Oh! mo - ny a lad of them
found-ed they heard the blaw, the blaw! Dum - found - ed they a' ran a -
Car - lisle Ha', Wi' its getts,* its cas - tle an' a', an' a'.
looked fu' wae,† And moth - ers wept when they marched a - way.
wa', a - wa'! Frae the hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a'.
f Chorus
Wi' a hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a', Wi' a
hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a', We'll up an' gi'e them a
blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a'!

* Gates. † Sorrowful.

Highland Mary

Robert Burns

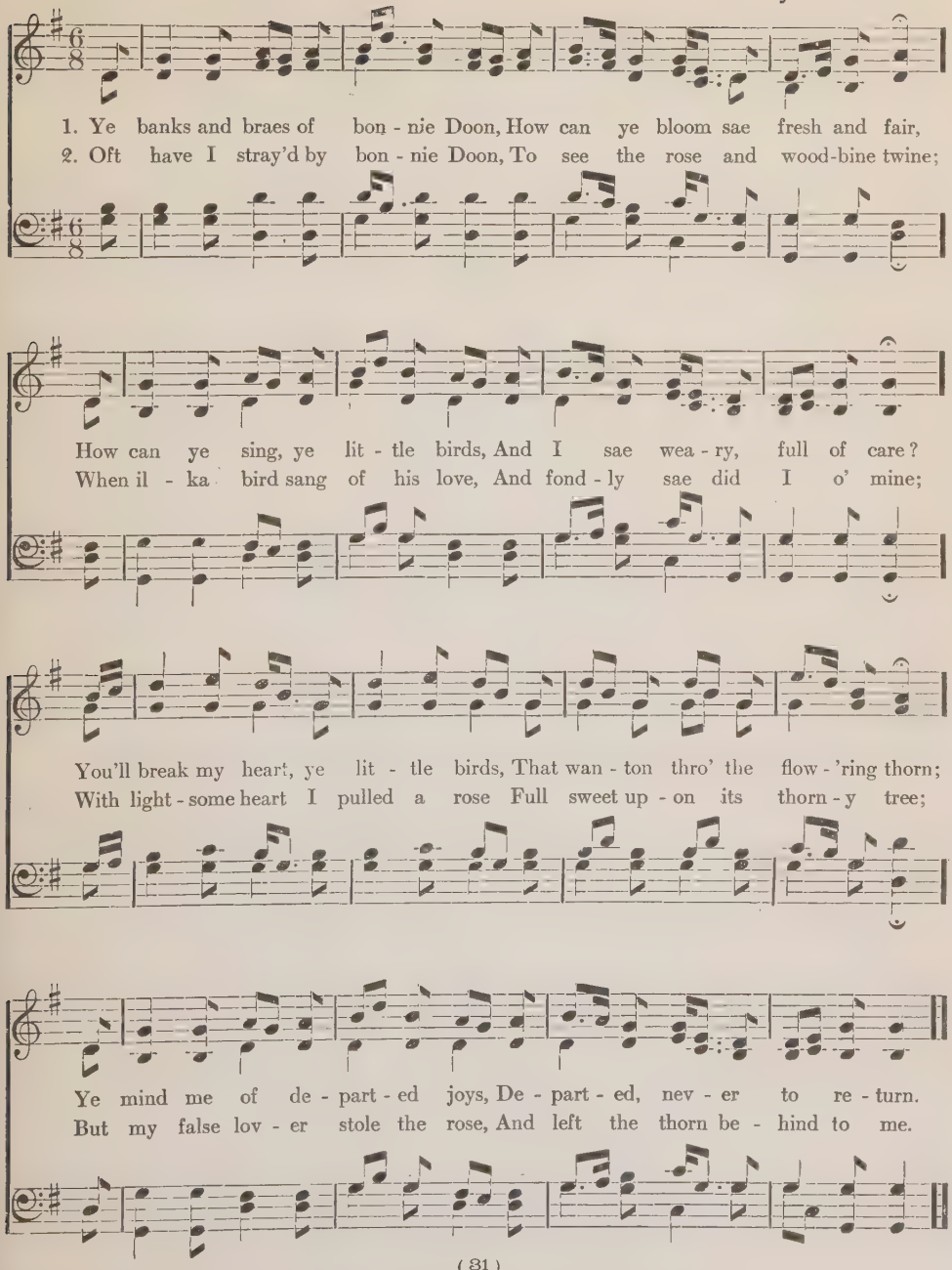
Slowly


1 Ye banks and braes[1] and streams a - round The cas - tle o' Mont-gom - er - y,[2]
2. How sweet - ly bloomed the gay green birk,[4] How rich the haw-thorn's blos - som,
3. Wi' mony a vow and locked em-brace, Our part - ing was fu' ten - der;
4. Oh pale, pale now, those ros - y lips I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fond - ly!
Green be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your wa - ters nev - er drum - lie![3]
As un - der - neath their fra - grant shade I clasped her to my bos - om!
And pledg - ing aft to meet a - gain, We tore our - selves a - sun - der;
And closed for aye the spar-kling glance That dwelt on me sae kind - ly!
There sim - mer first un - fauld her robes, And there they lang - est tar - ry;
The gold - en hours on an - gel wings, Flew o'er me and my dear - ie;
But oh! fell death's un-time - ly frost That nipt my flow'r sae ear - ly!
And mold -'ring now in si - lent dust That heart that lo'ed me dear - ly!
For there I took the last fare - weel O' my sweet High-land Ma - ry.
For dear to me as light and life Was my sweet High-land Ma - ry.
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay That wraps my High-land Ma - ry.
But still with-in my bos - om's core Shall live my High-land Ma - ry.

1 Slopes. 2 This castle, also called Coilsfield, is near Tarbolton in Ayrshire. 3 Muddy. 4 Birch.

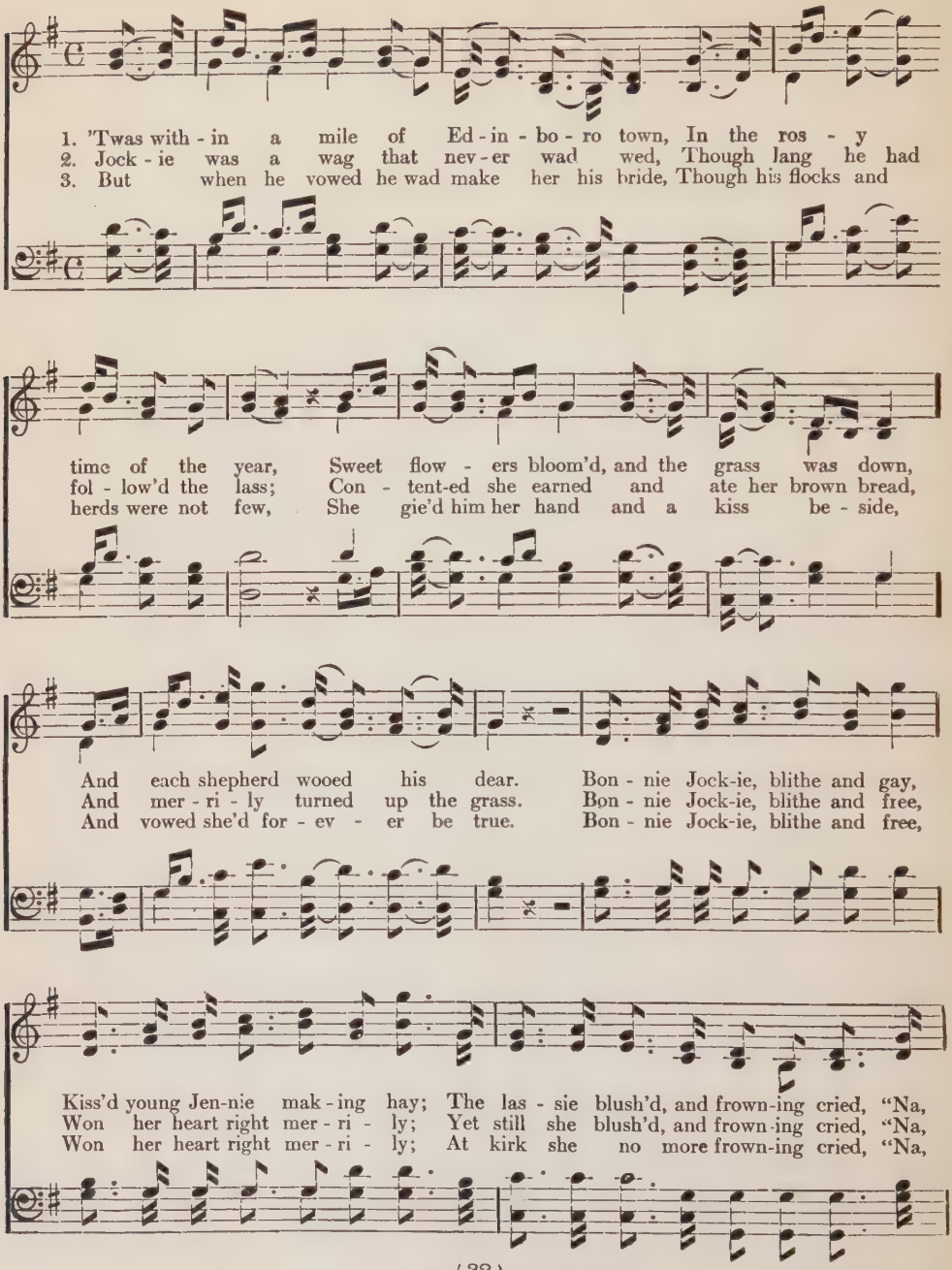
Bonnie Doon

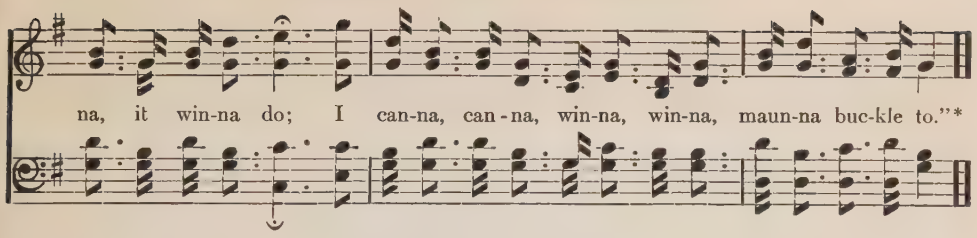
Robert Burns — James Millar


1. Ye banks and braes of bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair,
2. Oft have I stray'd by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and wood-bine twine;
How can ye sing, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry, full of care?
When il - ka bird sang of his love, And fond - ly sae did I o' mine;
You'll break my heart, ye lit - tle birds, That wan - ton thro' the flow - 'ring thorn;
With light - some heart I pulled a rose Full sweet up - on its thorn - y tree;
Ye mind me of de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed, nev - er to re - turn.
But my false lov - er stole the rose, And left the thorn be - hind to me.

Within a Mile of Edinboro

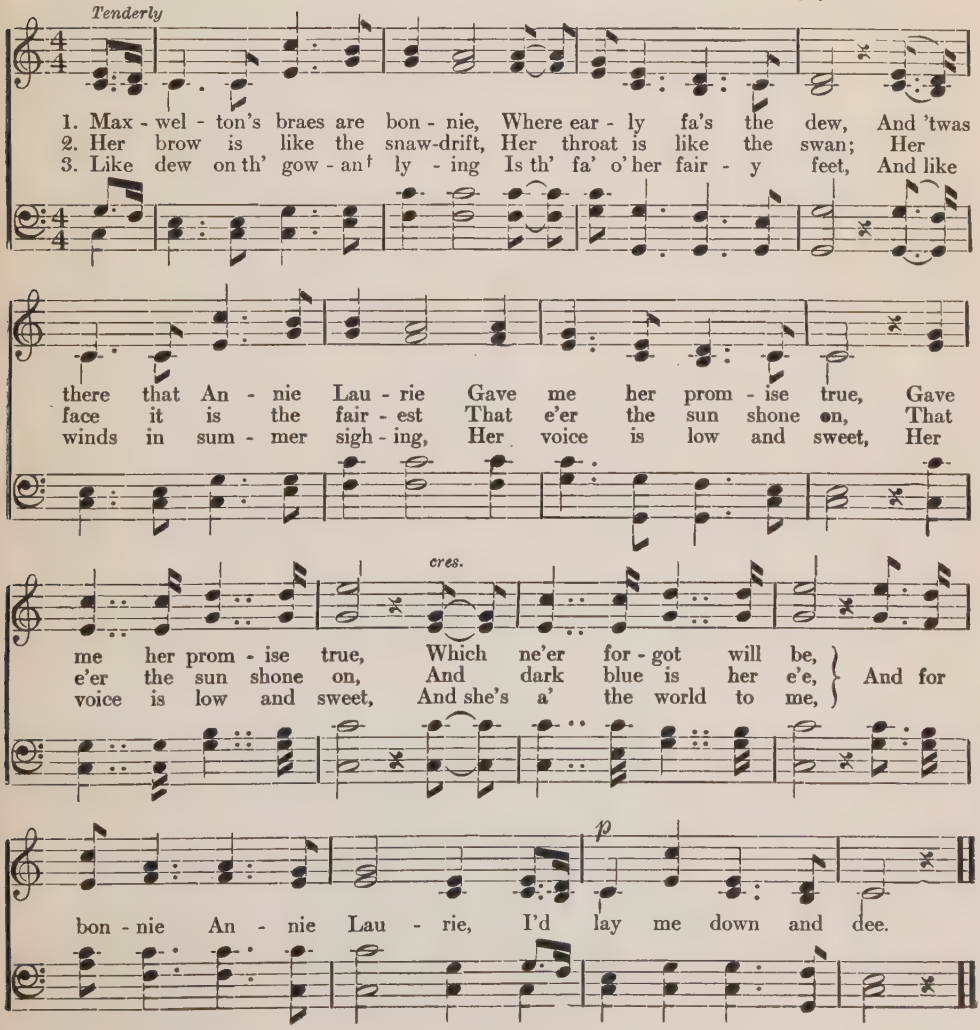
Thomas D'Urfey — James Hook


1. 'Twas with - in a mile of Ed - in - bo - ro town, In the ros - y
2. Jock - ie was a wag that nev - er wad wed, Though Jang he had
3. But when he vowed he wad make her his bride, Though his flocks and
time of the year, Sweet flow - ers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
fol - low'd the lass; Con - tent-ed she earned and ate her brown bread,
herds were not few, She gie'd him her hand and a kiss be - side,
And each shepherd wooed his dear. Bon - nie Jock-ie, blithe and gay,
And mer - ri - ly turned up the grass. Bon - nie Jock-ie, blithe and free,
And vowed she'd for - ev - er be true. Bon - nie Jock-ie, blithe and free,
Kiss'd young Jen-nie mak - ing hay; The las - sie blush'd, and frown-ing cried, "Na,
Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; Yet still she blush'd, and frown-ing cried, "Na,
Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; At kirk she no more frown-ing cried, "Na,



Annie Laurie

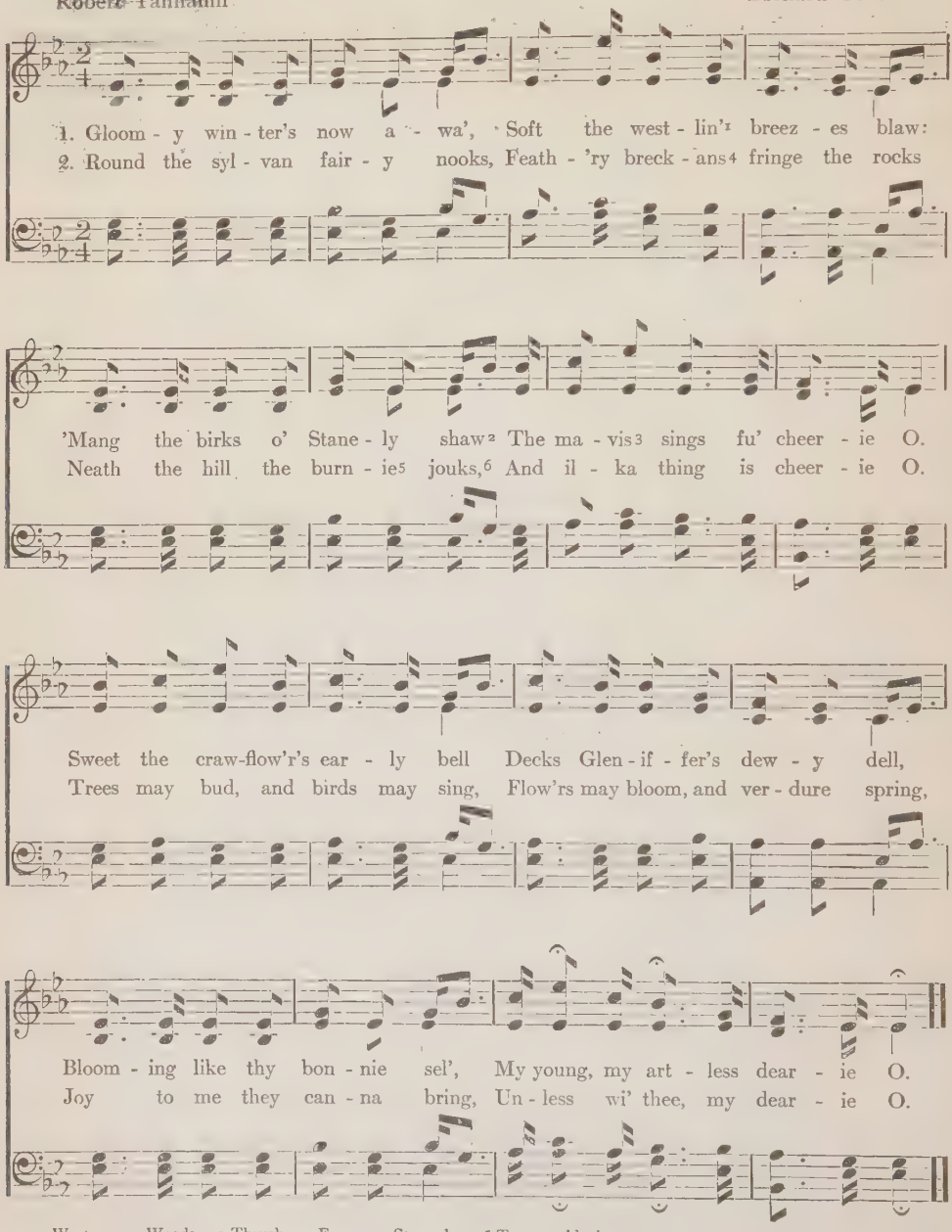
William Douglass — Lady John Scott


Tenderly
1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her
3. Like dew on th' gow - an† ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fair - y feet, And like
there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true, Gave
face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on, That
winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her
cres.
me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be,
e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e,
voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me,
And for
p
bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

*Marry. †Daisy.

Gloomy Winter's Now Awa'

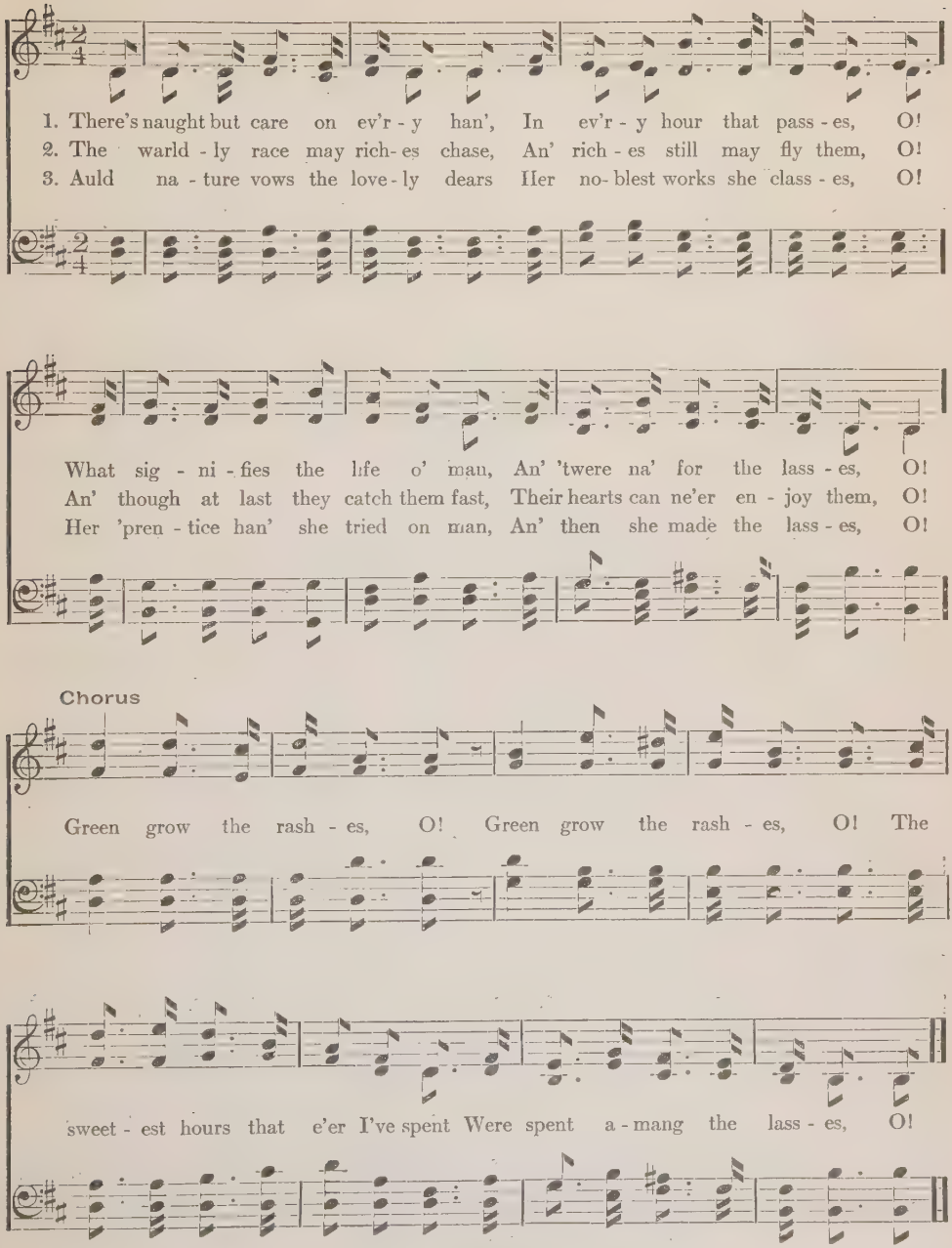
Robert Tannahill — Bernard Covert


1. Gloom - y win - ter's now a - wa', Soft the west - lin'[1] breez - es blaw:
2. Round the syl - van fair - y nooks, Feath - 'ry breck - ans[4] fringe the rocks
'Mang the birks o' Stane - ly shaw[2] The ma - vis[3] sings fu' cheer - ie O.
Neath the hill the burn - ie[5] jouks,[6] And il - ka thing is cheer - ie O.
Sweet the craw-flow'r's ear - ly bell Decks Glen - if - fer's dew - y dell,
Trees may bud, and birds may sing, Flow'rs may bloom, and ver - dure spring,
Bloom - ing like thy bon - nie sel', My young, my art - less dear - ie O.
Joy to me they can - na bring, Un - less wi' thee, my dear - ie O.

1 Western. 2 Woods. 3 Thrush. 4 Ferns. 5 Streamlet. 6 Turns suddenly.

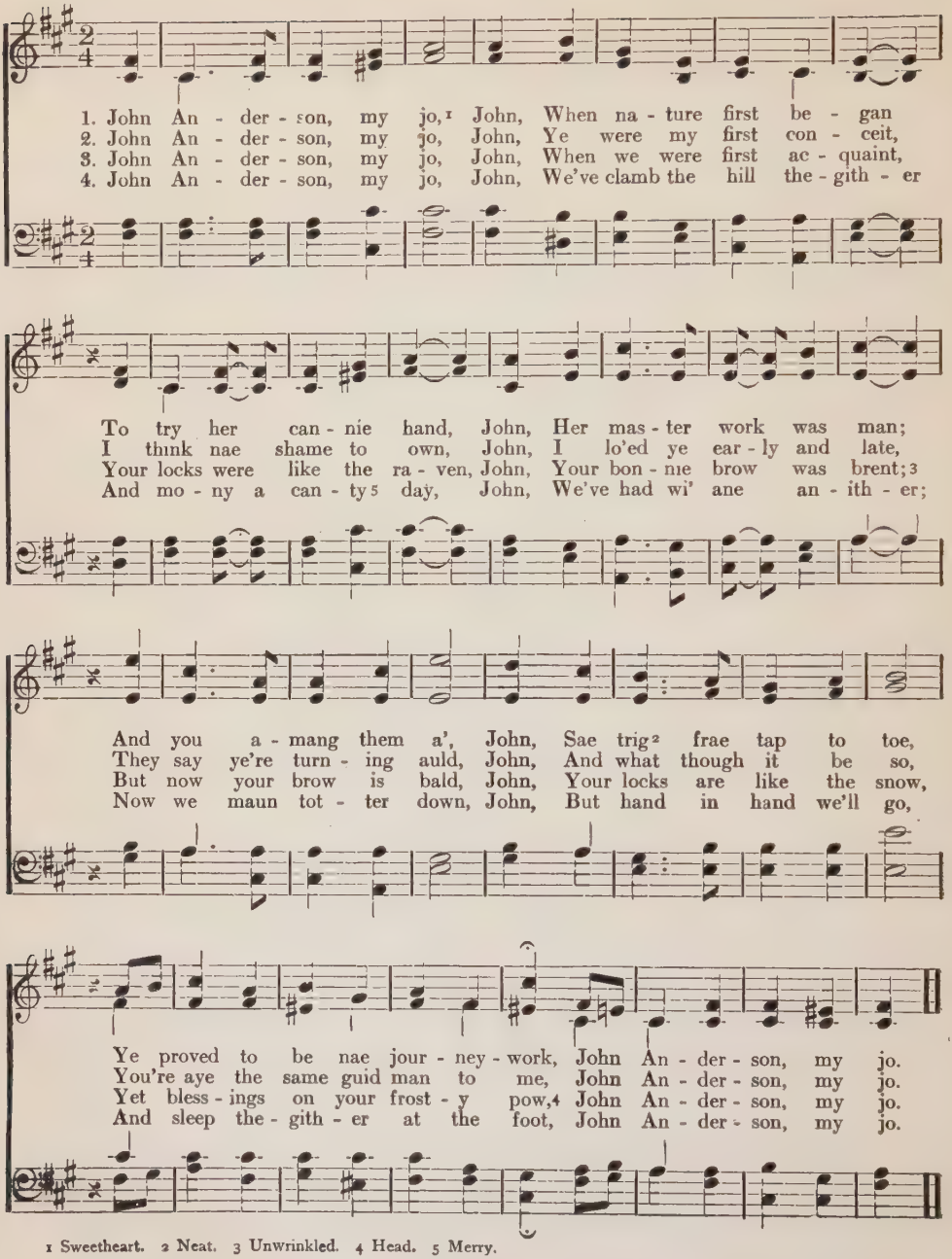
Green Grow the Rashes, O

Robert Burns


1. There's naught but care on ev'r - y han', In ev'r - y hour that pass - es, O!
2. The warld - ly race may rich- es chase, An' rich - es still may fly them, O!
3. Auld na - ture vows the love - ly dears Her no- blest works she class - es, O!
What sig - ni - fies the life o' man, An' 'twere na' for the lass - es, O!
An' though at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er en - joy them, O!
Her 'pren - tice han' she tried on man, An' then she made the lass - es, O!
Chorus
Green grow the rash - es, O! Green grow the rash - es, O! The
sweet - est hours that e'er I've spent Were spent a - mang the lass - es, O!

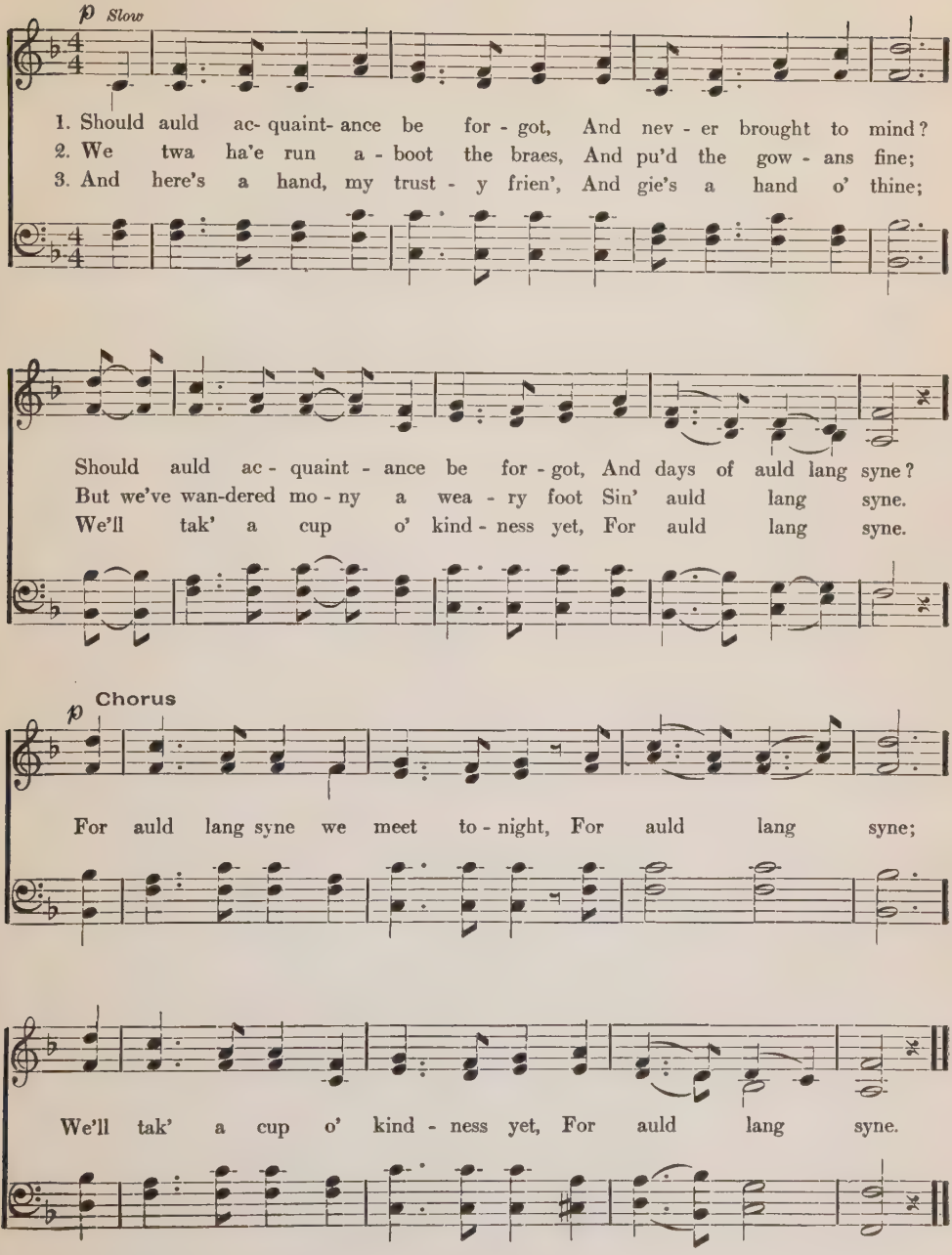
John Anderson, my Jo

Robert Burns

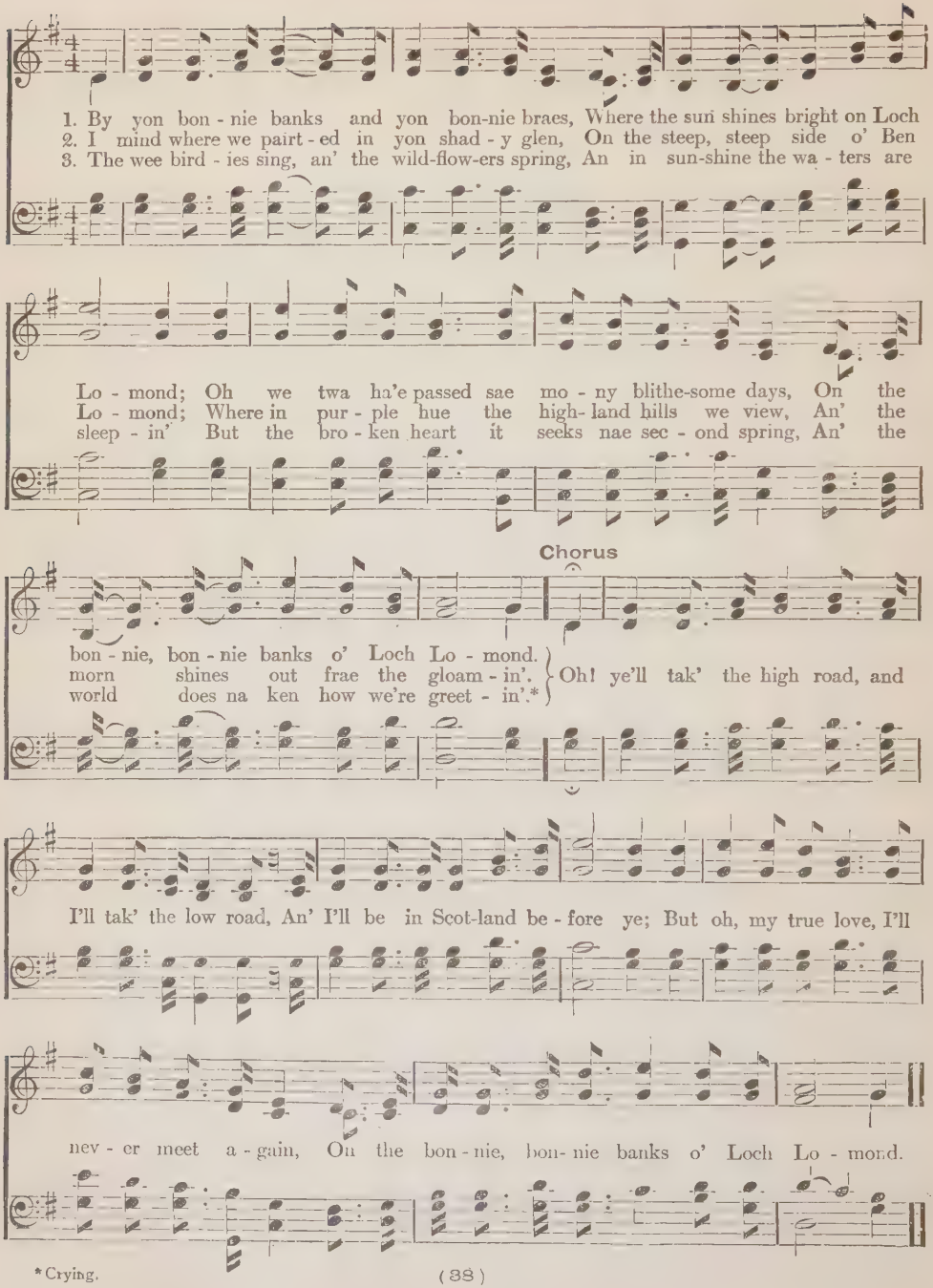

1. John An - der - son, my jo,[1] John, When na - ture first be - gan
2. John An - der - son, my jo, John, Ye were my first con - ceit,
3. John An - der - son, my jo, John, When we were first ac - quaint,
4. John An - der - son, my jo, John, We've clamb the hill the - gith - er
To try her can - nie hand, John, Her mas - ter work was man;
I think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye ear - ly and late,
Your locks were like the ra - ven, John, Your bon - nie brow was brent;[3]
And mo - ny a can - ty[5] day, John, We've had wi' ane an - ith - er;
And you a - mang them a', John, Sae trig[2] frae tap to toe,
They say ye're turn - ing auld, John, And what though it be so,
But now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are like the snow,
Now we maun tot - ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll go,
Ye proved to be nae jour - ney - work, John An - der - son, my jo.
You're aye the same guid man to me, John An - der - son, my jo.
Yet bless - ings on your frost - y pow,[4] John An - der - son, my jo.
And sleep the - gith - er at the foot, John An - der - son, my jo.

1 Sweetheart. 2 Neat. 3 Unwrinkled. 4 Head. 5 Merry.

Auld Lang Syne

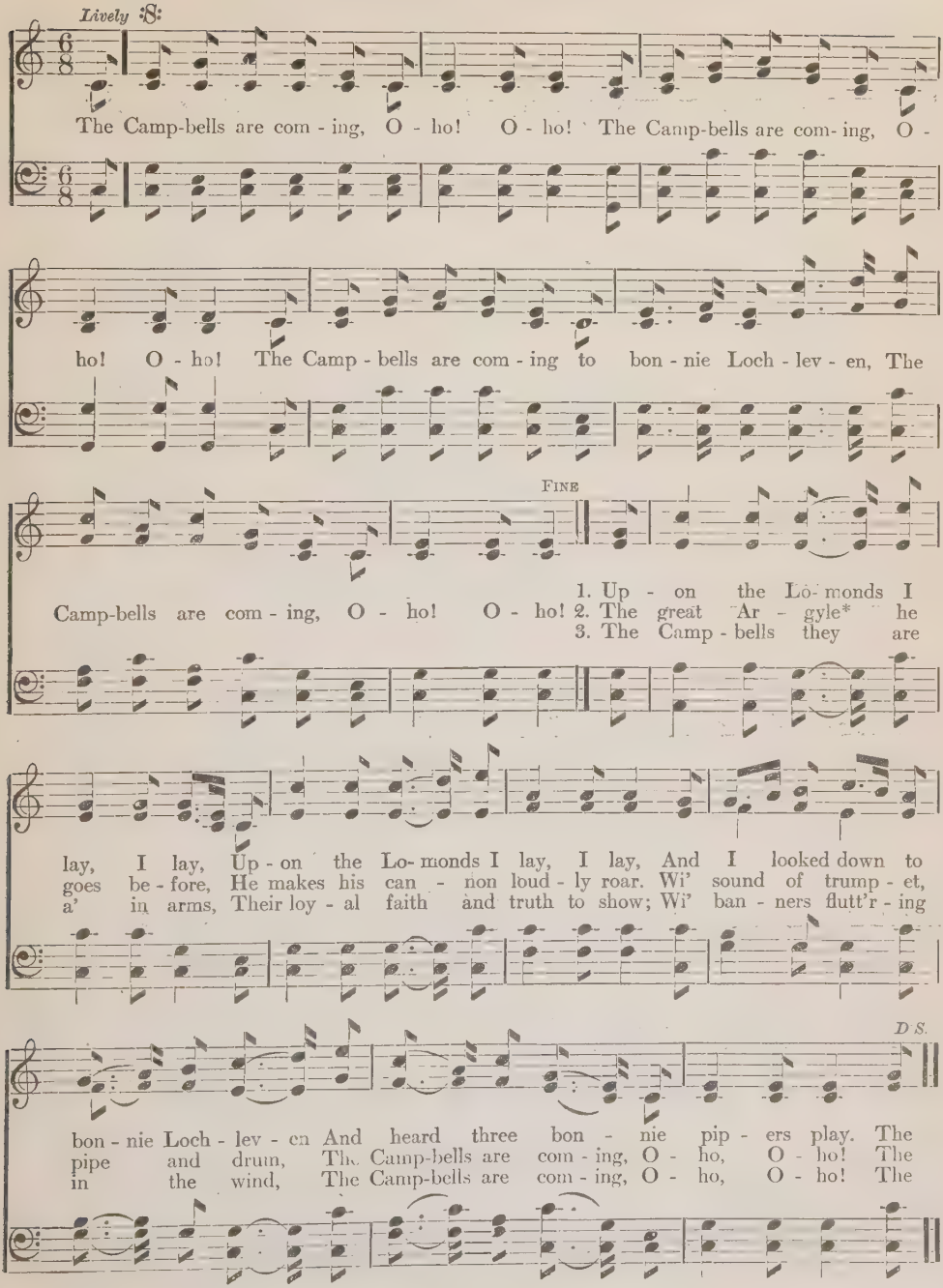
Robert Burns

p Slow
1. Should auld ac- quaint- ance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind?
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine;
3. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine;
Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne?
But we've wan-dered mo - ny a wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.
p Chorus
For auld lang syne we meet to - night, For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

Loch Lomond


1. By yon bon - nie banks and yon bon-nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
2. I mind where we pairt - ed in yon shad - y glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben
3. The wee bird - ies sing, an' the wild-flow-ers spring, An in sun-shine the wa - ters are
Lo - mond; Oh we twa ha'e passed sae mo - ny blithe-some days, On the
Lo - mond; Where in pur - ple hue the high- land hills we view, An' the
sleep - in' But the bro - ken heart it seeks nae sec - ond spring, An' the
Chorus
bon - nie, bon - nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond.
morn shines out frae the gloam - in'.
world does na ken how we're greet - in'.*
Oh! ye'll tak' the high road, and
I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scot-land be - fore ye; But oh, my true love, I'll
nev - er meet a - gain, On the bon - nie, bon- nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond.

*Crying.

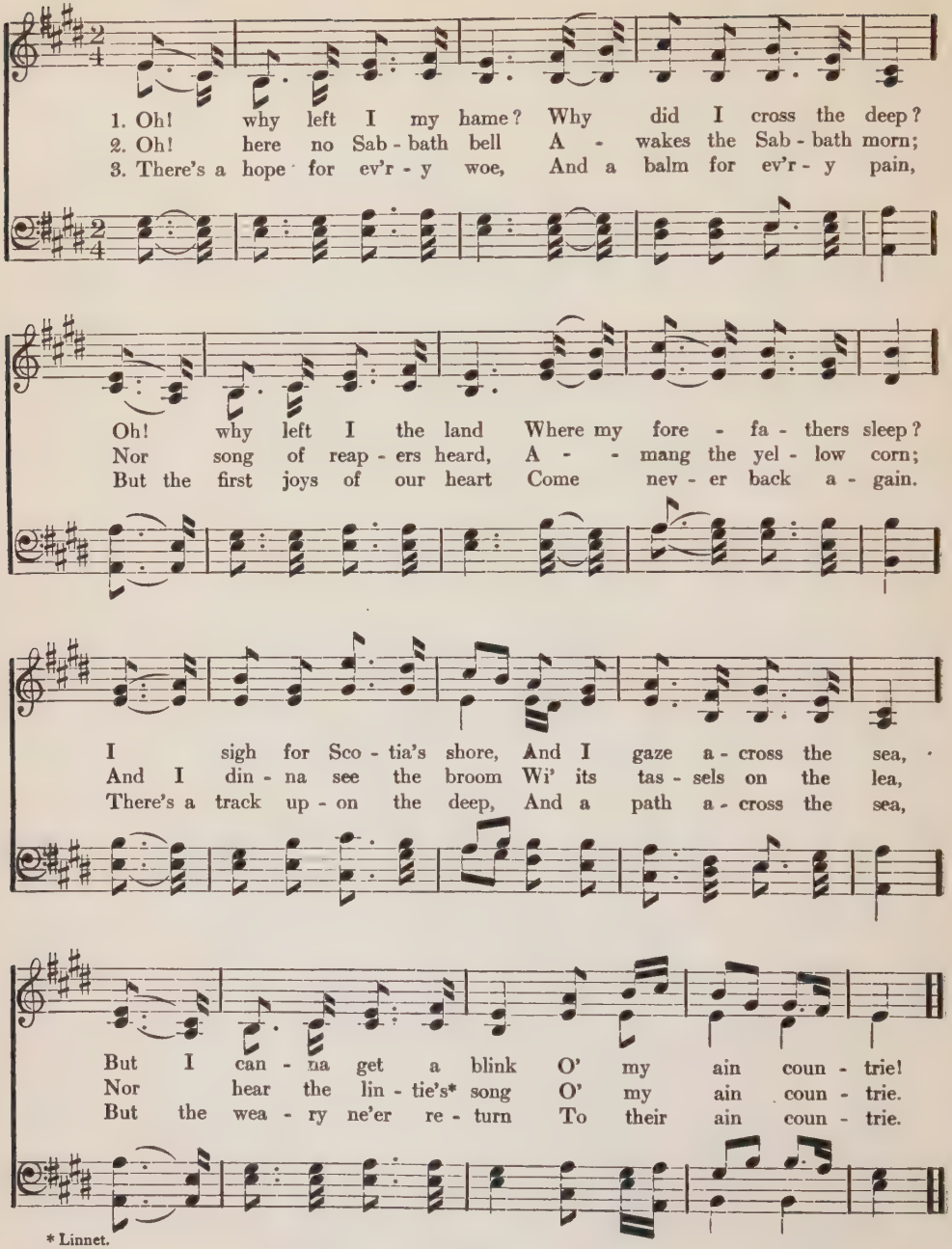
The Campbells Are Coming


Lively
The Camp-bells are com - ing, O - ho! O - ho! The Camp-bells are com- ing, O -
ho! O - ho! The Camp - bells are com - ing to bon - nie Loch - lev - en, The
FINE
Camp-bells are com - ing, O - ho! O - ho!
1. Up - on the Lo- monds I
2. The great Ar - gyle* he
3. The Camp - bells they are
lay, I lay, Up - on the Lo- monds I lay, I lay, And I looked down to
goes be - fore, He makes his can - non loud - ly roar. Wi' sound of trump - et,
a' in arms, Their loy - al faith and truth to show; Wi' ban - ners flutt'r - ing
D.S.
bon - nie Loch - lev - en And heard three bon - nie pip - ers play. The
pipe and drum, The Camp-bells are com - ing, O - ho, O - ho! The
in the wind, The Camp-bells are com - ing, O - ho, O - ho! The

*A famous Scotch leader.

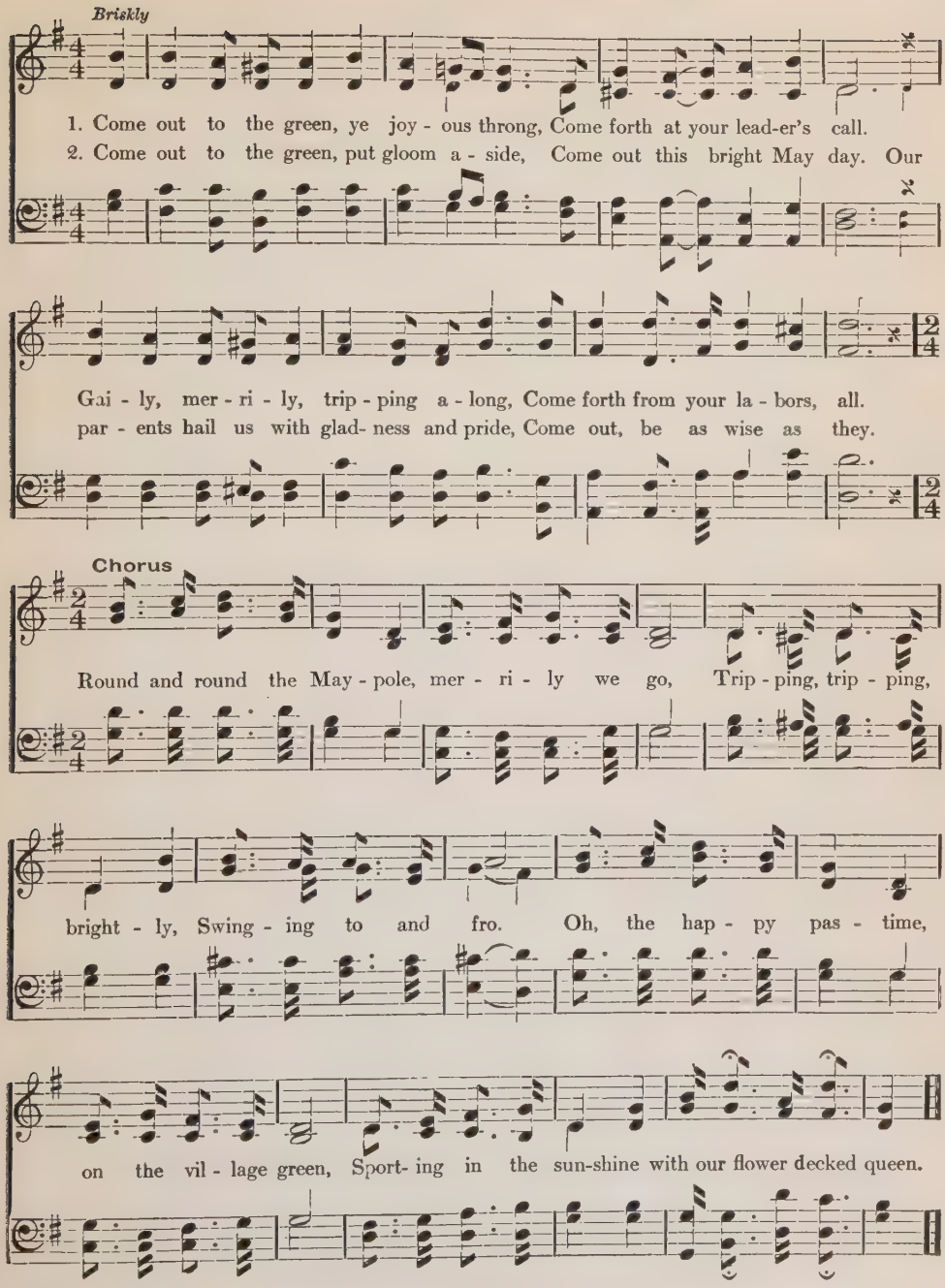
My Ain Countrie

Robert Gilfillan

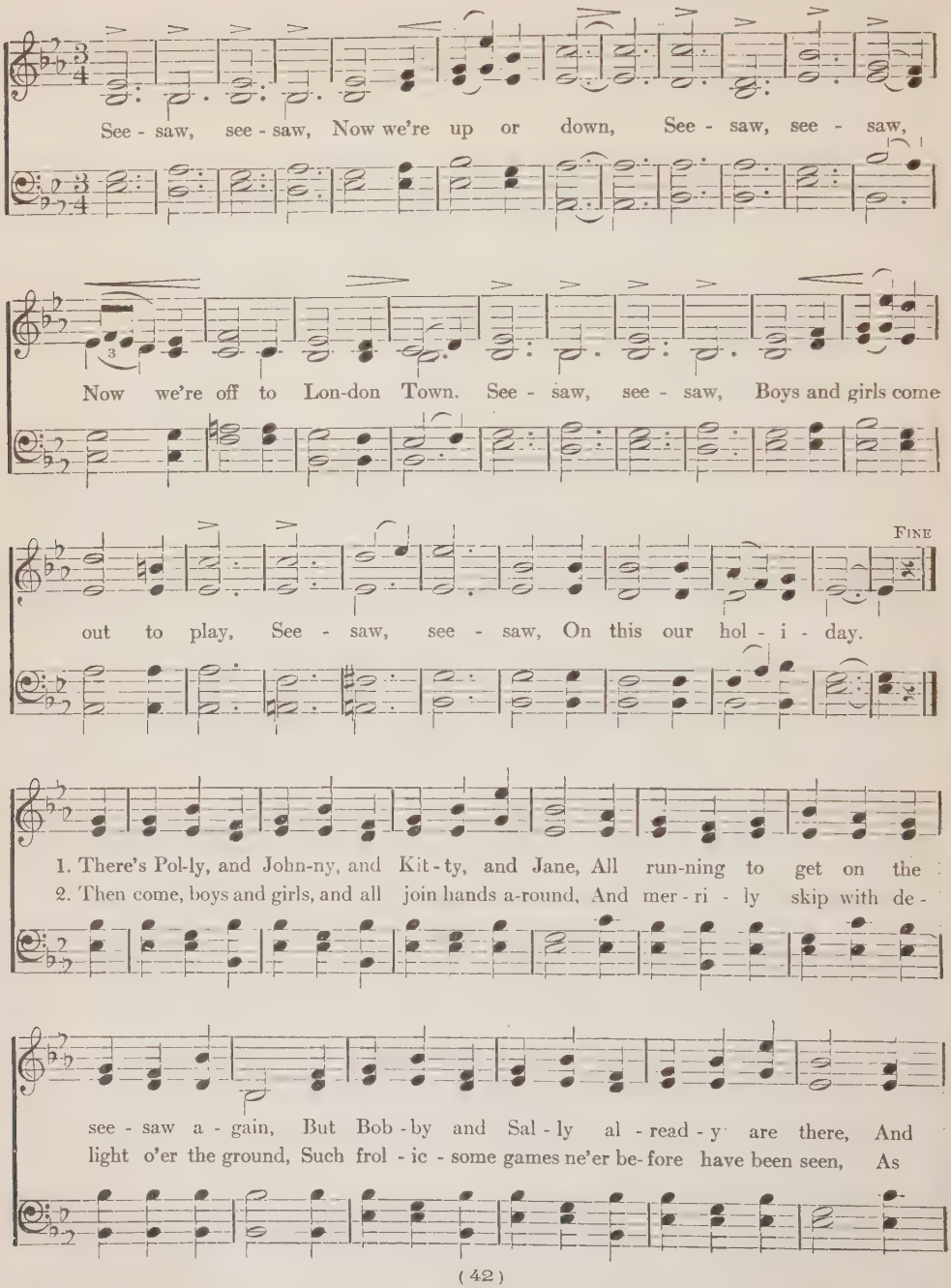

1. Oh! why left I my hame? Why did I cross the deep?
2. Oh! here no Sab - bath bell A - wakes the Sab - bath morn;
3. There's a hope for ev'r - y woe, And a balm for ev'r - y pain,
Oh! why left I the land Where my fore - fa - thers sleep?
Nor song of reap - ers heard, A - - mang the yel - low corn;
But the first joys of our heart Come nev - er back a - gain.
I sigh for Sco - tia's shore, And I gaze a - cross the sea,
And I din - na see the broom Wi' its tas - sels on the lea,
There's a track up - on the deep, And a path a - cross the sea,
But I can - na get a blink O' my ain coun - trie!
Nor hear the lin - tie's* song O' my ain coun - trie.
But the wea - ry ne'er re - turn To their ain coun - trie.

* Linnet.

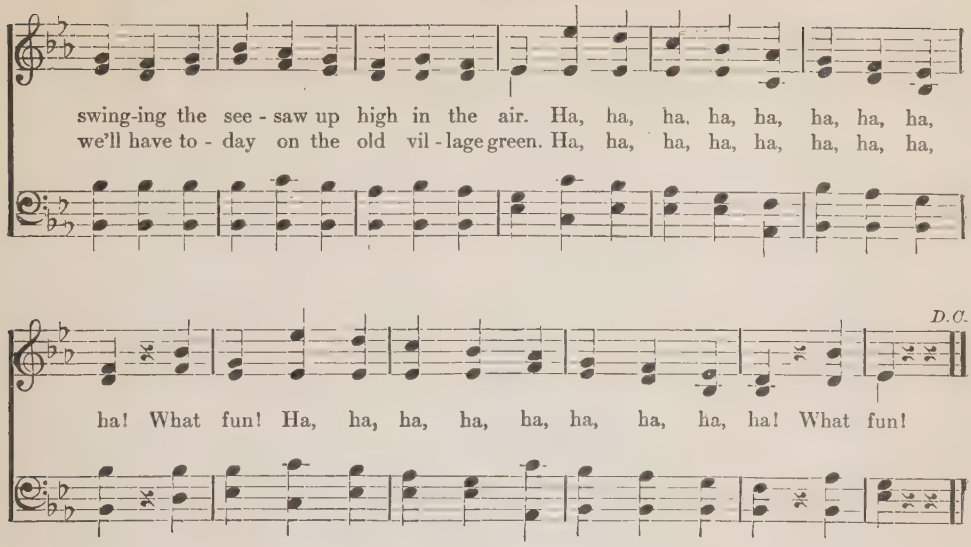
May - Day


Briskly
1. Come out to the green, ye joy - ous throng, Come forth at your lead-er's call.
2. Come out to the green, put gloom a - side, Come out this bright May day. Our
Gai - ly, mer - ri - ly, trip - ping a - long, Come forth from your la - bors, all.
par - ents hail us with glad- ness and pride, Come out, be as wise as they.
Chorus
Round and round the May - pole, mer - ri - ly we go, Trip - ping, trip - ping,
bright - ly, Swing - ing to and fro. Oh, the hap - py pas - time,
on the vil - lage green, Sport- ing in the sun-shine with our flower decked queen.

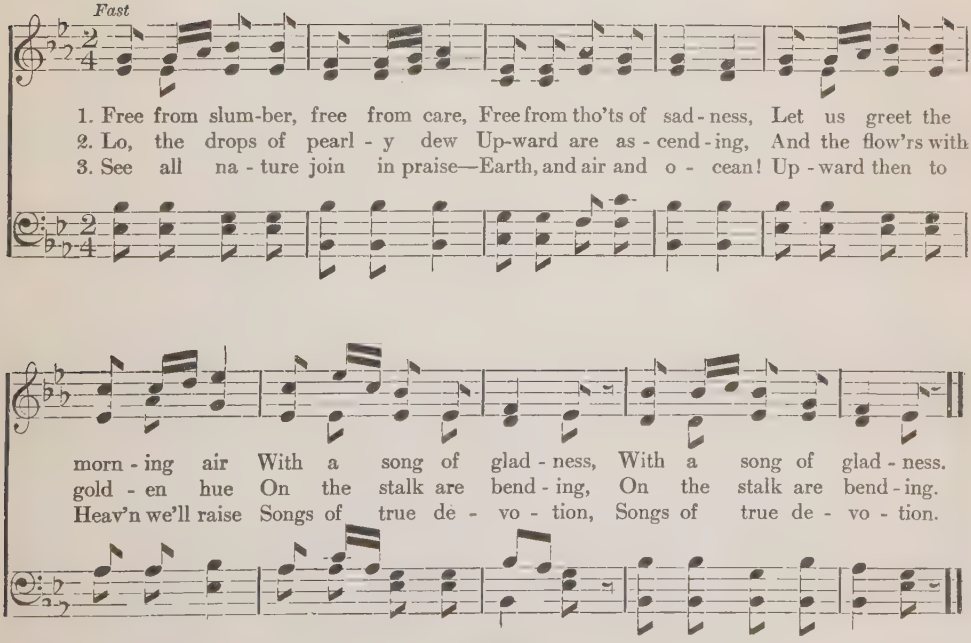
See-saw

Alfred G. Crowe

See - saw, see - saw, Now we're up or down, See - saw, see - saw,
Now we're off to Lon-don Town. See - saw, see - saw, Boys and girls come
FINE
out to play, See - saw, see - saw, On this our hol - i - day.
1. There's Pol-ly, and John-ny, and Kit-ty, and Jane, All run-ning to get on the
2. Then come, boys and girls, and all join hands a-round, And mer-ri - ly skip with de-
see - saw a - gain, But Bob-by and Sal-ly al - read - y are there, And
light o'er the ground, Such frol - ic - some games ne'er be-fore have been seen, As

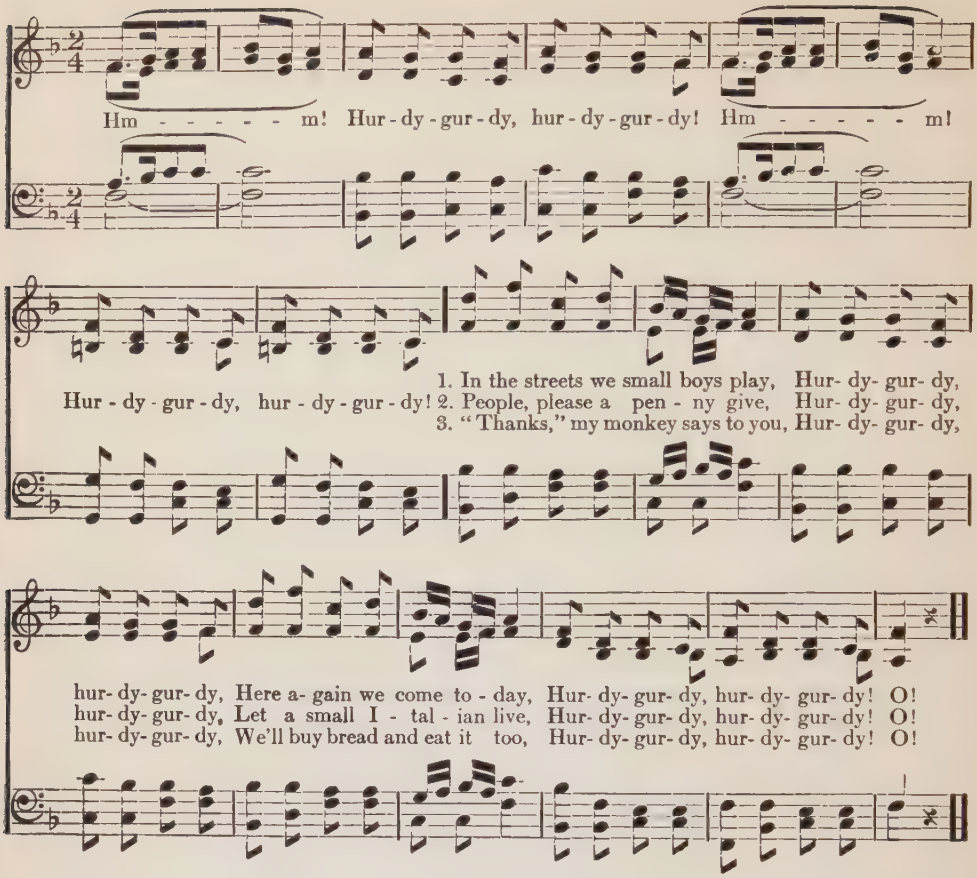
See - saw


swing-ing the see - saw up high in the air. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
we'll have to - day on the old vil - lage green. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
D.C.
ha! What fun! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! What fun!

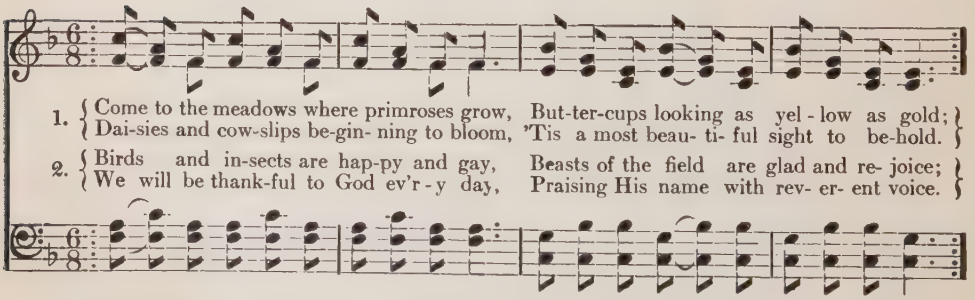
Free from Slumber


Fast
1. Free from slum-ber, free from care, Free from tho'ts of sad - ness, Let us greet the
2. Lo, the drops of pearl - y dew Up-ward are as - cend - ing, And the flow'rs with
3. See all na - ture join in praise—Earth, and air and o - cean! Up - ward then to
morn - ing air With a song of glad - ness, With a song of glad - ness.
gold - en hue On the stalk are bend - ing, On the stalk are bend - ing.
Heav'n we'll raise Songs of true de - vo - tion, Songs of true de - vo - tion.

The Hurdy-Gurdy*

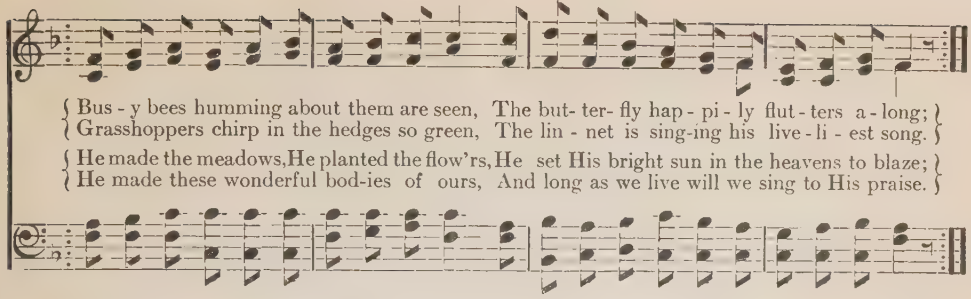

Hm - - - - - m! Hur - dy - gur - dy, hur - dy - gur - dy! Hm - - - - - m!
Hur - dy - gur - dy, hur - dy - gur - dy!
1. In the streets we small boys play, Hur- dy- gur- dy,
2. People, please a pen - ny give, Hur- dy- gur- dy,
3. "Thanks," my monkey says to you, Hur- dy- gur- dy,
hur- dy- gur- dy, Here a- gain we come to - day, Hur- dy- gur- dy, hur- dy- gur- dy! O!
hur- dy- gur- dy, Let a small I - tal - ian live, Hur- dy- gur- dy, hur- dy- gur- dy! O!
hur- dy- gur- dy, We'll buy bread and eat it too, Hur- dy- gur- dy, hur- dy- gur- dy! O!

Come to the Meadows


1. Come to the meadows where primroses grow, But-ter-cups looking as yel - low as gold;
Dai-sies and cow-slips be-gin- ning to bloom, 'Tis a most beau- ti- ful sight to be-hold.
2. Birds and in-sects are hap-py and gay, Beasts of the field are glad and re- joice;
We will be thank-ful to God ev'r - y day, Praising His name with rev- er- ent voice.

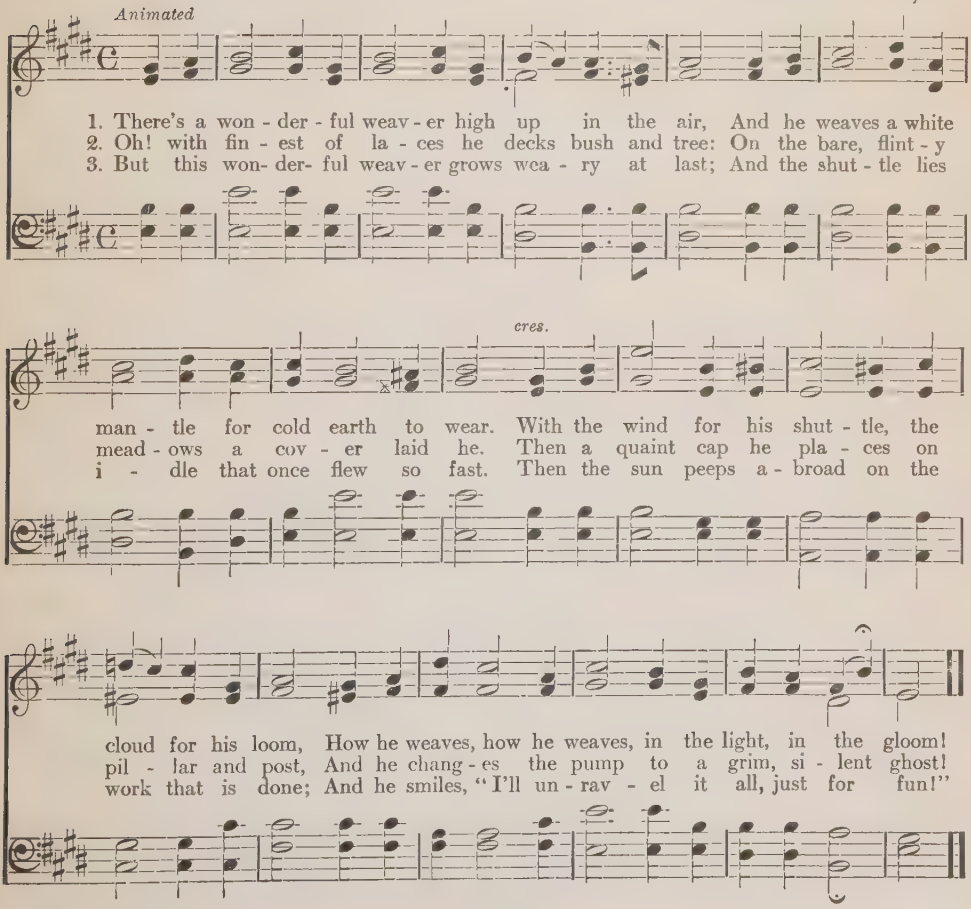
* A Lute-like instrument, sometimes played by Italian boys in the streets.

Come to the Meadows


Bus - y bees humming about them are seen, The but- ter- fly hap - pi - ly flut - ters a - long;
Grasshoppers chirp in the hedges so green, The lin - net is sing-ing his live - li - est song.
He made the meadows, He planted the flow'rs, He set His bright sun in the heavens to blaze;
He made these wonderful bod-ies of ours, And long as we live will we sing to His praise.

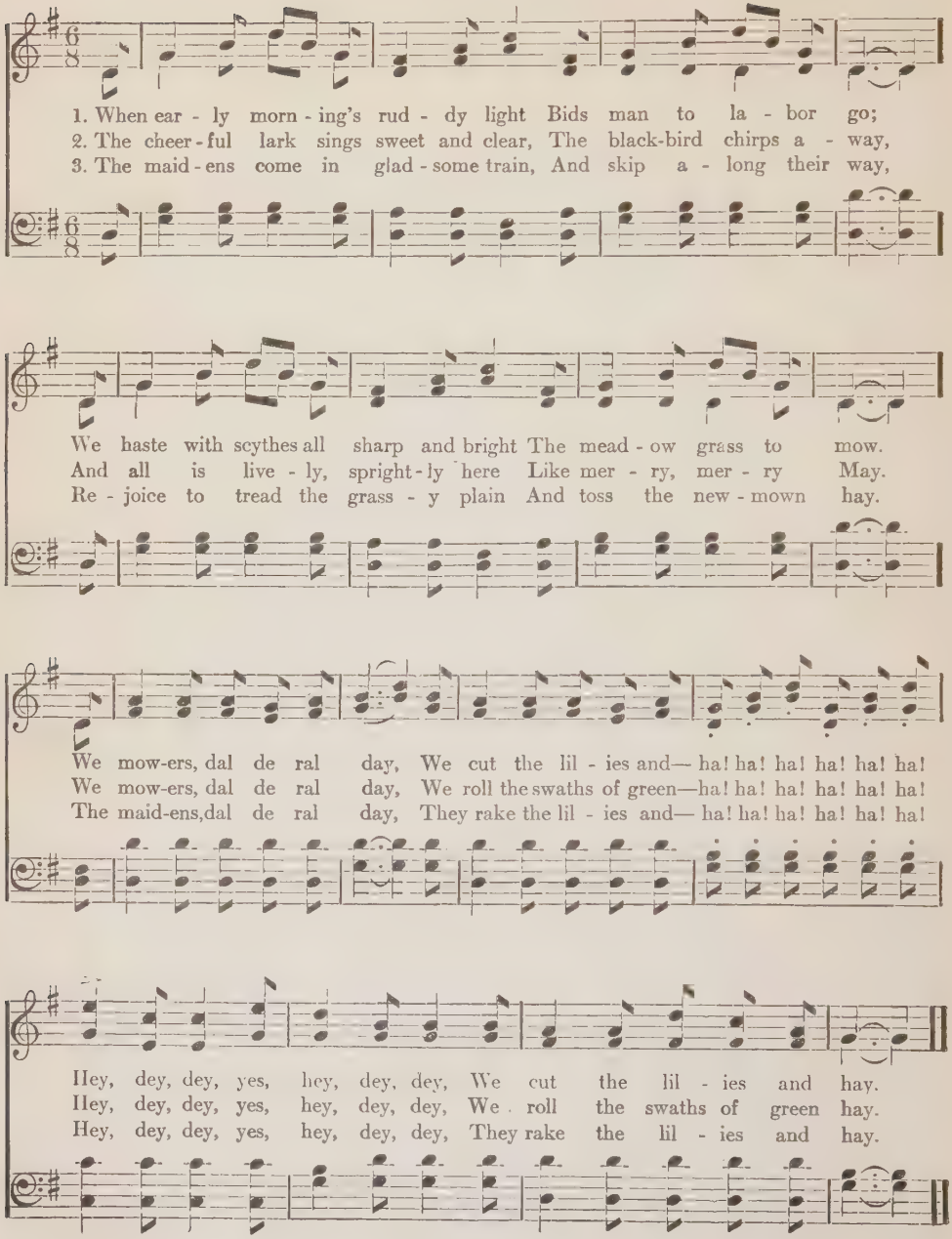
The Wonderful Weaver

William C. Levey


Animated
1. There's a won - der - ful weav - er high up in the air, And he weaves a white
2. Oh! with fin - est of la - ces he decks bush and tree: On the bare, flint - y
3. But this won- der- ful weav - er grows wea - ry at last; And the shut - tle lies
cres.
man - tle for cold earth to wear. With the wind for his shut - tle, the
mead - ows a cov - er laid he. Then a quaint cap he pla - ces on
i - dle that once flew so fast. Then the sun peeps a - broad on the
cloud for his loom, How he weaves, how he weaves, in the light, in the gloom!
pil - lar and post, And he chang - es the pump to a grim, si - lent ghost!
work that is done; And he smiles, "I'll un - rav - el it all, just for fun!"

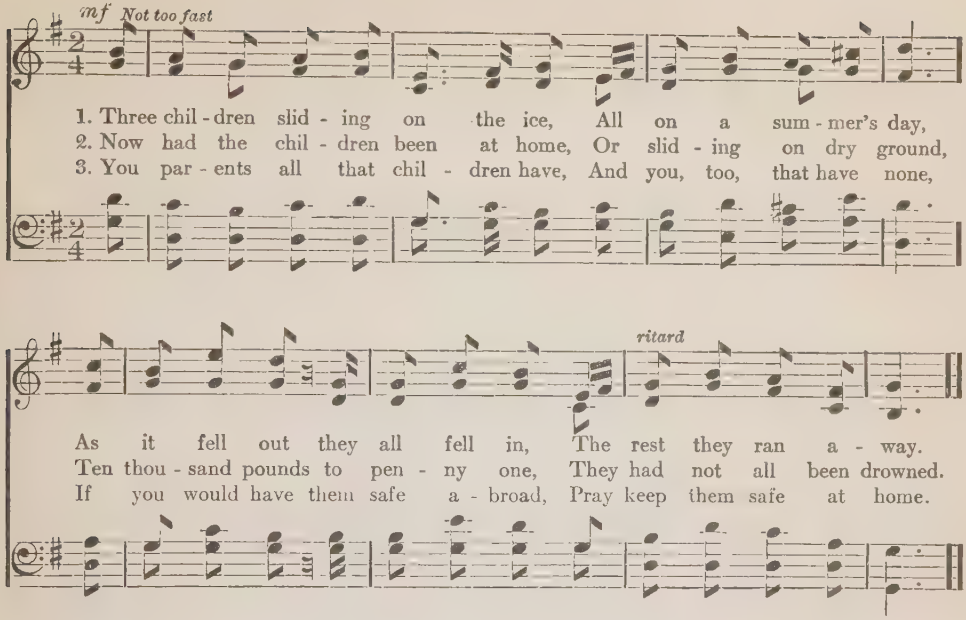
The Mower's Song

German Air


1. When ear - ly morn - ing's rud - dy light Bids man to la - bor go;
2. The cheer - ful lark sings sweet and clear, The black-bird chirps a - way,
3. The maid - ens come in glad - some train, And skip a - long their way,
We haste with scythes all sharp and bright The mead - ow grass to mow.
And all is live - ly, spright - ly here Like mer - ry, mer - ry May.
Re - joice to tread the grass - y plain And toss the new - mown hay.
We mow-ers, dal de ral day, We cut the lil - ies and— ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
We mow-ers, dal de ral day, We roll the swaths of green—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
The maid-ens, dal de ral day, They rake the lil - ies and— ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Hey, dey, dey, yes, hey, dey, dey, We cut the lil - ies and hay.
Hey, dey, dey, yes, hey, dey, dey, We roll the swaths of green hay.
Hey, dey, dey, yes, hey, dey, dey, They rake the lil - ies and hay.

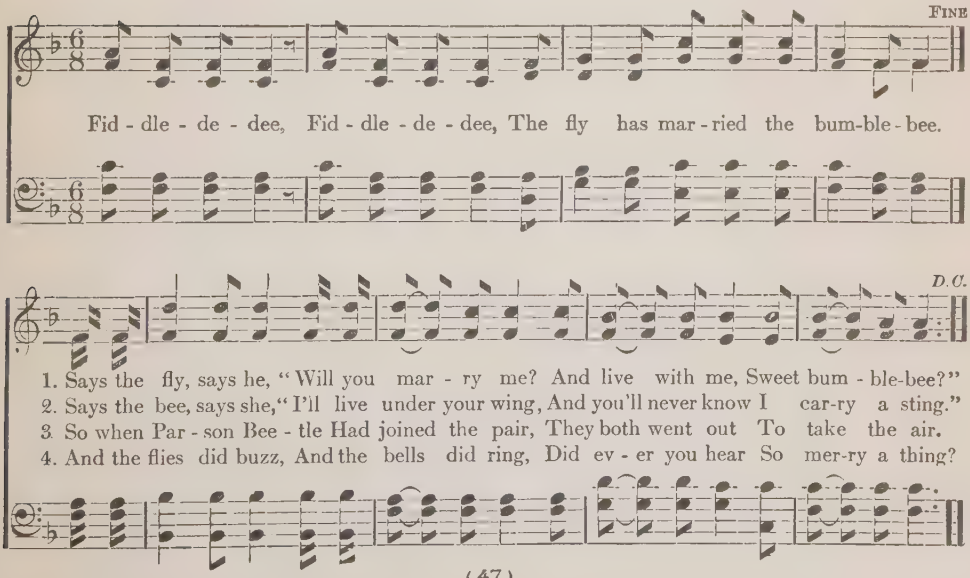
Three Children Sliding

John Gay


mf Not too fast
1. Three chil - dren slid - ing on the ice, All on a sum - mer's day,
2. Now had the chil - dren been at home, Or slid - ing on dry ground,
3. You par - ents all that chil - dren have, And you, too, that have none,
ritard
As it fell out they all fell in, The rest they ran a - way.
Ten thou - sand pounds to pen - ny one, They had not all been drowned.
If you would have them safe a - broad, Pray keep them safe at home.

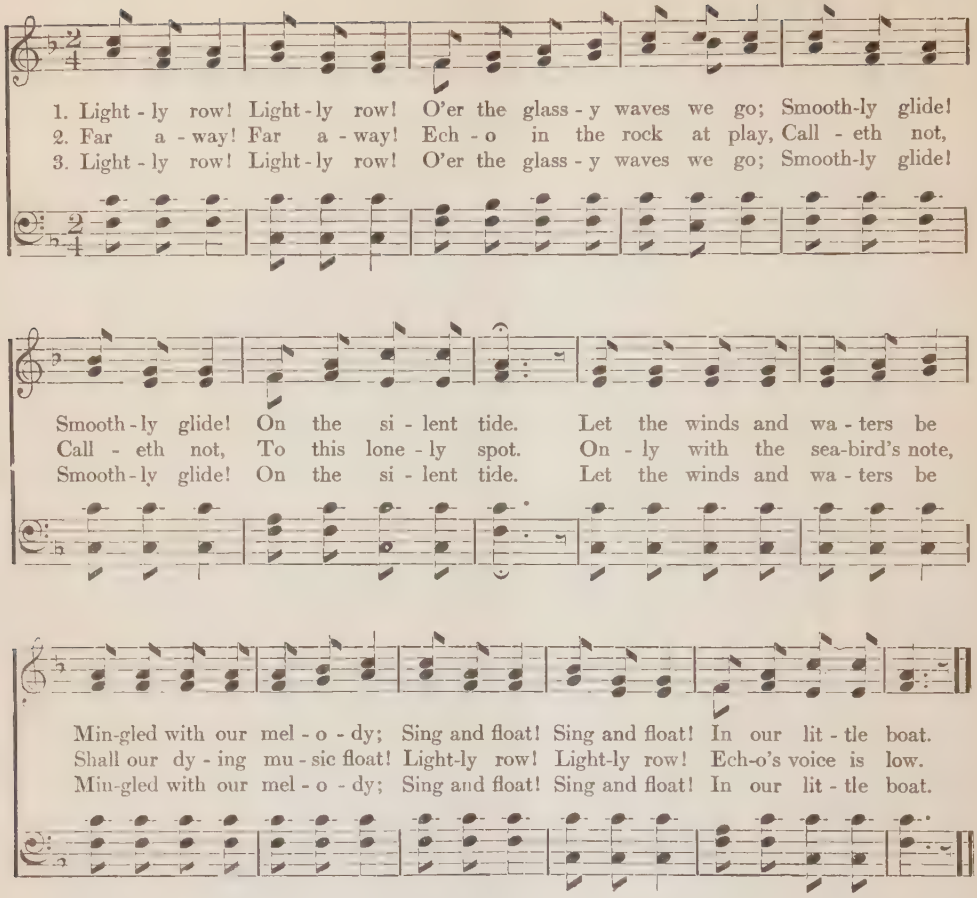
Fiddle-de-dee

James W. Elliot


FINE
Fid - dle - de - dee, Fid - dle - de - dee, The fly has mar - ried the bum-ble - bee.
D.C.
1. Says the fly, says he, "Will you mar - ry me? And live with me, Sweet bum - ble-bee?"
2. Says the bee, says she, "I'll live under your wing, And you'll never know I car-ry a sting."
3. So when Par - son Bee - tle Had joined the pair, They both went out To take the air.
4. And the flies did buzz, And the bells did ring, Did ev - er you hear So mer-ry a thing?

Lightly Row

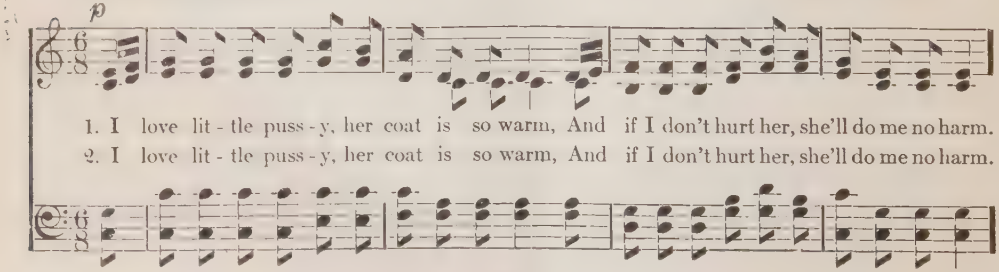
Spanish Melody


1. Light - ly row! Light - ly row! O'er the glass - y waves we go; Smooth-ly glide!
2. Far a - way! Far a - way! Ech - o in the rock at play, Call - eth not,
3. Light - ly row! Light - ly row! O'er the glass - y waves we go; Smooth-ly glide!
Smooth - ly glide! On the si - lent tide. Let the winds and wa - ters be
Call - eth not, To this lone - ly spot. On - ly with the sea-bird's note,
Smooth - ly glide! On the si - lent tide. Let the winds and wa - ters be
Min-gled with our mel - o - dy; Sing and float! Sing and float! In our lit - tle boat.
Shall our dy - ing mu - sic float! Light-ly row! Light-ly row! Ech-o's voice is low.
Min-gled with our mel - o - dy; Sing and float! Sing and float! In our lit - tle boat.

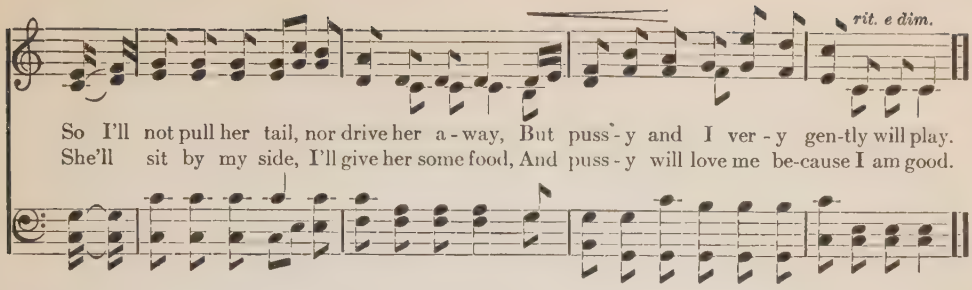
Pussy

Ann and Jane Taylor

James W. Elliot

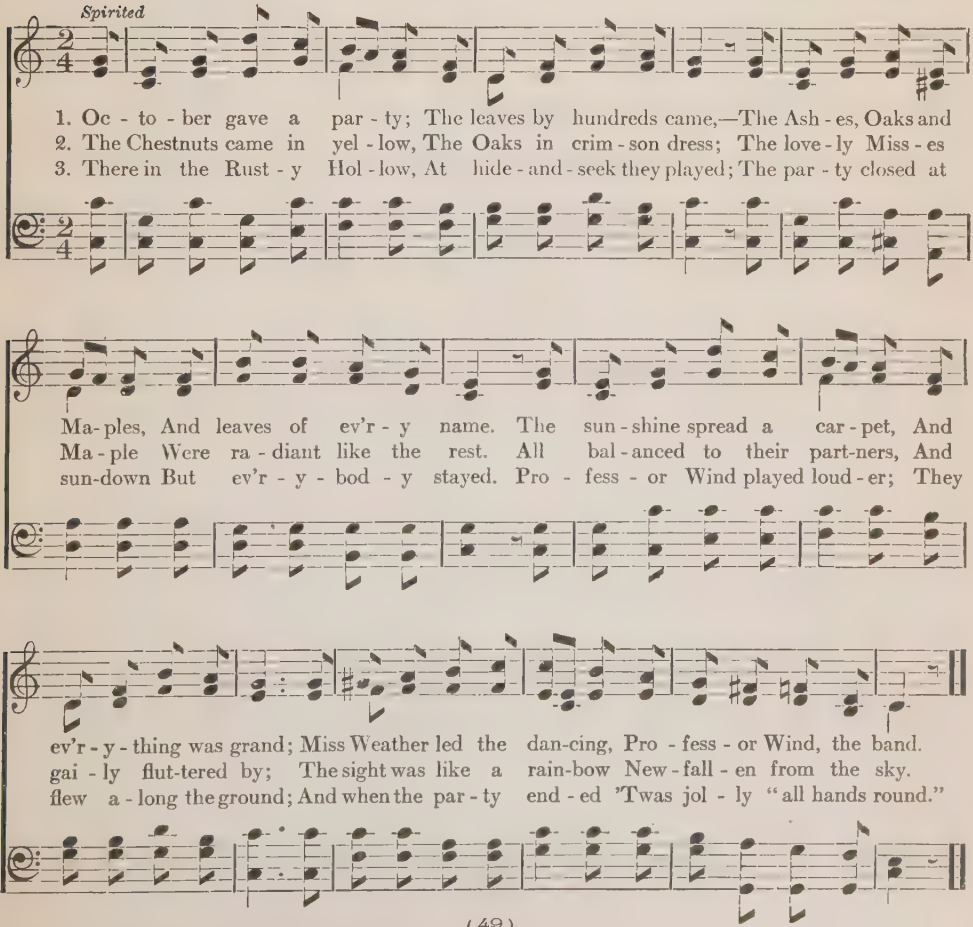

p
1. I love lit - tle puss - y, her coat is so warm, And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm.
2. I love lit - tle puss - y, her coat is so warm, And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm.

Pussy

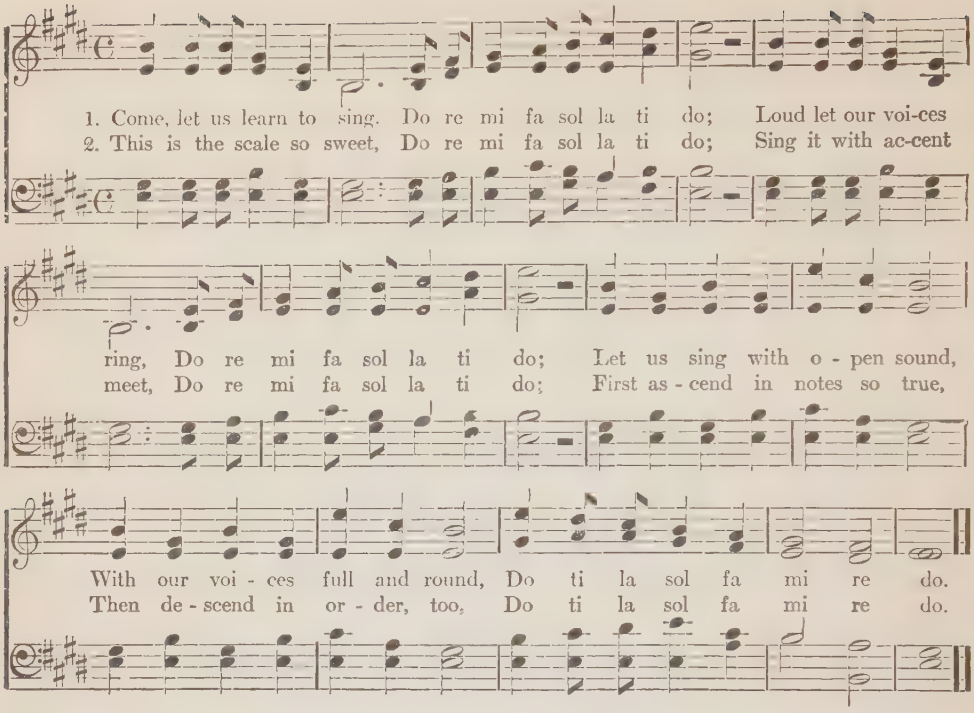

rit. e dim.
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her a - way, But puss - y and I ver - y gen-tly will play.
She'll sit by my side, I'll give her some food, And puss - y will love me be-cause I am good.

October's Party

George Alexander Lee

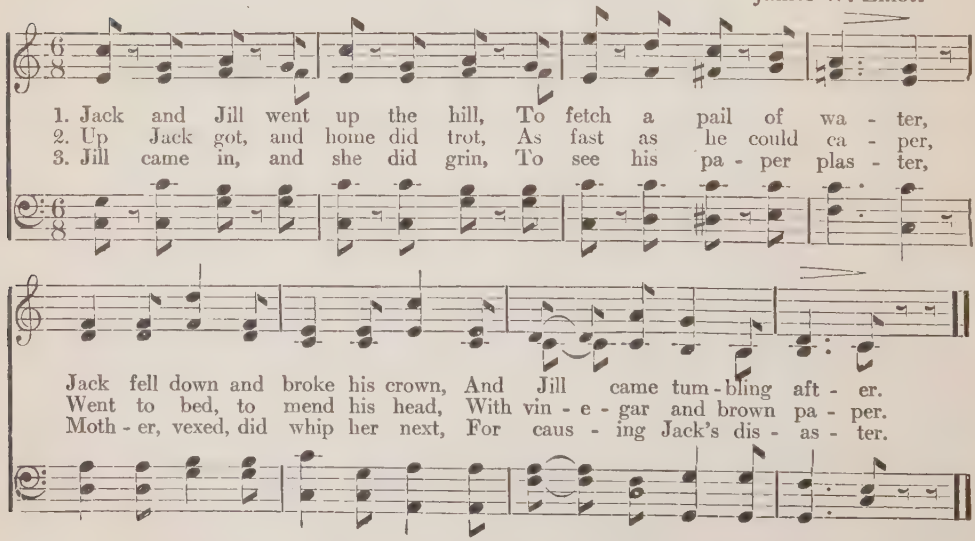

Spirited
1. Oc - to - ber gave a par - ty; The leaves by hundreds came,—The Ash - es, Oaks and
2. The Chestnuts came in yel - low, The Oaks in crim - son dress; The love - ly Miss - es
3. There in the Rust - y Hol - low, At hide - and - seek they played; The par - ty closed at
Ma- ples, And leaves of ev'r - y name. The sun - shine spread a car - pet, And
Ma - ple Were ra - diant like the rest. All bal - anced to their part-ners, And
sun-down But ev'r - y - bod - y stayed. Pro - fess - or Wind played loud - er; They
ev'r - y - thing was grand; Miss Weather led the dan-cing, Pro - fess - or Wind, the band.
gai - ly flut-tered by; The sight was like a rain-bow New - fall - en from the sky.
flew a - long the ground; And when the par - ty end - ed 'Twas jol - ly "all hands round."

The Scale

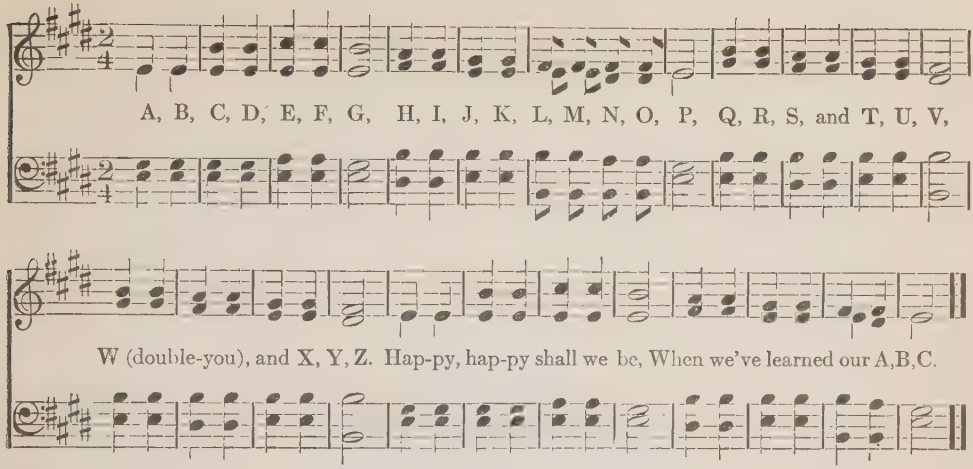

1. Come, let us learn to sing. Do re mi fa sol la ti do; Loud let our voi-ces
2. This is the scale so sweet, Do re mi fa sol la ti do; Sing it with ac-cent
ring, Do re mi fa sol la ti do; Let us sing with o - pen sound,
meet, Do re mi fa sol la ti do; First as - cend in notes so true,
With our voi - ces full and round, Do ti la sol fa mi re do.
Then de - scend in or - der, too, Do ti la sol fa mi re do.

Jack and Jill

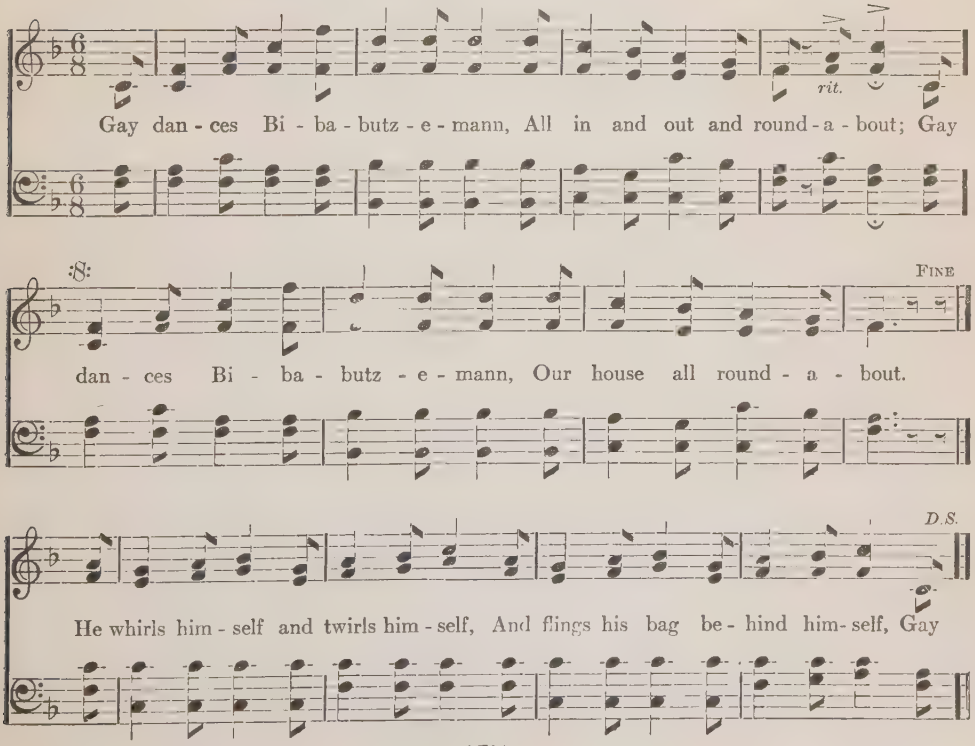
James W. Elliott


1. Jack and Jill went up the hill, To fetch a pail of wa - ter,
2. Up Jack got, and home did trot, As fast as he could ca - per,
3. Jill came in, and she did grin, To see his pa - per plas - ter,
Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Jill came tum - bling aft - er.
Went to bed, to mend his head, With vin - e - gar and brown pa - per.
Moth - er, vexed, did whip her next, For caus - ing Jack's dis - as - ter.

The Alphabet

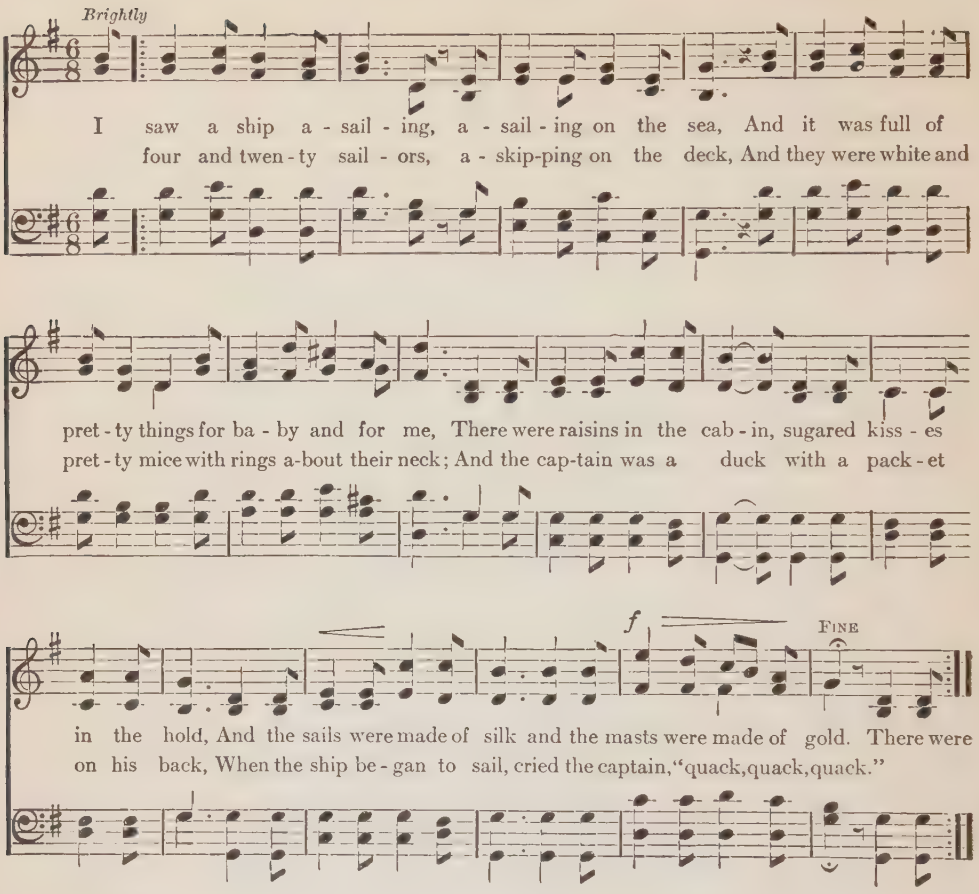


Bibabutzemann


rit.
Gay dan - ces Bi - ba - butz - e - mann, All in and out and round - a - bout; Gay
:S:
FINE
dan - ces Bi - ba - butz - e - mann, Our house all round - a - bout.
D.S.
He whirls him - self and twirls him - self, And flings his bag be - hind him - self, Gay

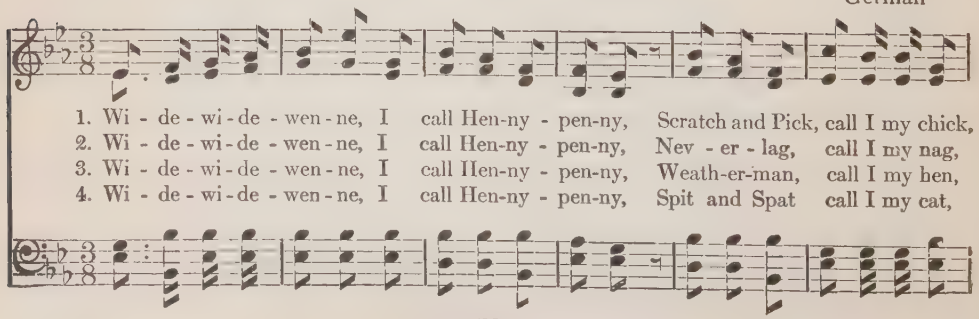
I Saw a Ship A-sailing

Carl Reinecke

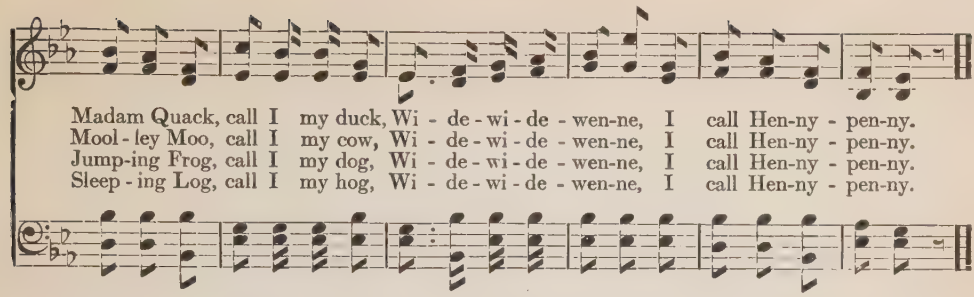

Brightly
I saw a ship a - sail - ing, a - sail - ing on the sea, And it was full of
four and twen - ty sail - ors, a - skip-ping on the deck, And they were white and
pret - ty things for ba - by and for me, There were raisins in the cab - in, sugared kiss - es
pret - ty mice with rings a-bout their neck; And the cap-tain was a duck with a pack - et
f
FINE
in the hold, And the sails were made of silk and the masts were made of gold. There were
on his back, When the ship be - gan to sail, cried the captain, "quack, quack, quack."

Wi-de-wi-de-wen-ne

German


1. Wi - de - wi - de - wen - ne, I call Hen-ny - pen-ny, Scratch and Pick, call I my chick,
2. Wi - de - wi - de - wen - ne, I call Hen-ny - pen-ny, Nev - er - lag, call I my nag,
3. Wi - de - wi - de - wen - ne, I call Hen-ny - pen-ny, Weath-er-man, call I my hen,
4. Wi - de - wi - de - wen - ne, I call Hen-ny - pen-ny, Spit and Spat call I my cat,

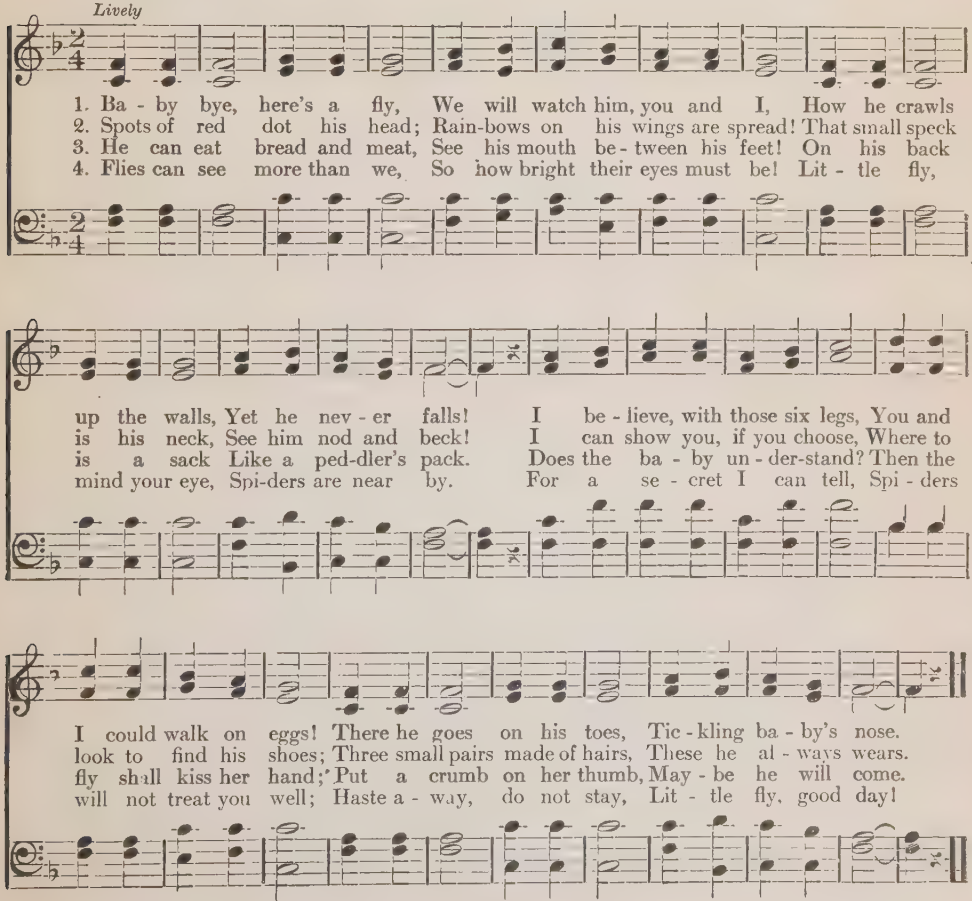
Wi-de-wi-de-wen-ne

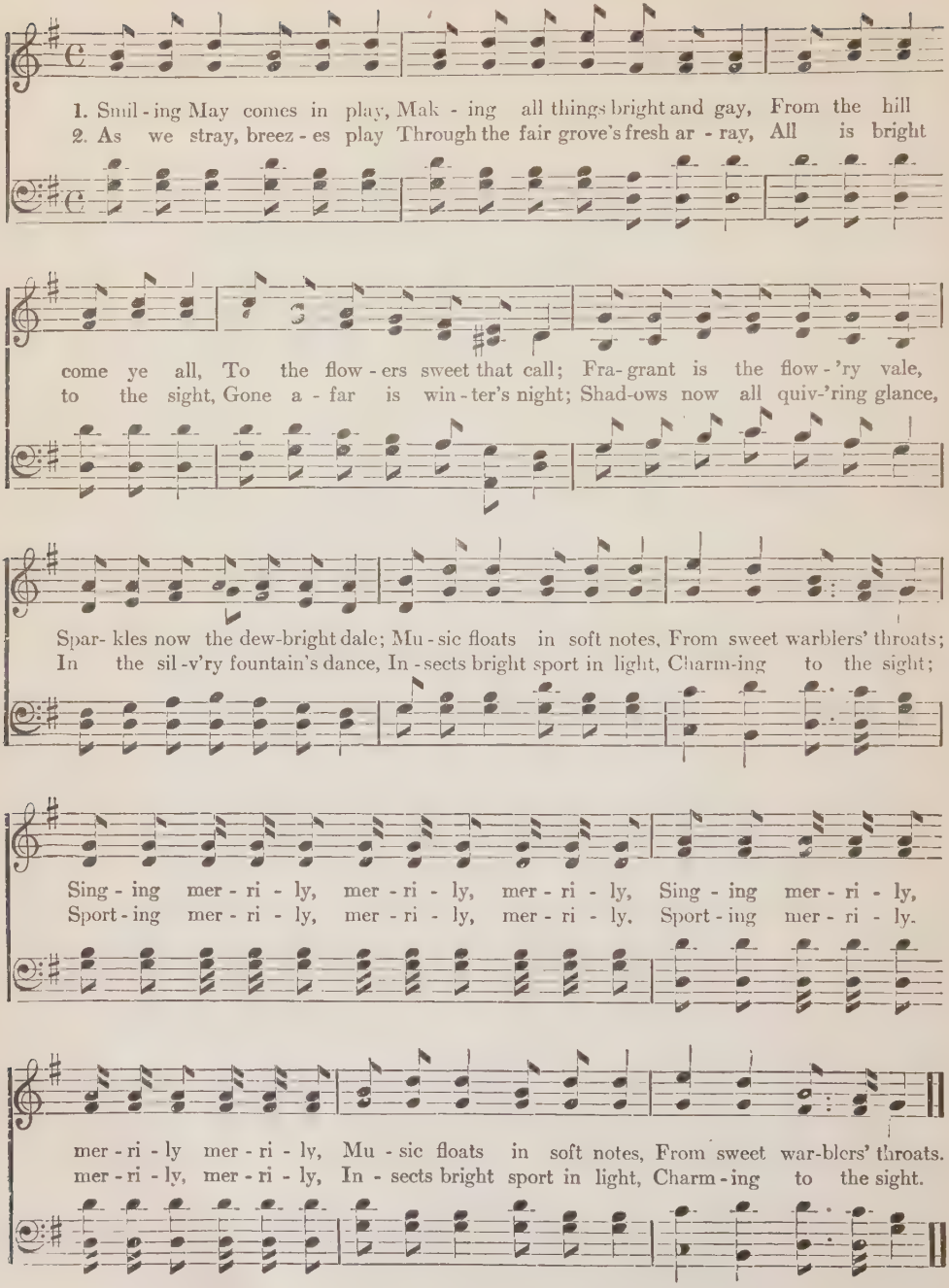

Madam Quack, call I my duck, Wi - de - wi - de - wen-ne, I call Hen-ny - pen-ny.
Mool - ley Moo, call I my cow, Wi - de - wi - de - wen-ne, I call Hen-ny - pen-ny.
Jump-ing Frog, call I my dog, Wi - de - wi - de - wen-ne, I call Hen-ny - pen-ny.
Sleep - ing Log, call I my hog, Wi - de - wi - de - wen-ne, I call Hen-ny - pen-ny.

Baby Bye, Here's a Fly

Theodore Tilton — George B. Loomis

Lively

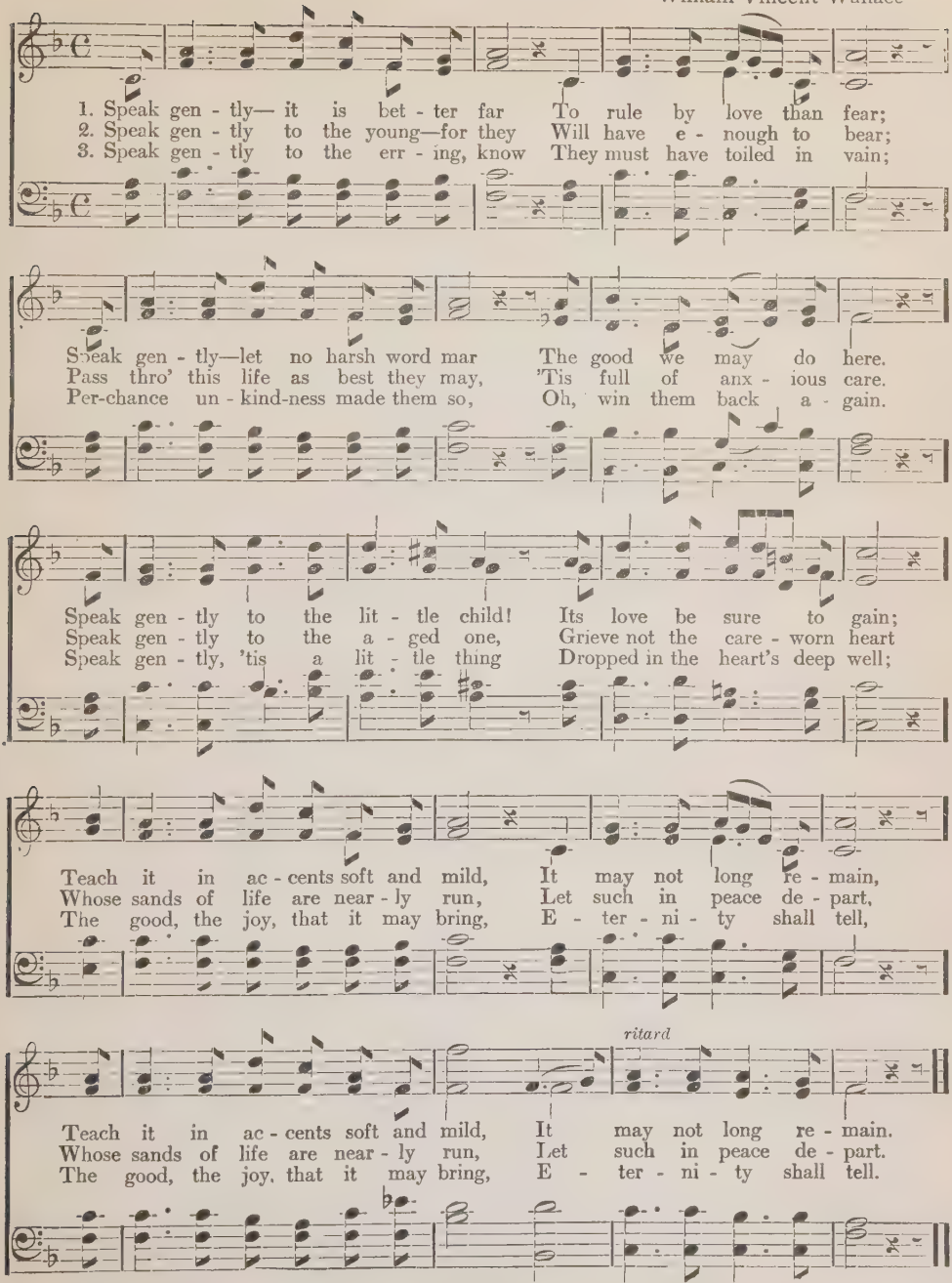

1. Ba - by bye, here's a fly, We will watch him, you and I, How he crawls up the walls, Yet he nev - er falls! I be - lieve, with those six legs, You and I could walk on eggs! There he goes on his toes, Tic - kling ba - by's nose.
2. Spots of red dot his head; Rain-bows on his wings are spread! That small speck is his neck, See him nod and beck! I can show you, if you choose, Where to look to find his shoes; Three small pairs made of hairs, These he al - ways wears.
3. He can eat bread and meat, See his mouth be - tween his feet! On his back is a sack Like a ped-dler's pack. Does the ba - by un - der-stand? Then the fly shall kiss her hand; Put a crumb on her thumb, May - be he will come.
4. Flies can see more than we, So how bright their eyes must be! Lit - tle fly, mind your eye, Spi-ders are near by. For a se - cret I can tell, Spi - ders will not treat you well; Haste a - way, do not stay, Lit - tle fly, good day!

Smiling May

1. Smil - ing May comes in play, Mak - ing all things bright and gay, From the hill
2. As we stray, breez - es play Through the fair grove's fresh ar - ray, All is bright
come ye all, To the flow - ers sweet that call; Fra - grant is the flow - 'ry vale,
to the sight, Gone a - far is win - ter's night; Shad-ows now all quiv-'ring glance,
Spar - kles now the dew-bright dale; Mu - sic floats in soft notes, From sweet warblers' throats;
In the sil - v'ry fountain's dance, In - sects bright sport in light, Charm-ing to the sight;
Sing - ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Sing - ing mer - ri - ly,
Sport - ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly. Sport - ing mer - ri - ly.
mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly, Mu - sic floats in soft notes, From sweet war-blers' throats.
mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, In - sects bright sport in light, Charm - ing to the sight.

Speak Gently

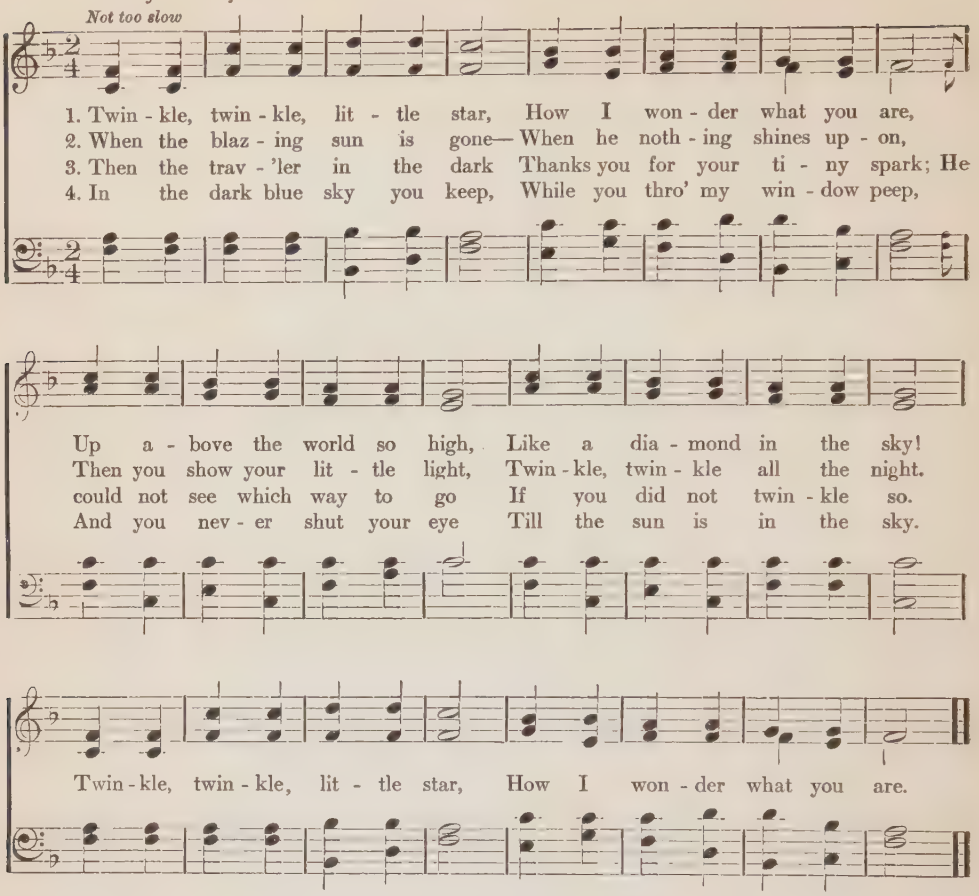
D. Bates

William Vincent Wallace


1. Speak gen - tly— it is bet - ter far To rule by love than fear;
2. Speak gen - tly to the young—for they Will have e - nough to bear;
3. Speak gen - tly to the err - ing, know They must have toiled in vain;
Speak gen - tly—let no harsh word mar The good we may do here.
Pass thro' this life as best they may, 'Tis full of anx - ious care.
Per-chance un - kind-ness made them so, Oh, win them back a - gain.
Speak gen - tly to the lit - tle child! Its love be sure to gain;
Speak gen - tly to the a - ged one, Grieve not the care - worn heart
Speak gen - tly, 'tis a lit - tle thing Dropped in the heart's deep well;
Teach it in ac - cents soft and mild, It may not long re - main,
Whose sands of life are near - ly run, Let such in peace de - part,
The good, the joy, that it may bring, E - ter - ni - ty shall tell,
ritard
Teach it in ac - cents soft and mild, It may not long re - main.
Whose sands of life are near - ly run, Let such in peace de - part.
The good, the joy, that it may bring, E - ter - ni - ty shall tell.

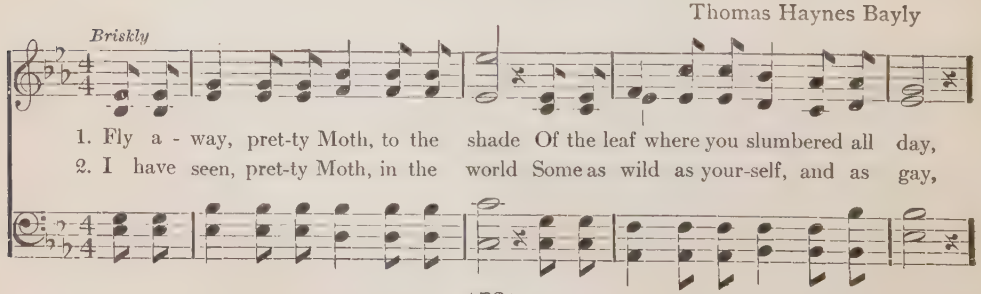
Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

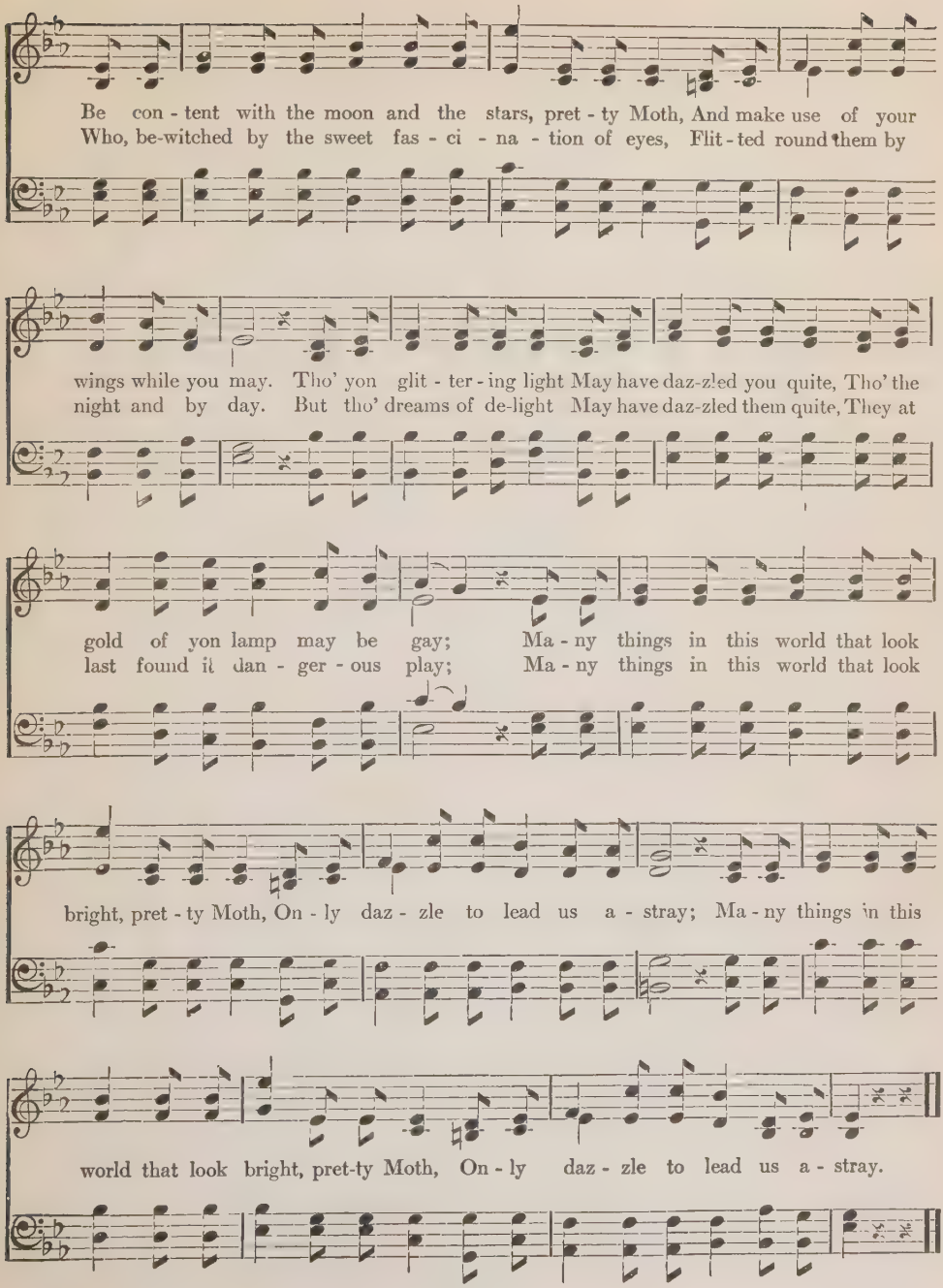
Ann and Jane Taylor


Not too slow
1. Twin - kle, twin - kle, lit - tle star, How I won - der what you are,
2. When the blaz - ing sun is gone— When he noth - ing shines up - on,
3. Then the trav - 'ler in the dark Thanks you for your ti - ny spark; He
4. In the dark blue sky you keep, While you thro' my win - dow peep,
Up a - bove the world so high, Like a dia - mond in the sky!
Then you show your lit - tle light, Twin - kle, twin - kle all the night.
could not see which way to go If you did not twin - kle so.
And you nev - er shut your eye Till the sun is in the sky.
Twin - kle, twin - kle, lit - tle star, How I won - der what you are.

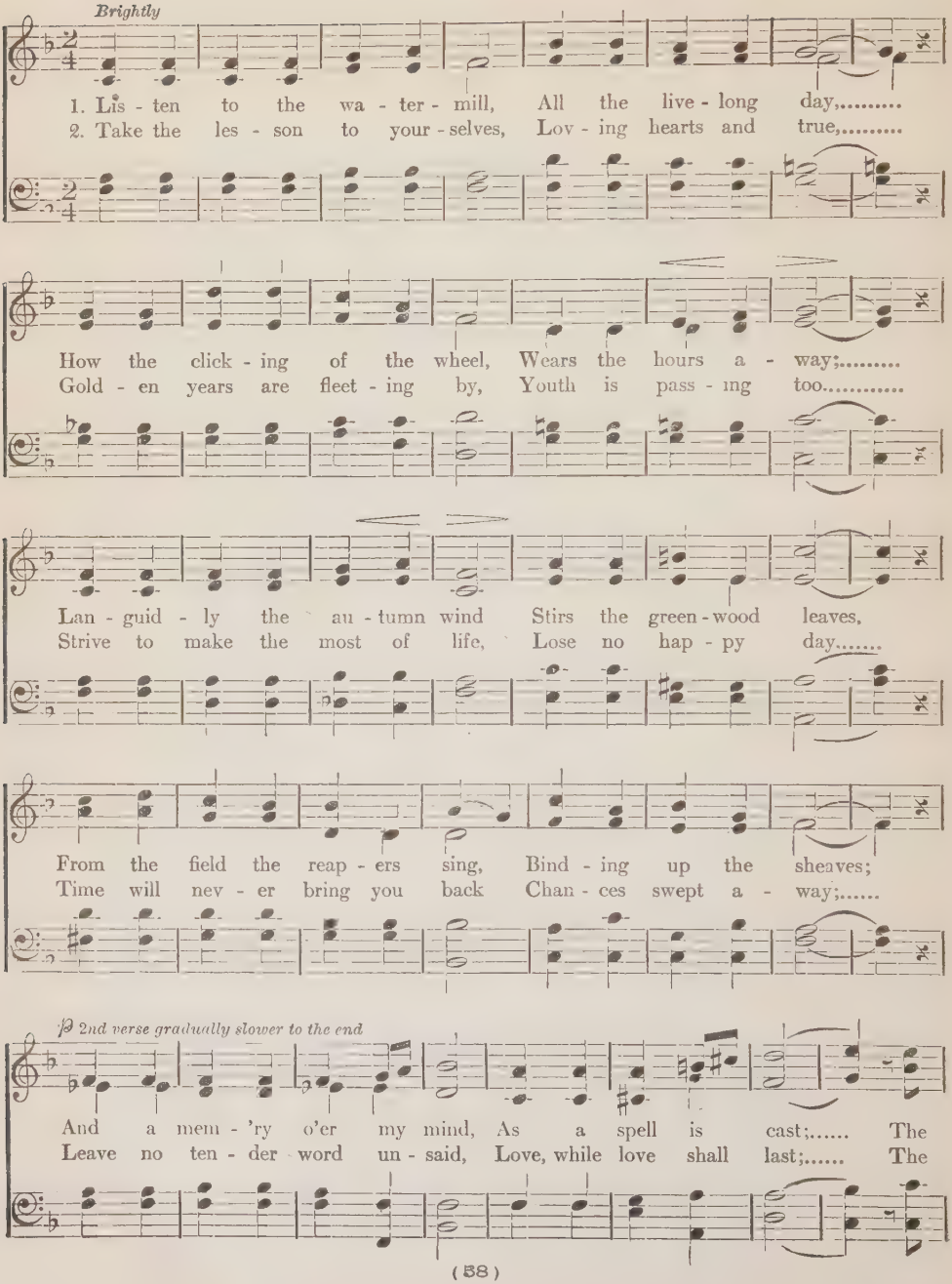
Fly Away, Pretty Moth

Thomas Haynes Bayly

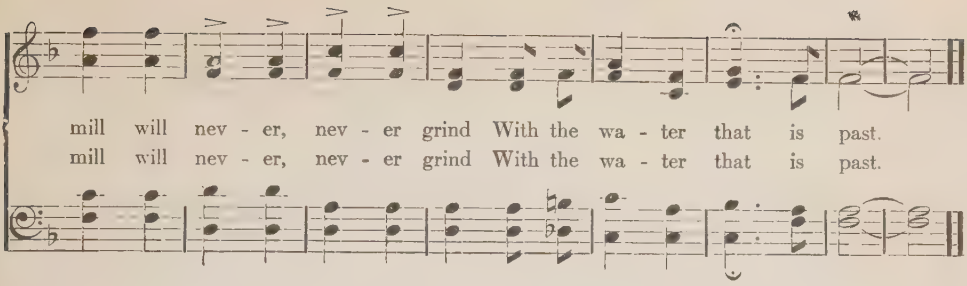

Briskly
1. Fly a - way, pret-ty Moth, to the shade Of the leaf where you slumbered all day,
2. I have seen, pret-ty Moth, in the world Some as wild as your-self, and as gay,

Fly Away, Pretty Moth

Be con - tent with the moon and the stars, pret - ty Moth, And make use of your
Who, be-witched by the sweet fas - ci - na - tion of eyes, Flit - ted round them by
wings while you may. Tho' yon glit - ter - ing light May have daz-zled you quite, Tho' the
night and by day. But tho' dreams of de-light May have daz-zled them quite, They at
gold of yon lamp may be gay; Ma - ny things in this world that look
last found it dan - ger - ous play; Ma - ny things in this world that look
bright, pret - ty Moth, On - ly daz - zle to lead us a - stray; Ma - ny things in this
world that look bright, pret-ty Moth, On - ly daz - zle to lead us a - stray.

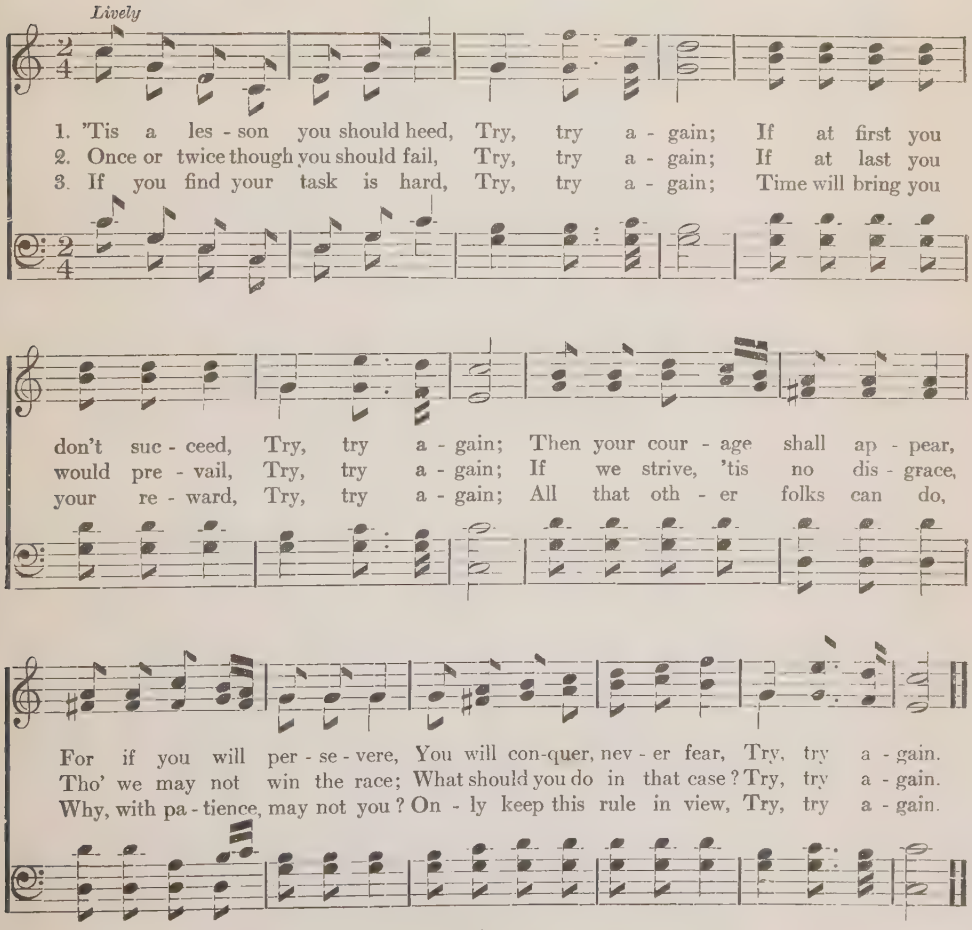
The Water Mill

Louis Diehl

Brightly
1. Lis - ten to the wa - ter - mill, All the live - long day,.....
2. Take the les - son to your - selves, Lov - ing hearts and true,.....
How the click - ing of the wheel, Wears the hours a - way;.....
Gold - en years are fleet - ing by, Youth is pass - ing too.....
Lan - guid - ly the au - tumn wind Stirs the green - wood leaves,
Strive to make the most of life, Lose no hap - py day.....
From the field the reap - ers sing, Bind - ing up the sheaves;
Time will nev - er bring you back Chan - ces swept a - way;.....
p 2nd verse gradually slower to the end
And a mem - 'ry o'er my mind, As a spell is cast;..... The
Leave no ten - der word un - said, Love, while love shall last;..... The

The Water Mill

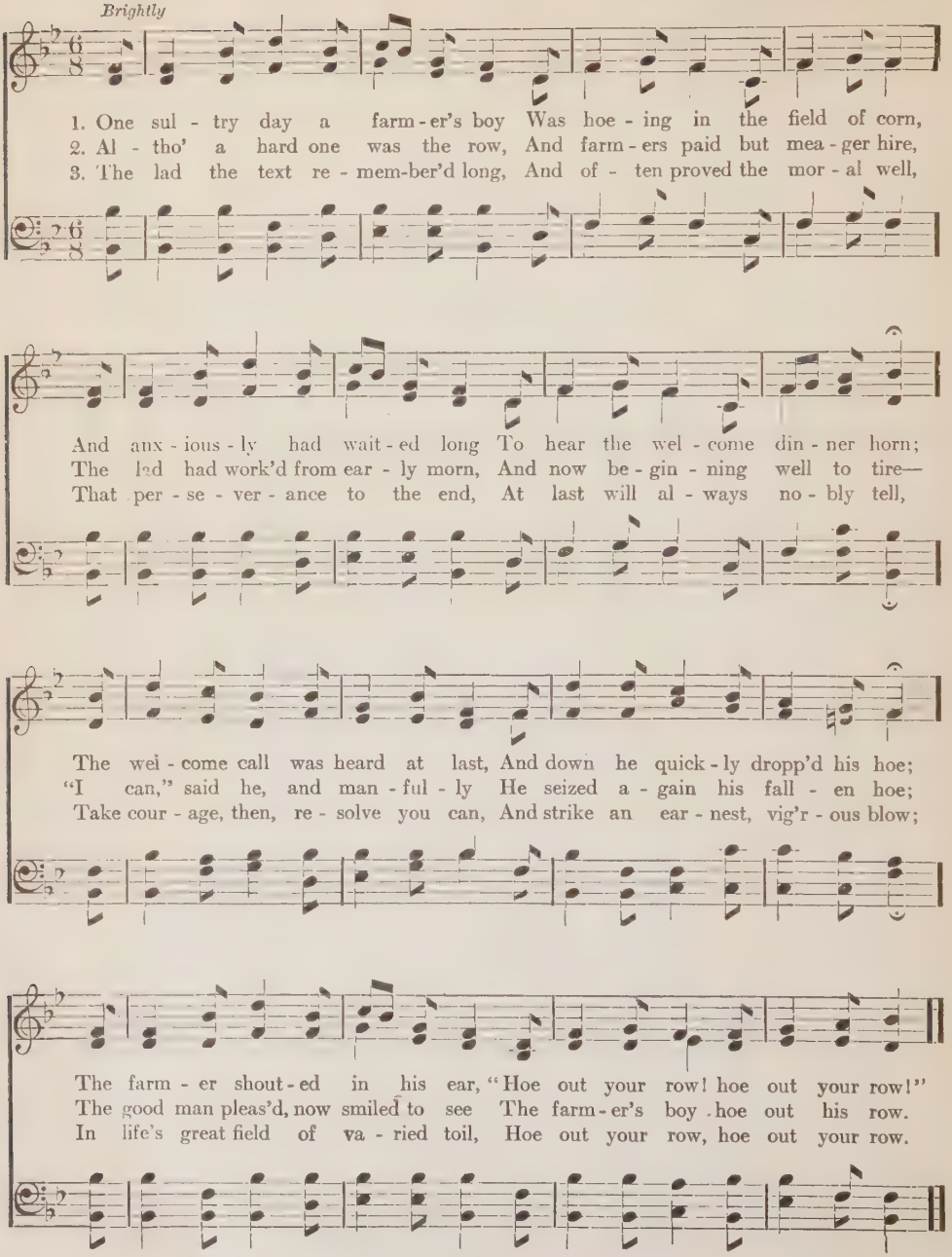


Try, Try Again

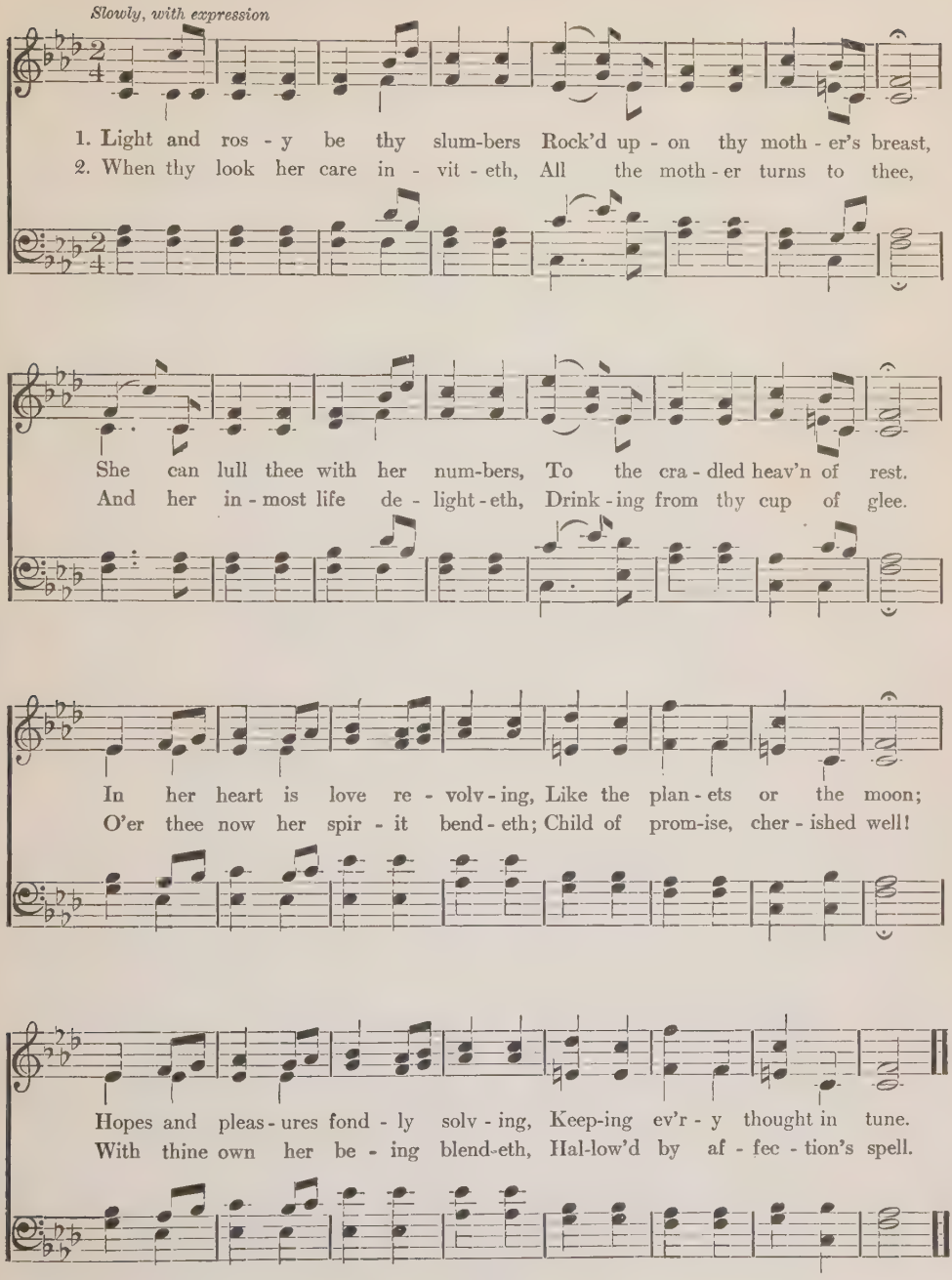

Lively
1. 'Tis a les - son you should heed, Try, try a - gain; If at first you
2. Once or twice though you should fail, Try, try a - gain; If at last you
3. If you find your task is hard, Try, try a - gain; Time will bring you
don't suc - ceed, Try, try a - gain; Then your cour - age shall ap - pear,
would pre - vail, Try, try a - gain; If we strive, 'tis no dis - grace,
your re - ward, Try, try a - gain; All that oth - er folks can do,
For if you will per - se - vere, You will con-quer, nev - er fear, Try, try a - gain.
Tho' we may not win the race; What should you do in that case? Try, try a - gain.
Why, with pa - tience, may not you? On - ly keep this rule in view, Try, try a - gain.

Hoe Out Your Row

Gaetano Donizetti

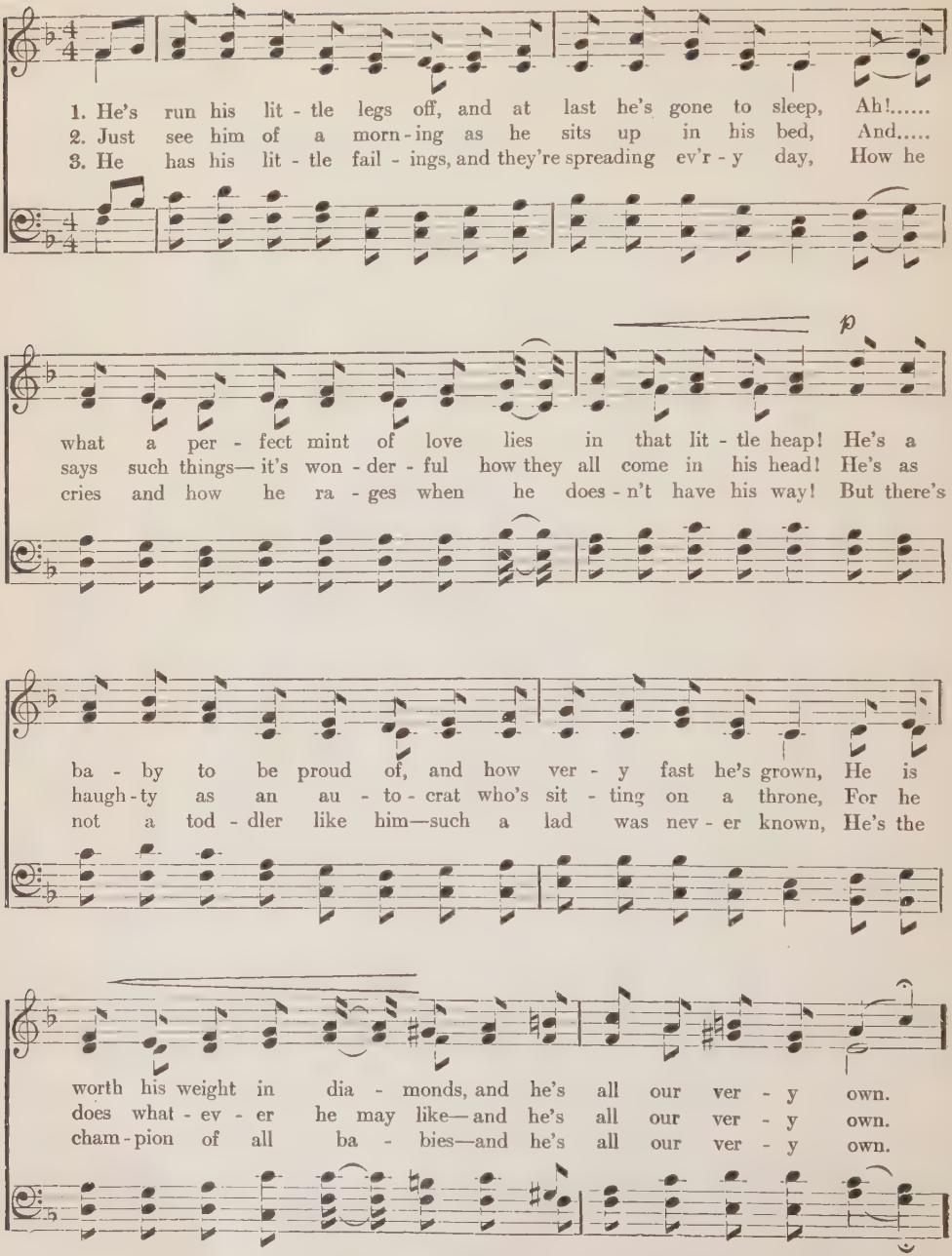

Brightly
1. One sul - try day a farm - er's boy Was hoe - ing in the field of corn,
2. Al - tho' a hard one was the row, And farm - ers paid but mea - ger hire,
3. The lad the text re - mem-ber'd long, And of - ten proved the mor - al well,
And anx - ious - ly had wait - ed long To hear the wel - come din - ner horn;
The lad had work'd from ear - ly morn, And now be - gin - ning well to tire—
That per - se - ver - ance to the end, At last will al - ways no - bly tell,
The wel - come call was heard at last, And down he quick - ly dropp'd his hoe;
"I can," said he, and man - ful - ly He seized a - gain his fall - en hoe;
Take cour - age, then, re - solve you can, And strike an ear - nest, vig'r - ous blow;
The farm - er shout - ed in his ear, "Hoe out your row! hoe out your row!"
The good man pleas'd, now smiled to see The farm - er's boy hoe out his row.
In life's great field of va - ried toil, Hoe out your row, hoe out your row.

Swedish Cradle Song

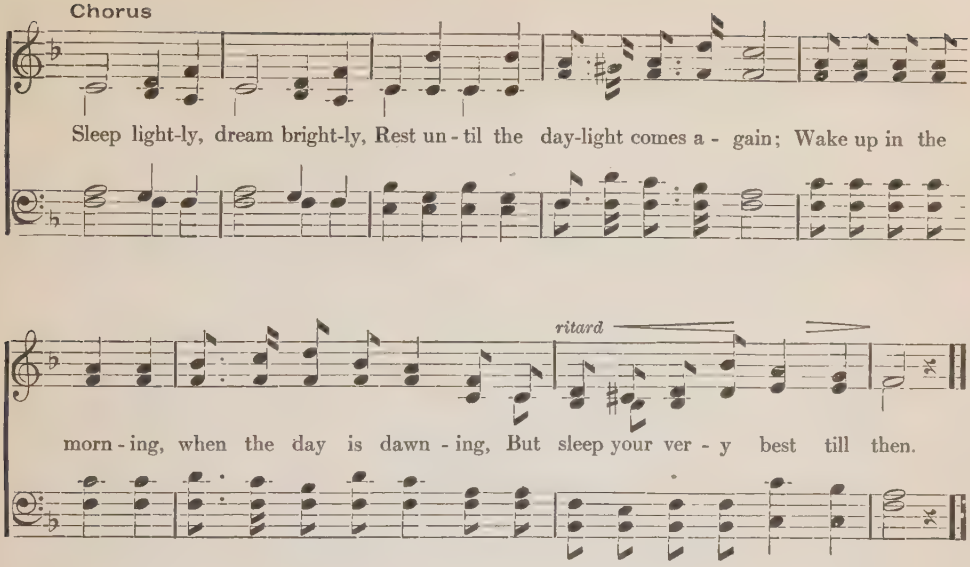

Slowly, with expression
1. Light and ros - y be thy slum-bers Rock'd up - on thy moth - er's breast,
2. When thy look her care in - vit - eth, All the moth - er turns to thee,
She can lull thee with her num-bers, To the cra - dled heav'n of rest.
And her in - most life de - light - eth, Drink - ing from thy cup of glee.
In her heart is love re - volv - ing, Like the plan - ets or the moon;
O'er thee now her spir - it bend - eth; Child of prom-ise, cher - ished well!
Hopes and pleas - ures fond - ly solv - ing, Keep-ing ev'r - y thought in tune.
With thine own her be - ing blend-eth, Hal-low'd by af - fec - tion's spell.

The Toddler's Lullaby

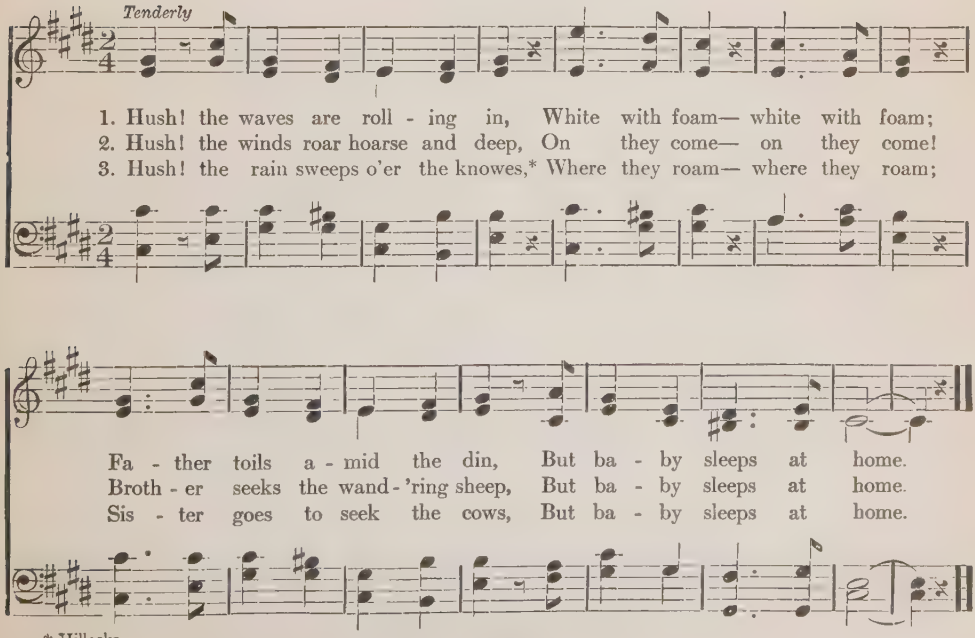
M. B. Spurr

Bond Andrews

1. He's run his lit - tle legs off, and at last he's gone to sleep, Ah!.....
2. Just see him of a morn - ing as he sits up in his bed, And.....
3. He has his lit - tle fail - ings, and they're spreading ev'r - y day, How he
p
what a per - fect mint of love lies in that lit - tle heap! He's a
says such things— it's won - der - ful how they all come in his head! He's as
cries and how he ra - ges when he does - n't have his way! But there's
ba - by to be proud of, and how ver - y fast he's grown, He is
haugh - ty as an au - to - crat who's sit - ting on a throne, For he
not a tod - dler like him—such a lad was nev - er known, He's the
worth his weight in dia - monds, and he's all our ver - y own.
does what - ev - er he may like—and he's all our ver - y own.
cham - pion of all ba - bies—and he's all our ver - y own.

The Toddler's Lullaby


Chorus
Sleep light-ly, dream bright-ly, Rest un - til the day-light comes a - gain; Wake up in the
ritard
morn - ing, when the day is dawn - ing, But sleep your ver - y best till then.

Gaelic Lullaby

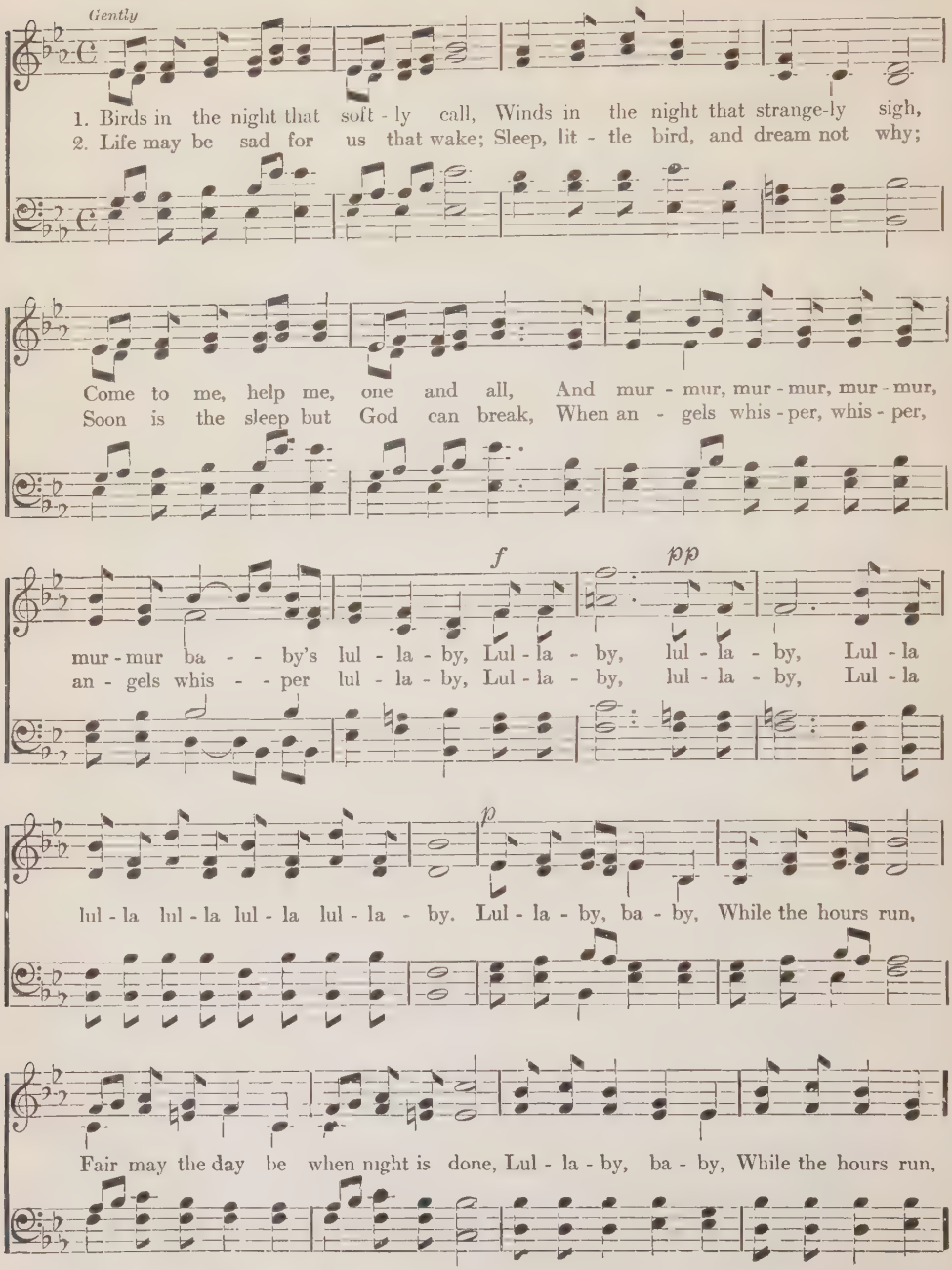

Tenderly
1. Hush! the waves are roll - ing in, White with foam— white with foam;
2. Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep, On they come— on they come!
3. Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,* Where they roam— where they roam;
Fa - ther toils a - mid the din, But ba - by sleeps at home.
Broth - er seeks the wand - 'ring sheep, But ba - by sleeps at home.
Sis - ter goes to seek the cows, But ba - by sleeps at home.

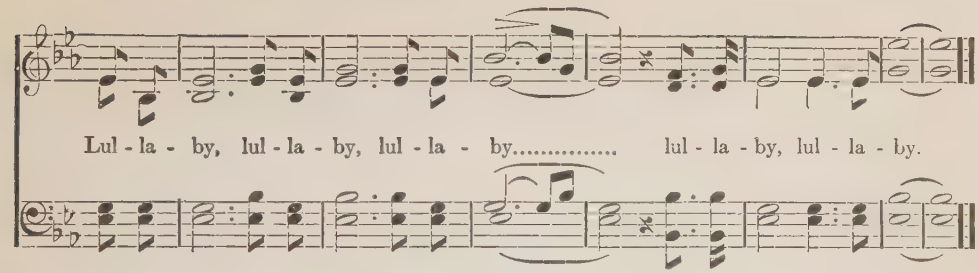
* Hillocks.

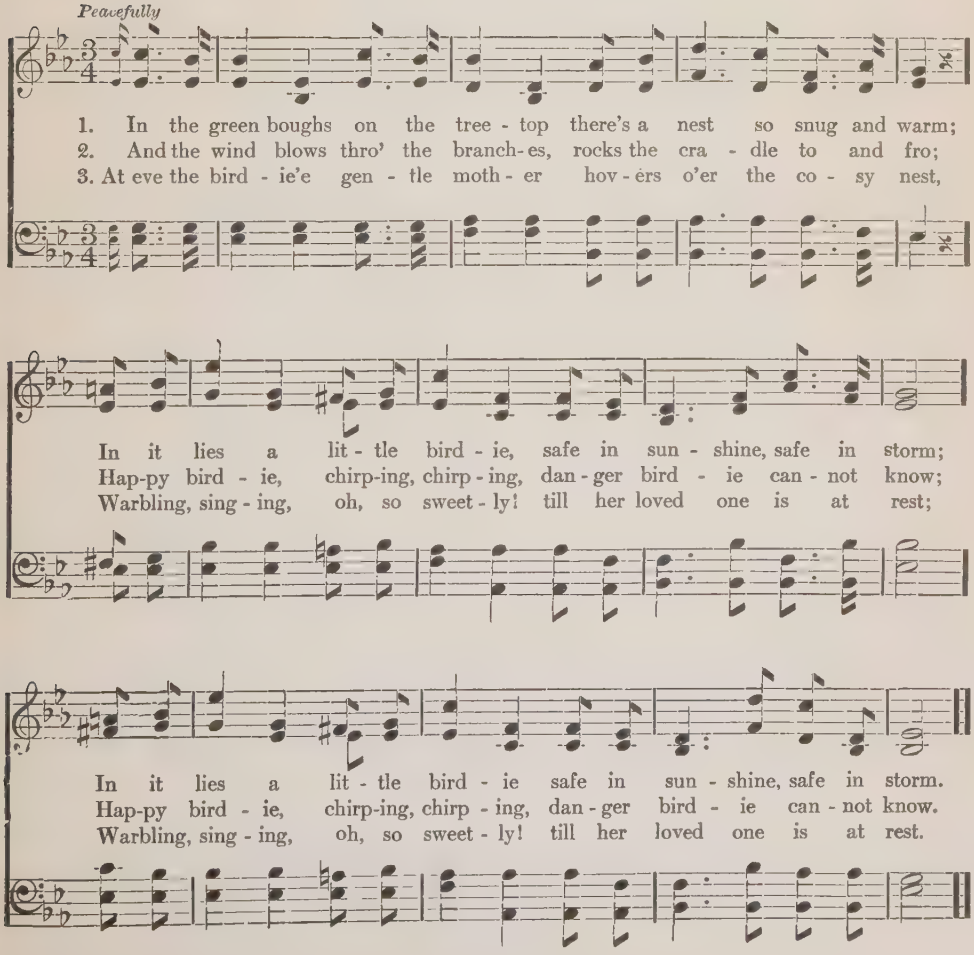
Birds in the Night

Lionel H. Lewin

Arthur Sullivan

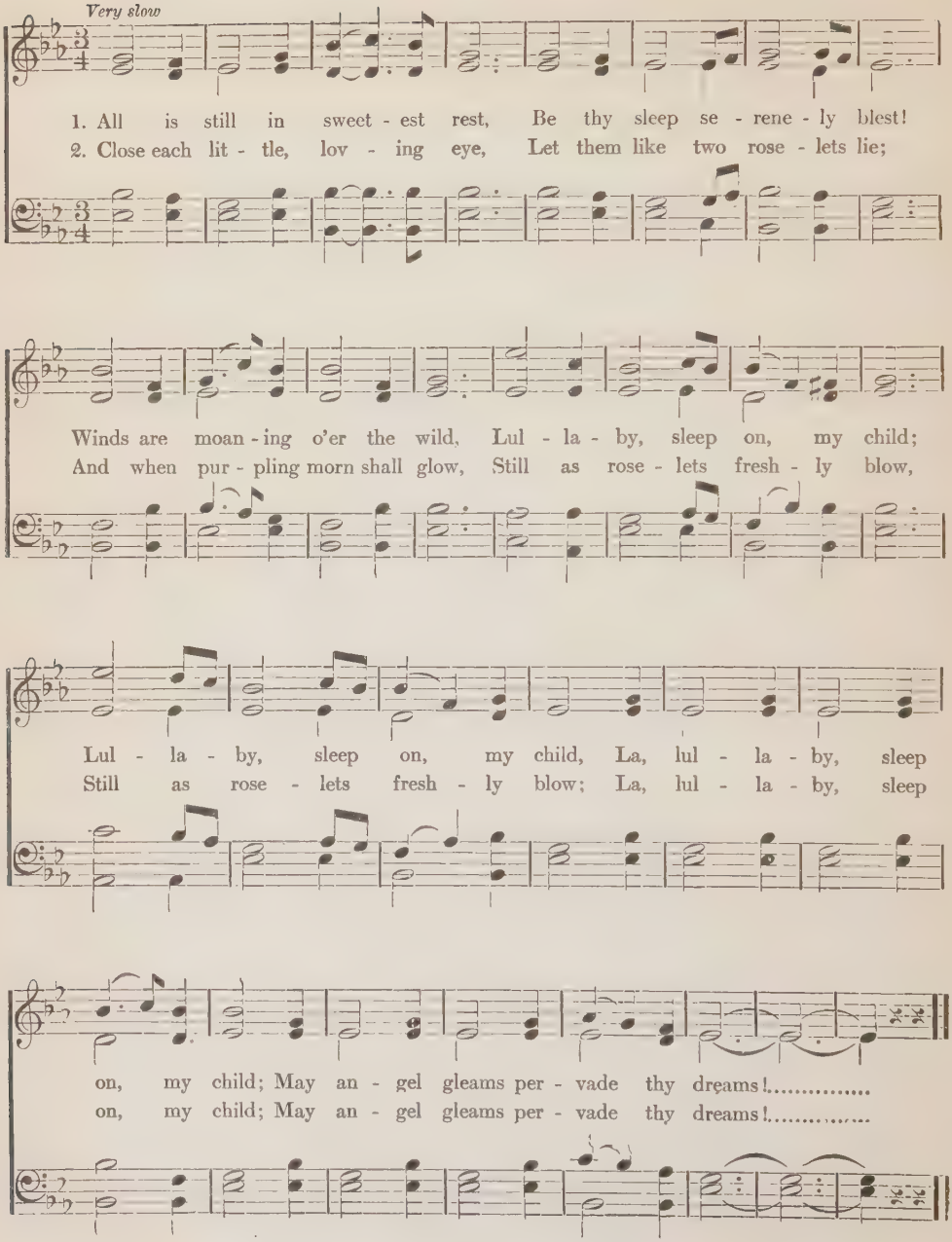

Gently
1. Birds in the night that soft - ly call, Winds in the night that strange-ly sigh,
2. Life may be sad for us that wake; Sleep, lit - tle bird, and dream not why;
Come to me, help me, one and all, And mur - mur, mur - mur, mur - mur,
Soon is the sleep but God can break, When an - gels whis - per, whis - per,
f
pp
mur - mur ba - - by's lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Lul - la
an - gels whis - - per lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Lul - la
p
lul - la lul - la lul - la lul - la - by. Lul - la - by, ba - by, While the hours run,
Fair may the day be when night is done, Lul - la - by, ba - by, While the hours run,

Birds in the Night

Birdie in the Cradle

Franz Abt

Peacefully
1. In the green boughs on the tree - top there's a nest so snug and warm;
2. And the wind blows thro' the branch-es, rocks the cra - dle to and fro;
3. At eve the bird - ie'e gen - tle moth - er hov - ers o'er the co - sy nest,
In it lies a lit - tle bird - ie, safe in sun - shine, safe in storm;
Hap-py bird - ie, chirp-ing, chirp - ing, dan - ger bird - ie can - not know;
Warbling, sing - ing, oh, so sweet - ly! till her loved one is at rest;
In it lies a lit - tle bird - ie safe in sun - shine, safe in storm.
Hap-py bird - ie, chirp-ing, chirp - ing, dan - ger bird - ie can - not know.
Warbling, sing - ing, oh, so sweet - ly! till her loved one is at rest.

Slumber Song

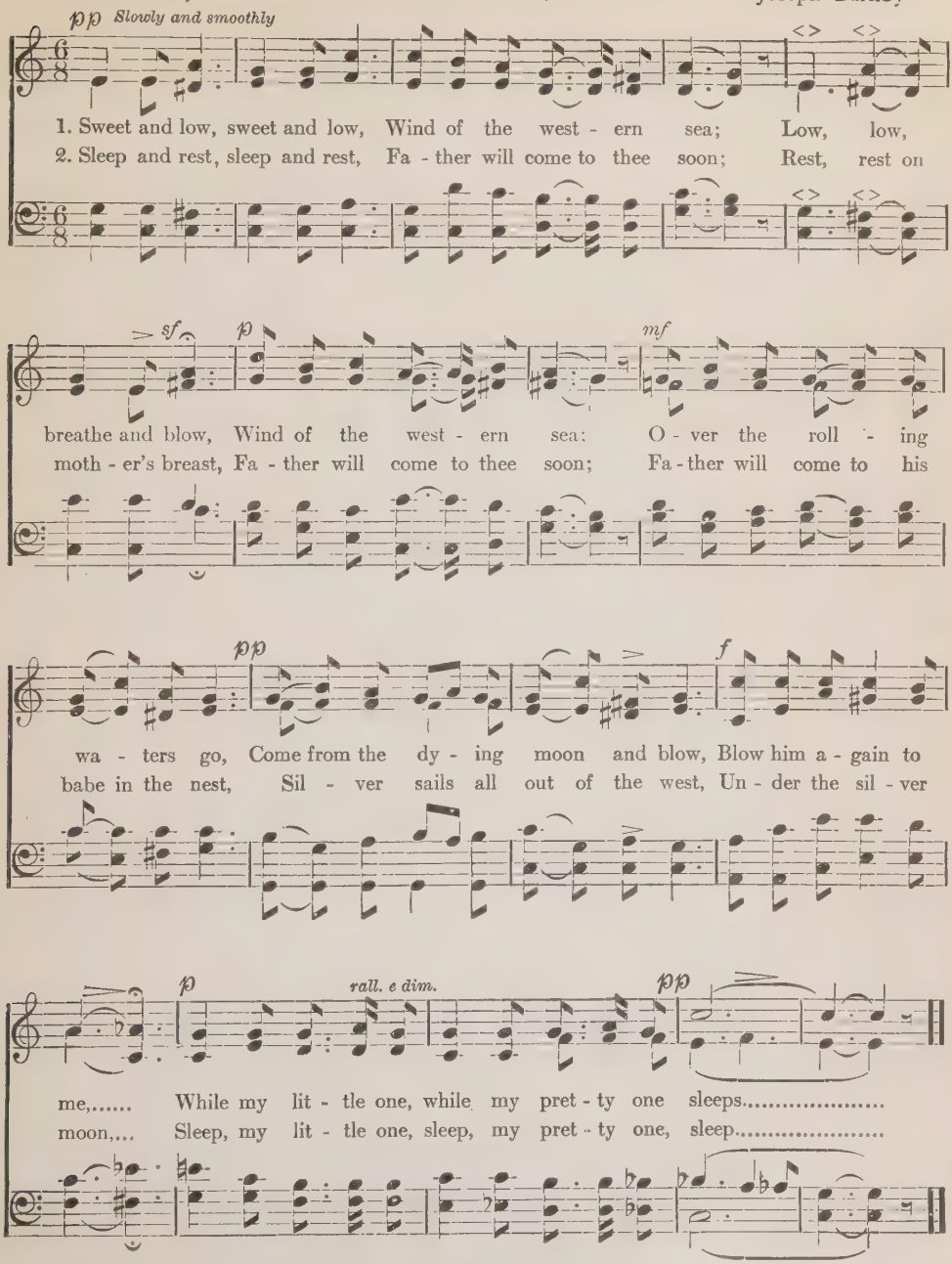
Friedrich Wilhelm Kücken


Very slow
1. All is still in sweet - est rest, Be thy sleep se - rene - ly blest!
2. Close each lit - tle, lov - ing eye, Let them like two rose - lets lie;
Winds are moan - ing o'er the wild, Lul - la - by, sleep on, my child;
And when pur - pling morn shall glow, Still as rose - lets fresh - ly blow,
Lul - la - by, sleep on, my child, La, lul - la - by, sleep
Still as rose - lets fresh - ly blow; La, lul - la - by, sleep
on, my child; May an - gel gleams per - vade thy dreams!.....
on, my child; May an - gel gleams per - vade thy dreams!.....

Sweet and Low

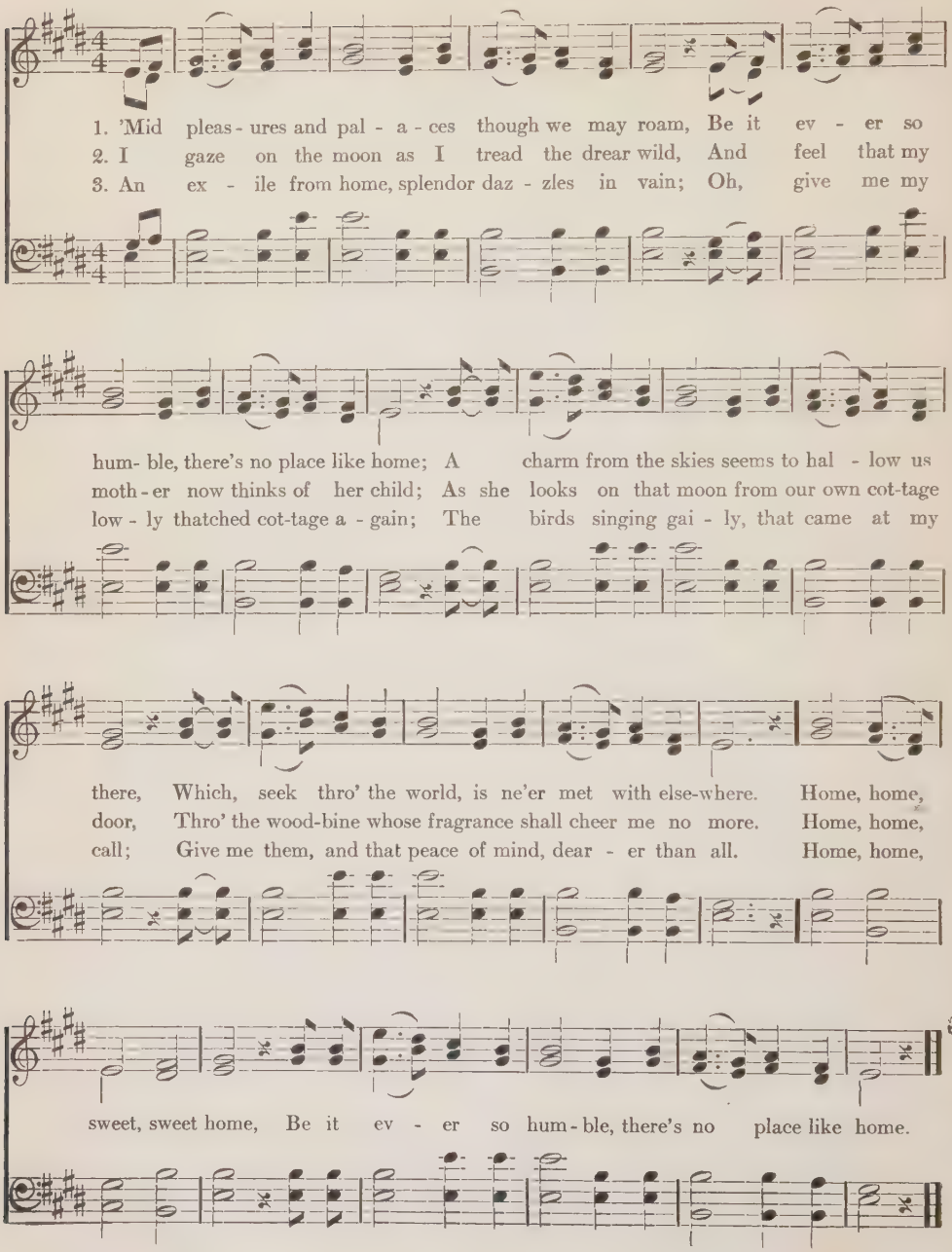
Alfred Tennyson

Joseph Barnby


pp Slowly and smoothly
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on
sf
p
mf
breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea: O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa - ther will come to his
pp
f
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
p
rall. e dim.
pp
me,..... While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....
moon,... Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.....

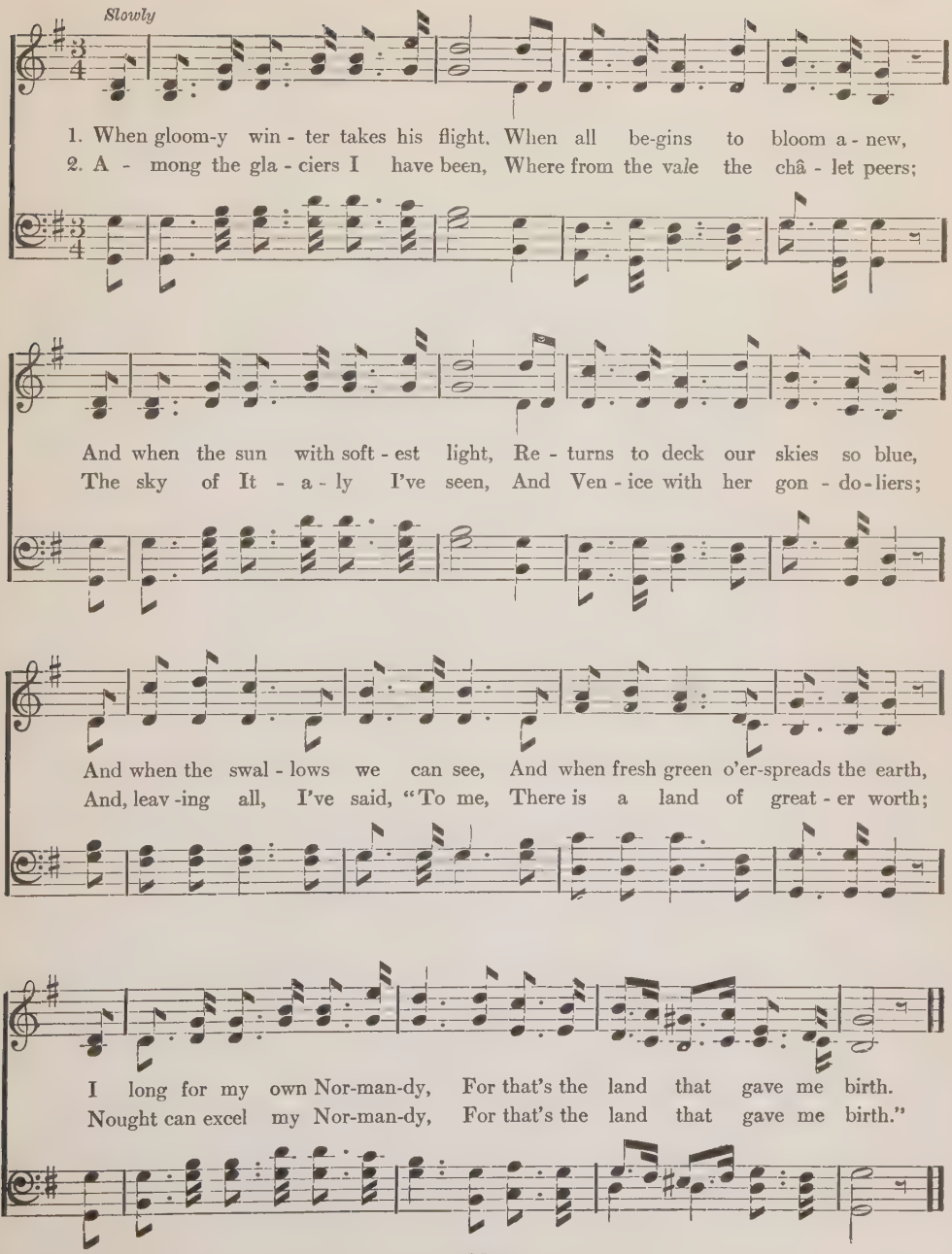
Home, Sweet Home

John Howard Payne — Sir Henry Bishop

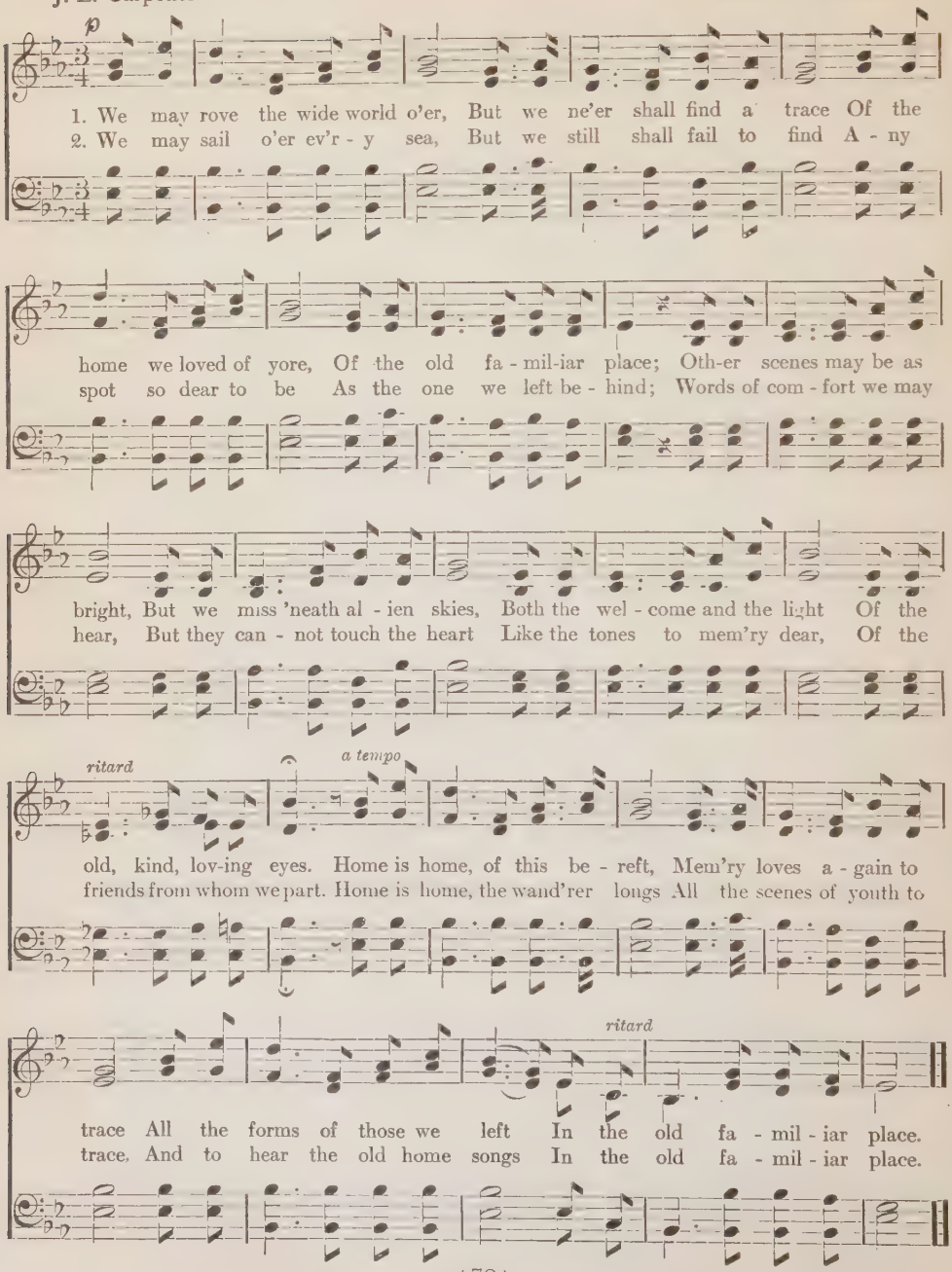

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my
hum- ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us
moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot-tage
low - ly thatched cot-tage a - gain; The birds singing gai - ly, that came at my
there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where. Home, home,
door, Thro' the wood-bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,
call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home, home,
sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home.

My Normandy

Frederic Bérat

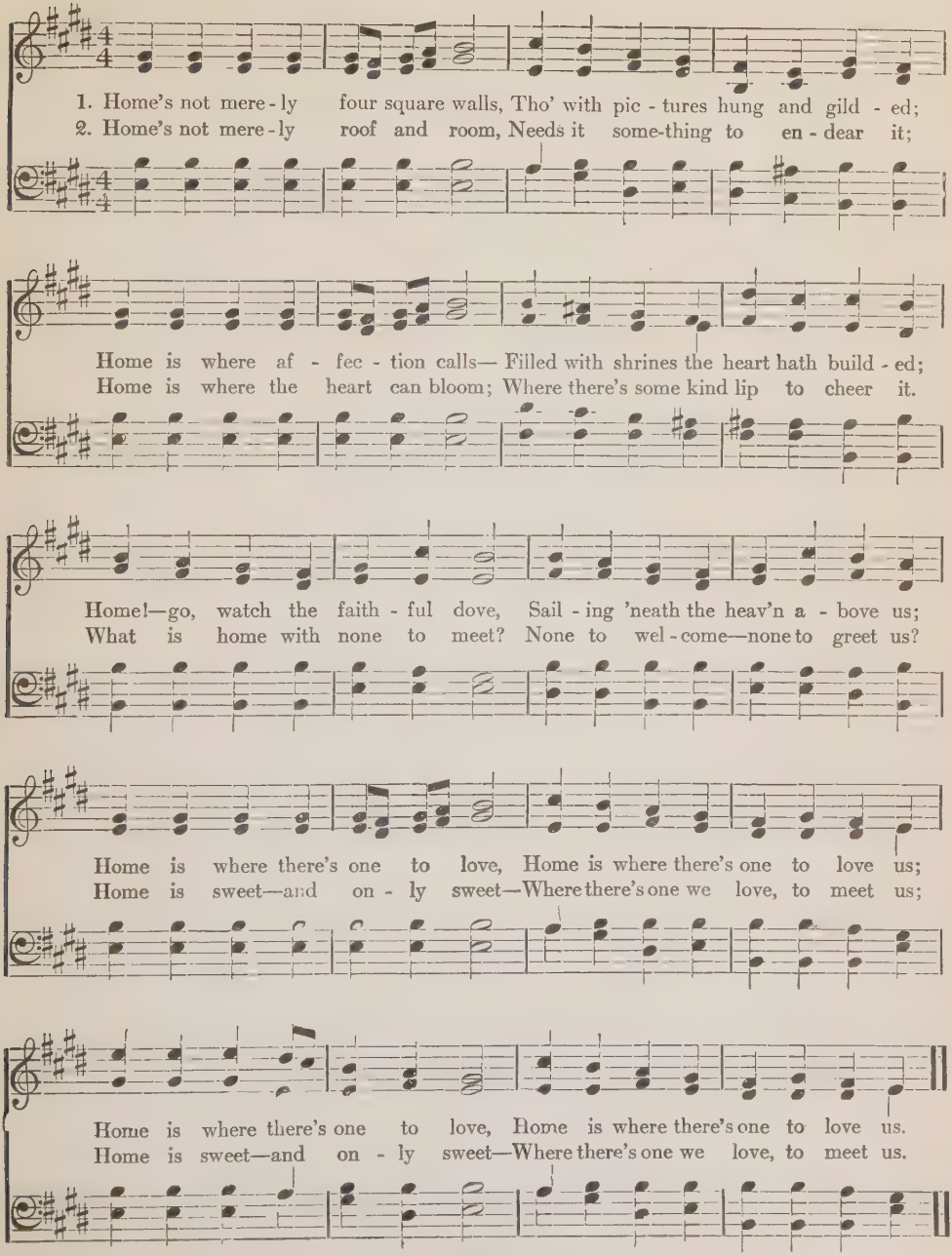

Slowly
1. When gloom-y win - ter takes his flight, When all be-gins to bloom a - new,
2. A - mong the gla - ciers I have been, Where from the vale the châ - let peers;
And when the sun with soft - est light, Re - turns to deck our skies so blue,
The sky of It - a - ly I've seen, And Ven - ice with her gon - do - liers;
And when the swal - lows we can see, And when fresh green o'er-spreads the earth,
And, leav - ing all, I've said, "To me, There is a land of great - er worth;
I long for my own Nor-man-dy, For that's the land that gave me birth.
Nought can excel my Nor-man-dy, For that's the land that gave me birth."

The Old Familiar Place

J. E. Carpenter — Charles W. Glover

p
1. We may rove the wide world o'er, But we ne'er shall find a trace Of the
2. We may sail o'er ev'r - y sea, But we still shall fail to find A - ny
home we loved of yore, Of the old fa - mil-iar place; Oth-er scenes may be as
spot so dear to be As the one we left be - hind; Words of com - fort we may
bright, But we miss 'neath al - ien skies, Both the wel - come and the light Of the
hear, But they can - not touch the heart Like the tones to mem'ry dear, Of the
ritard
a tempo
old, kind, lov-ing eyes. Home is home, of this be - reft, Mem'ry loves a - gain to
friends from whom we part. Home is home, the wand'rer longs All the scenes of youth to
ritard
trace All the forms of those we left In the old fa - mil - iar place.
trace, And to hear the old home songs In the old fa - mil - iar place.

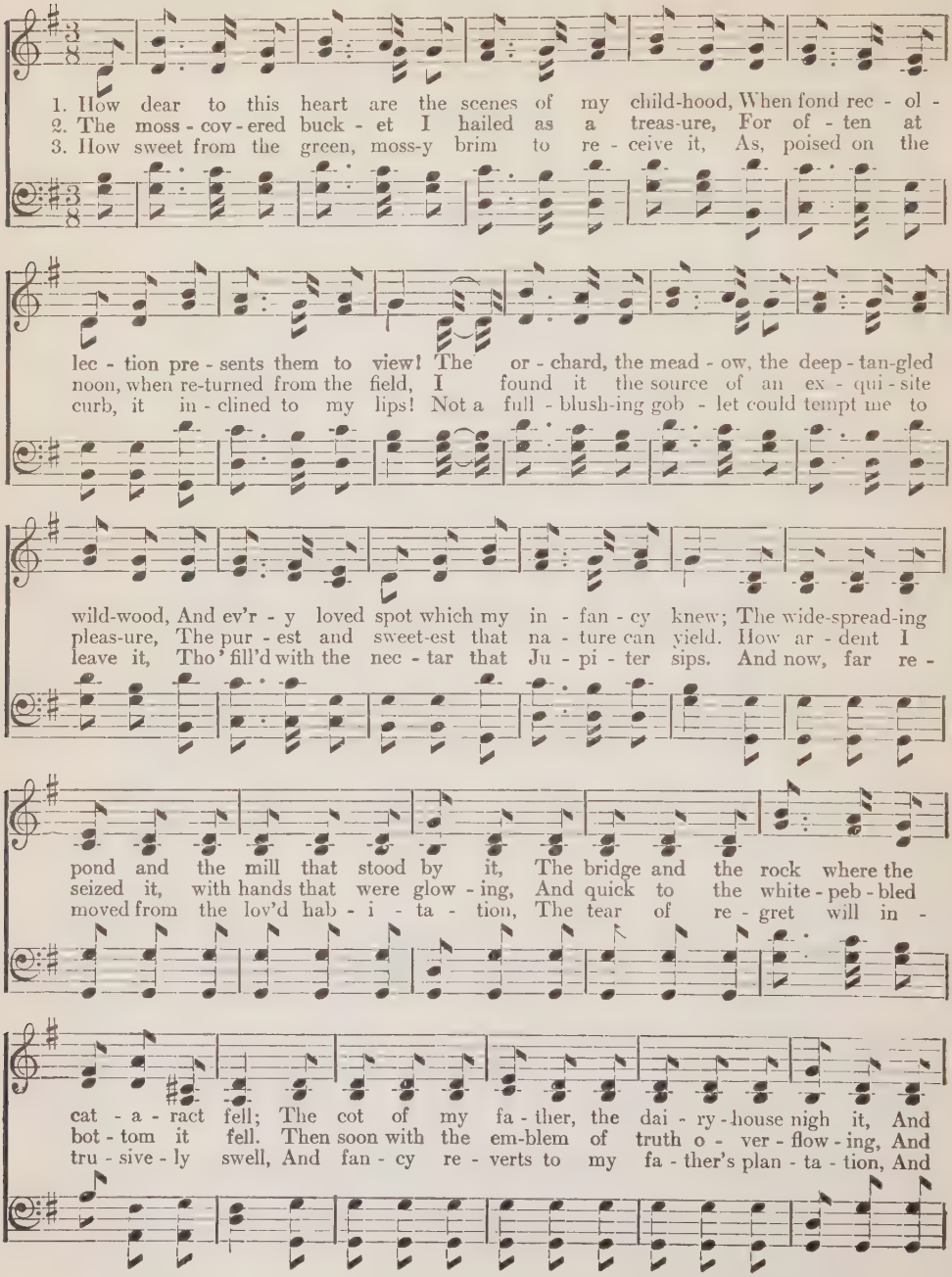
Home's Not Merely Four Square Walls

Charles Swain — Gioachino Rossini

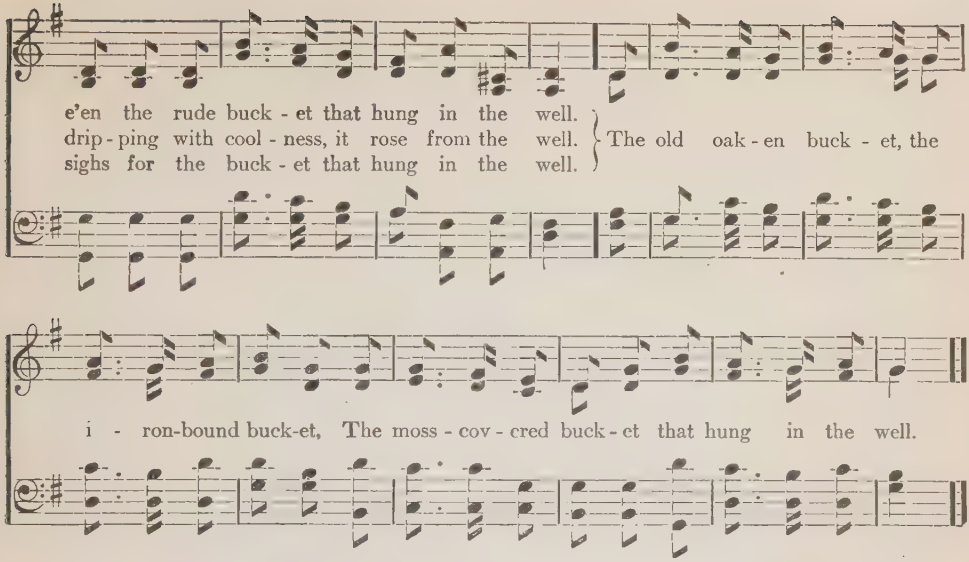

1. Home's not mere - ly four square walls, Tho' with pic - tures hung and gild - ed;
2. Home's not mere - ly roof and room, Needs it some-thing to en - dear it;
Home is where af - fec - tion calls— Filled with shrines the heart hath build - ed;
Home is where the heart can bloom; Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.
Home!—go, watch the faith - ful dove, Sail - ing 'neath the heav'n a - bove us;
What is home with none to meet? None to wel - come—none to greet us?
Home is where there's one to love, Home is where there's one to love us;
Home is sweet—and on - ly sweet—Where there's one we love, to meet us;
Home is where there's one to love, Home is where there's one to love us.
Home is sweet—and on - ly sweet—Where there's one we love, to meet us.

The Old Oaken Bucket

Samuel Woodworth — George Kaillmark

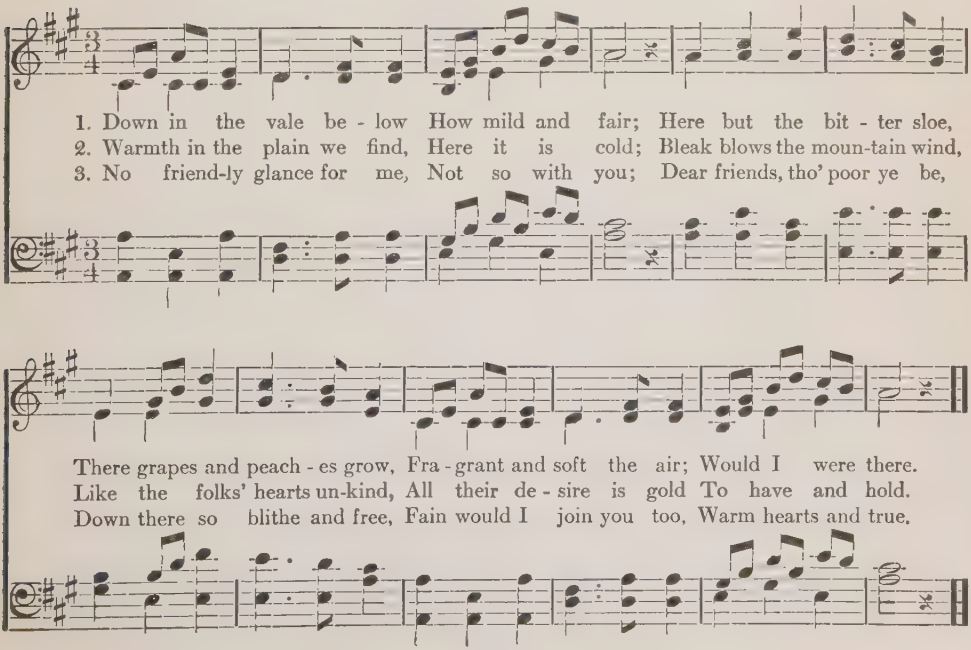

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec - ol - lec - tion pre - sents them to view! The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan-gled wild-wood, And ev'r - y loved spot which my in - fan - cy knew; The wide-spread-ing pond and the mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell; The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry - house nigh it, And
2. The moss - cov - ered buck - et I hailed as a treas-ure, For of - ten at noon, when re-turned from the field, I found it the source of an ex - qui - site pleas-ure, The pur - est and sweet-est that na - ture can yield. How ar - dent I curb, it in - clined to my lips! Not a full - blush-ing gob - let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' fill'd with the nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. And now, far re - seized it, with hands that were glow - ing, And quick to the white - peb - bled moved from the lov'd hab - i - ta - tion, The tear of re - gret will in - bot - tom it fell. Then soon with the em-blem of truth o - ver - flow - ing, And
3. How sweet from the green, moss-y brim to re - ceive it, As, poised on the tru - sive - ly swell, And fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And

The Old Oaken Bucket


e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well.
drip - ping with cool - ness, it rose from the well.
sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well.
The old oak - en buck - et, the
i - ron-bound buck-et, The moss - cov - cred buck - et that hung in the well.

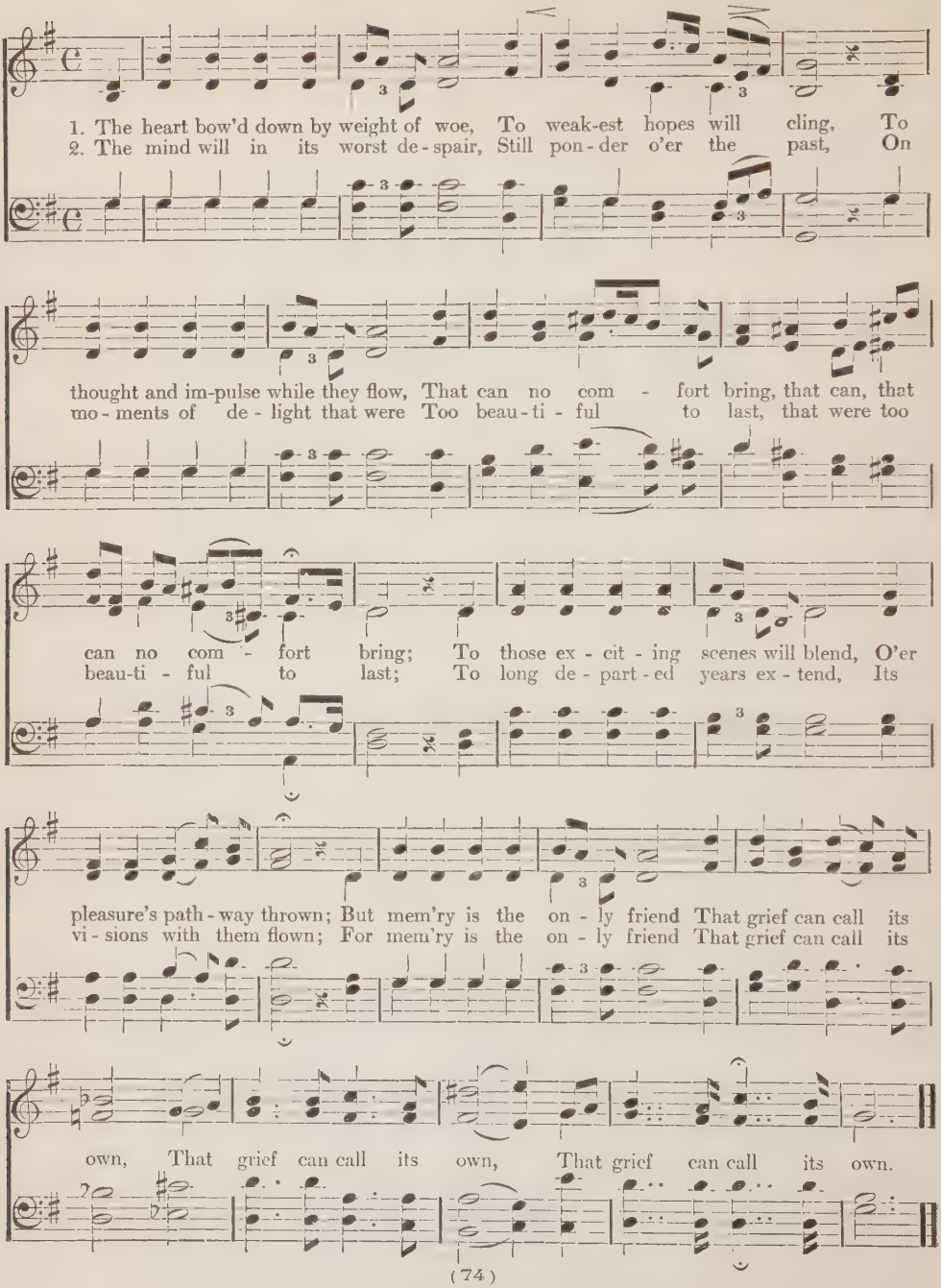
The Lowland Home

Suabian Folksong


1. Down in the vale be - low How mild and fair; Here but the bit - ter sloe,
2. Warmth in the plain we find, Here it is cold; Bleak blows the moun-tain wind,
3. No friend-ly glance for me, Not so with you; Dear friends, tho' poor ye be,
There grapes and peach - es grow, Fra - grant and soft the air; Would I were there.
Like the folks' hearts un-kind, All their de - sire is gold To have and hold.
Down there so blithe and free, Fain would I join you too, Warm hearts and true.

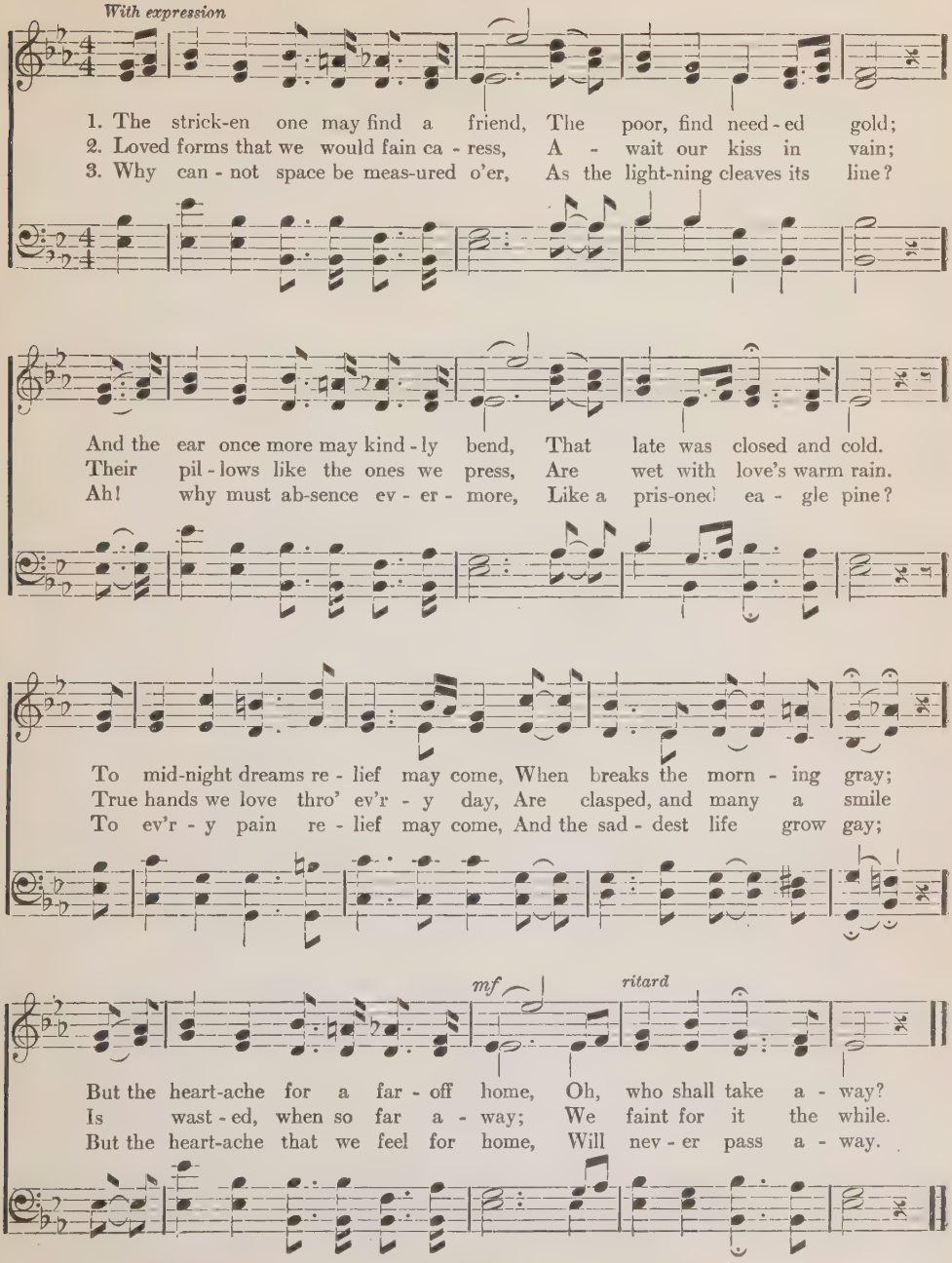
The Heart Bowed Down

Michael W. Balfe

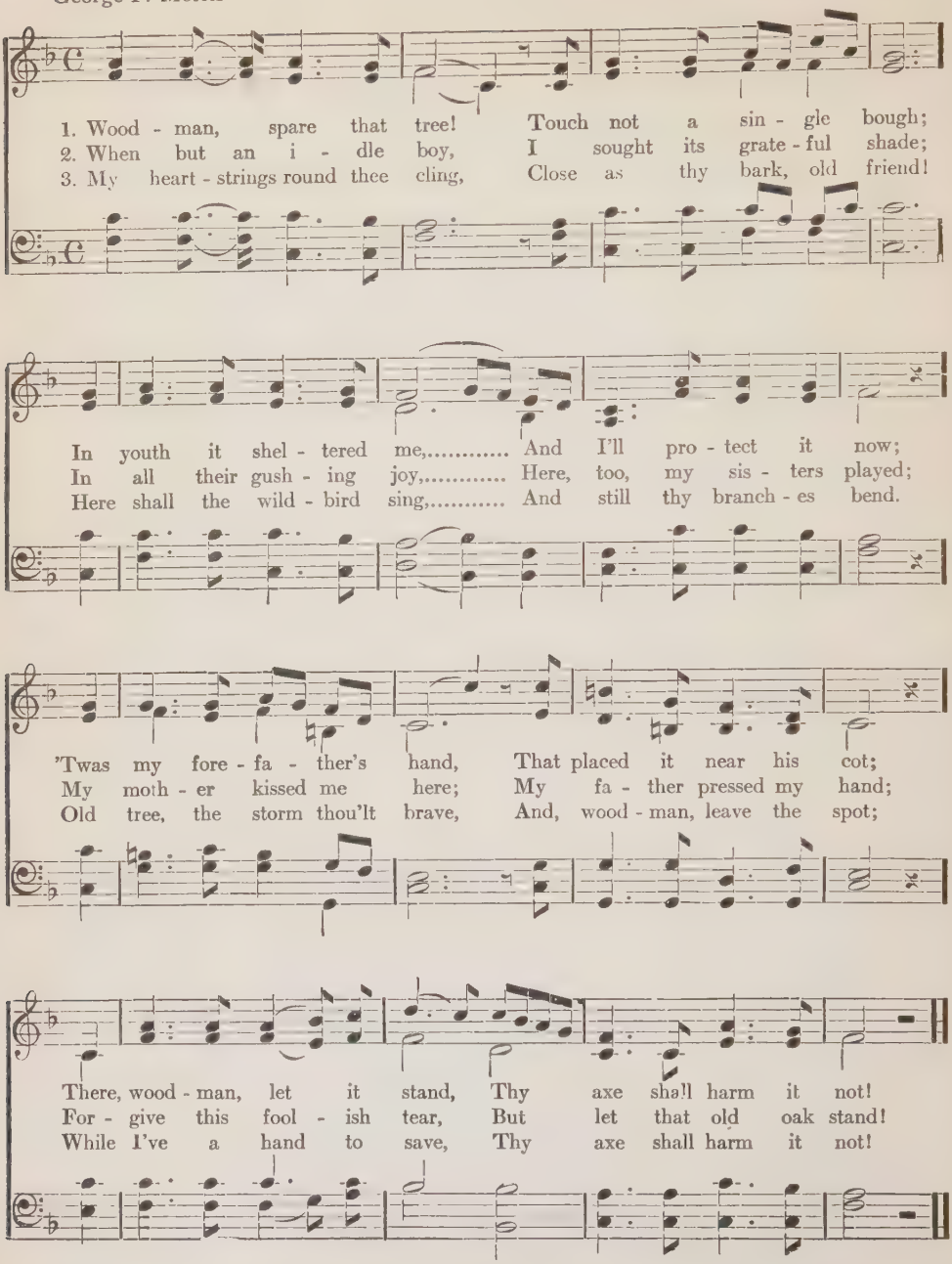

1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, To weak-est hopes will cling, To
2. The mind will in its worst de-spair, Still pon-der o'er the past, On
thought and im-pulse while they flow, That can no com - fort bring, that can, that
mo-ments of de-light that were Too beau-ti-ful to last, that were too
can no com - fort bring; To those ex-cit-ing scenes will blend, O'er
beau-ti-ful to last; To long de-part-ed years ex-tend, Its
pleasure's path-way thrown; But mem'ry is the on-ly friend That grief can call its
vi-sions with them flown; For mem'ry is the on-ly friend That grief can call its
own, That grief can call its own, That grief can call its own.

Heart-ache for Home

Henry Morford

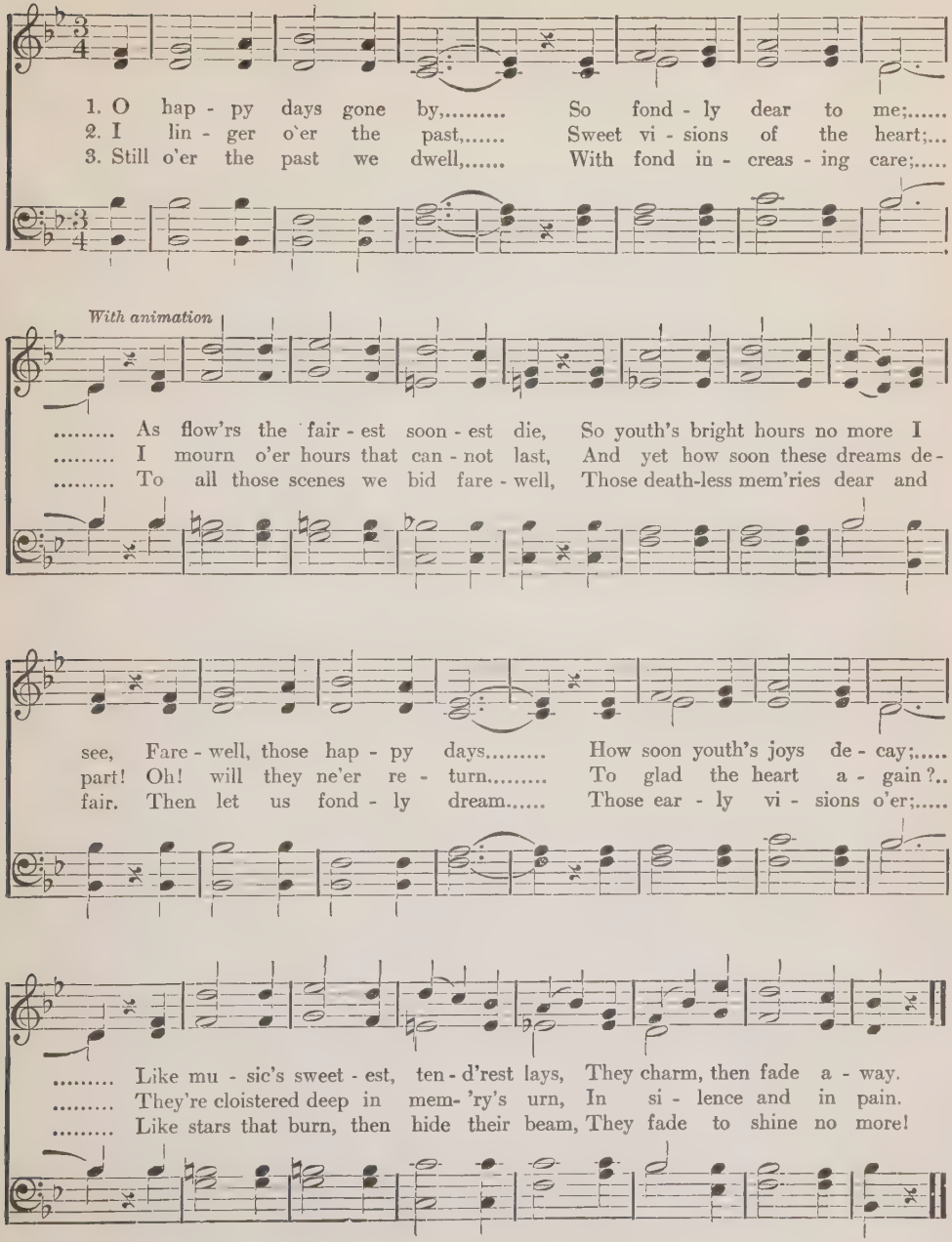

With expression
1. The strick-en one may find a friend, The poor, find need-ed gold;
2. Loved forms that we would fain ca-ress, A-wait our kiss in vain;
3. Why can-not space be meas-ured o'er, As the light-ning cleaves its line?
And the ear once more may kind-ly bend, That late was closed and cold.
Their pil-lows like the ones we press, Are wet with love's warm rain.
Ah! why must ab-sence ev-er-more, Like a pris-oned ea-gle pine?
To mid-night dreams re-lief may come, When breaks the morn-ing gray;
True hands we love thro' ev'r-y day, Are clasped, and many a smile
To ev'r-y pain re-lief may come, And the sad-dest life grow gay;
mf
ritard
But the heart-ache for a far-off home, Oh, who shall take a-way?
Is wast-ed, when so far a-way; We faint for it the while.
But the heart-ache that we feel for home, Will nev-er pass a-way.

Woodman, Spare That Tree

George P. Morris — Henry Russell

1. Wood - man, spare that tree! Touch not a sin - gle bough;
2. When but an i - dle boy, I sought its grate - ful shade;
3. My heart - strings round thee cling, Close as thy bark, old friend!
In youth it shel - tered me,..... And I'll pro - tect it now;
In all their gush - ing joy,..... Here, too, my sis - ters played;
Here shall the wild - bird sing,..... And still thy branch - es bend.
'Twas my fore - fa - ther's hand, That placed it near his cot;
My moth - er kissed me here; My fa - ther pressed my hand;
Old tree, the storm thou'lt brave, And, wood - man, leave the spot;
There, wood - man, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not!
For - give this fool - ish tear, But let that old oak stand!
While I've a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm it not!

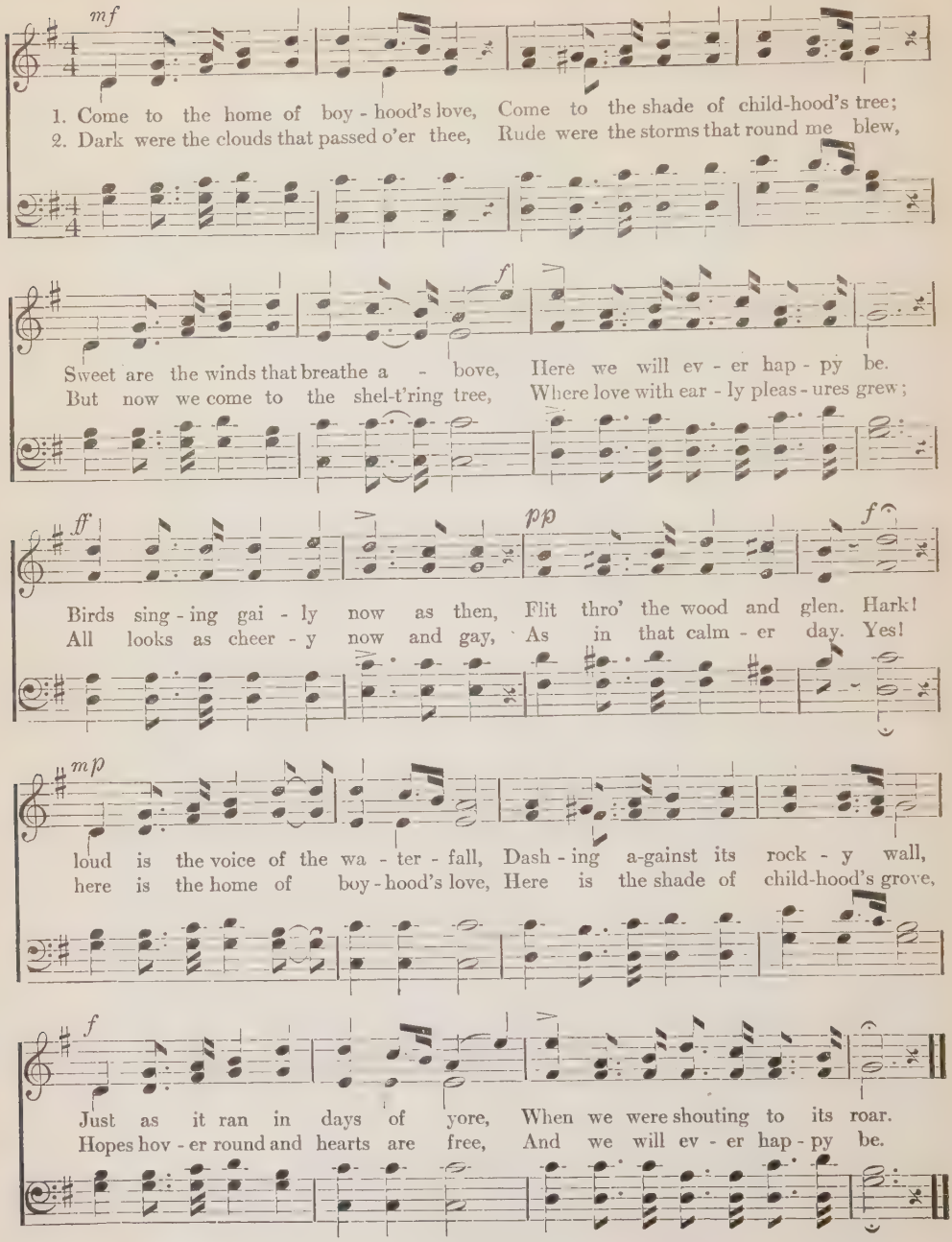
Happy Days Gone By

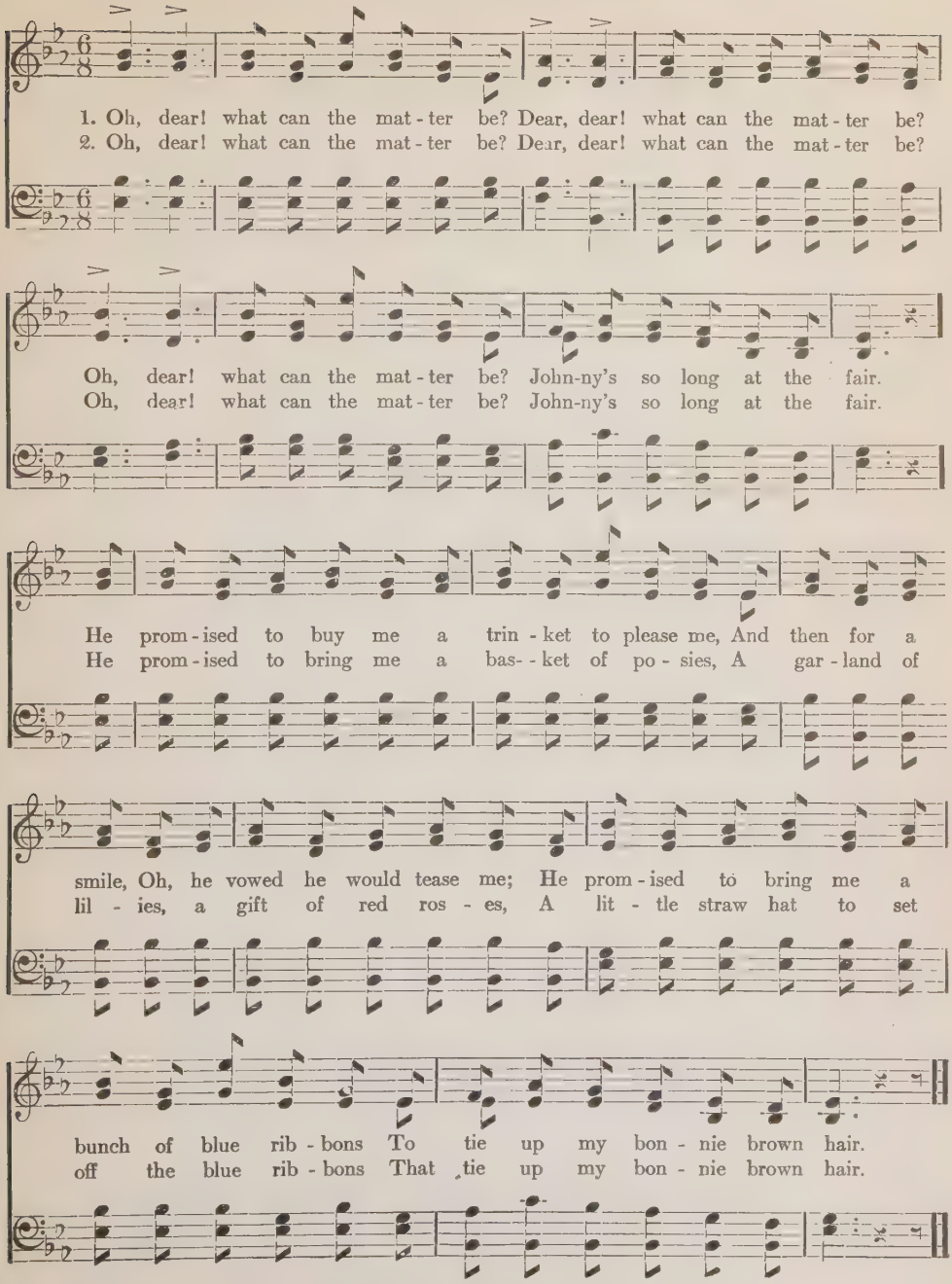
Daniel Godfrey

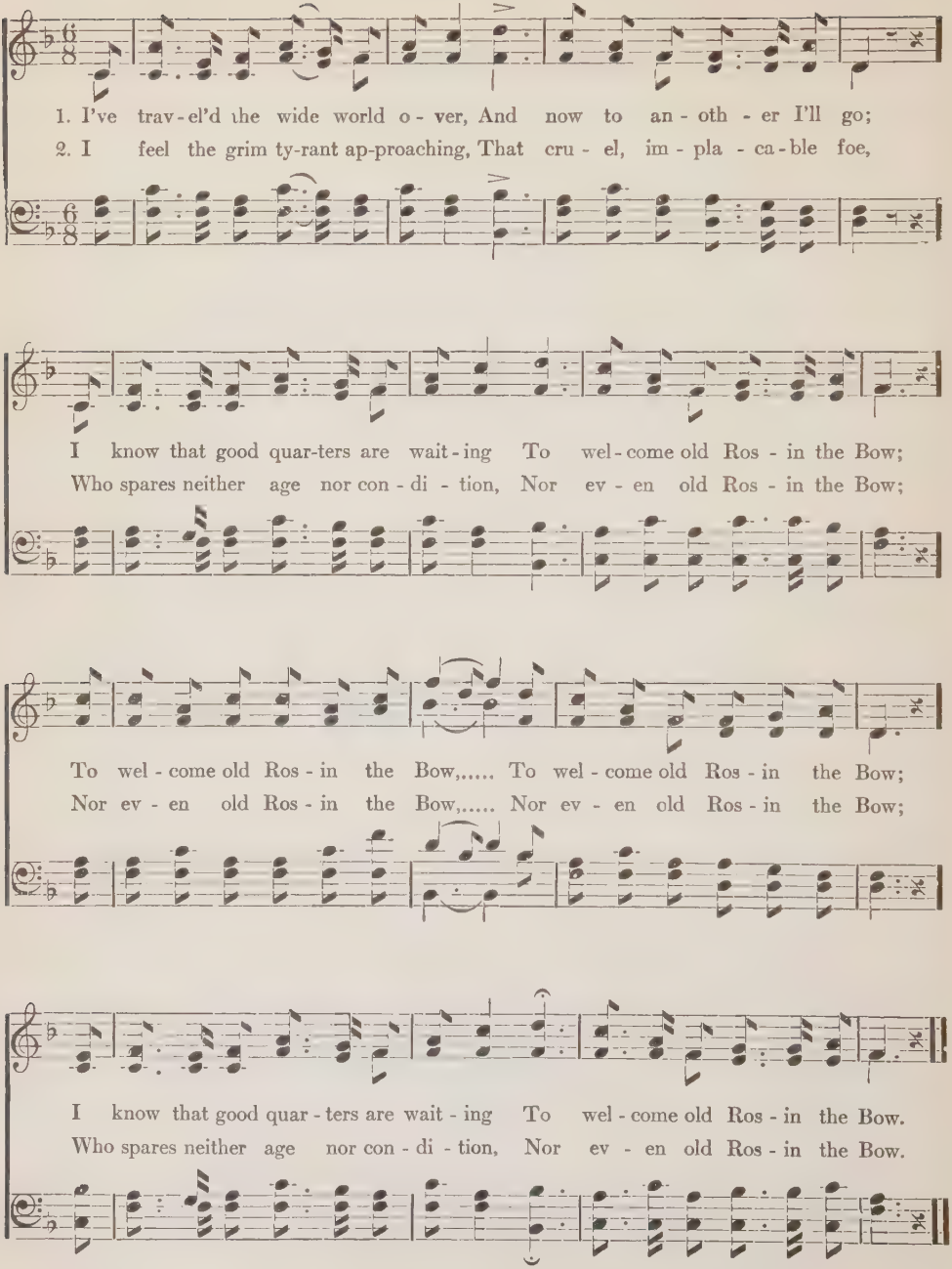

1. O hap - py days gone by,..... So fond - ly dear to me;.....
2. I lin - ger o'er the past,..... Sweet vi - sions of the heart;...
3. Still o'er the past we dwell,..... With fond in - creas - ing care;.....
With animation
..... As flow'rs the fair - est soon - est die, So youth's bright hours no more I
..... I mourn o'er hours that can - not last, And yet how soon these dreams de -
..... To all those scenes we bid fare - well, Those death-less mem'ries dear and
see, Fare - well, those hap - py days..... How soon youth's joys de - cay;.....
part! Oh! will they ne'er re - turn..... To glad the heart a - gain?..
fair. Then let us fond - ly dream..... Those ear - ly vi - sions o'er;.....
..... Like mu - sic's sweet - est, ten - d'rest lays, They charm, then fade a - way.
..... They're cloistered deep in mem - 'ry's urn, In si - lence and in pain.
..... Like stars that burn, then hide their beam, They fade to shine no more!

Come to the Home of Boyhood's Love

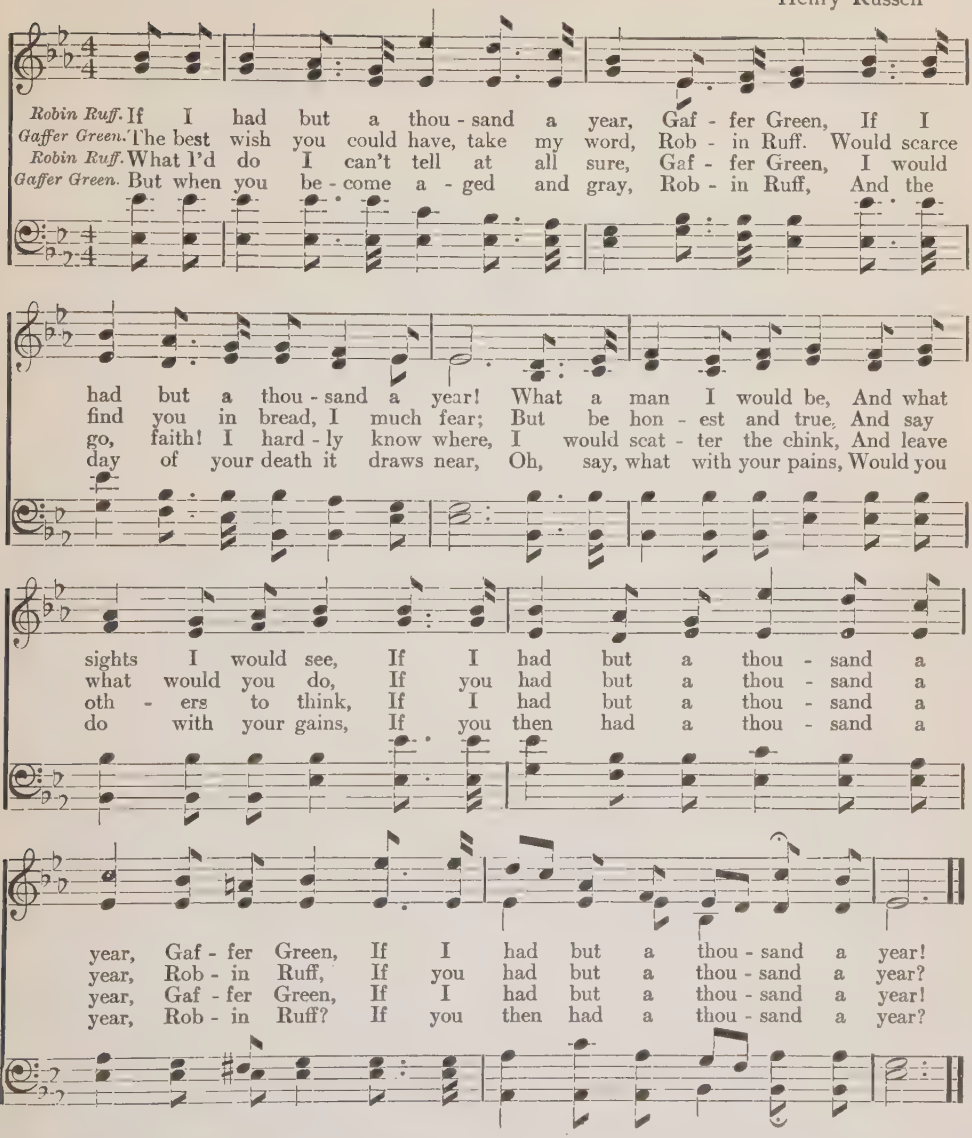
Vincenzo Bellini


mf
1. Come to the home of boy - hood's love, Come to the shade of child-hood's tree;
2. Dark were the clouds that passed o'er thee, Rude were the storms that round me blew,
f
Sweet are the winds that breathe a - bove, Here we will ev - er hap - py be.
But now we come to the shel-t'ring tree, Where love with ear - ly pleas - ures grew;
ff
pp
f
Birds sing - ing gai - ly now as then, Flit thro' the wood and glen. Hark!
All looks as cheer - y now and gay, As in that calm - er day. Yes!
mp
loud is the voice of the wa - ter - fall, Dash - ing a-gainst its rock - y wall,
here is the home of boy - hood's love, Here is the shade of child-hood's grove,
f
Just as it ran in days of yore, When we were shouting to its roar.
Hopes hov - er round and hearts are free, And we will ev - er hap - py be.

What Can the Matter Be?

1. Oh, dear! what can the mat - ter be? Dear, dear! what can the mat - ter be?
2. Oh, dear! what can the mat - ter be? Dear, dear! what can the mat - ter be?
Oh, dear! what can the mat - ter be? John-ny's so long at the fair.
Oh, dear! what can the mat - ter be? John-ny's so long at the fair.
He prom - ised to buy me a trin - ket to please me, And then for a
He prom - ised to bring me a bas - - ket of po - sies, A gar - land of
smile, Oh, he vowed he would tease me; He prom - ised to bring me a
lil - ies, a gift of red ros - es, A lit - tle straw hat to set
bunch of blue rib - bons To tie up my bon - nie brown hair.
off the blue rib - bons That tie up my bon - nie brown hair.

Old Rosin the Bow

1. I've trav-el'd the wide world o-ver, And now to an-oth-er I'll go;
2. I feel the grim ty-rant ap-proaching, That cru-el, im-pla-ca-ble foe,
I know that good quar-ters are wait-ing To wel-come old Ros-in the Bow;
Who spares neither age nor con-di-tion, Nor ev-en old Ros-in the Bow;
To wel-come old Ros-in the Bow,..... To wel-come old Ros-in the Bow;
Nor ev-en old Ros-in the Bow,..... Nor ev-en old Ros-in the Bow;
I know that good quar-ters are wait-ing To wel-come old Ros-in the Bow.
Who spares neither age nor con-di-tion, Nor ev-en old Ros-in the Bow.

The Better Wish

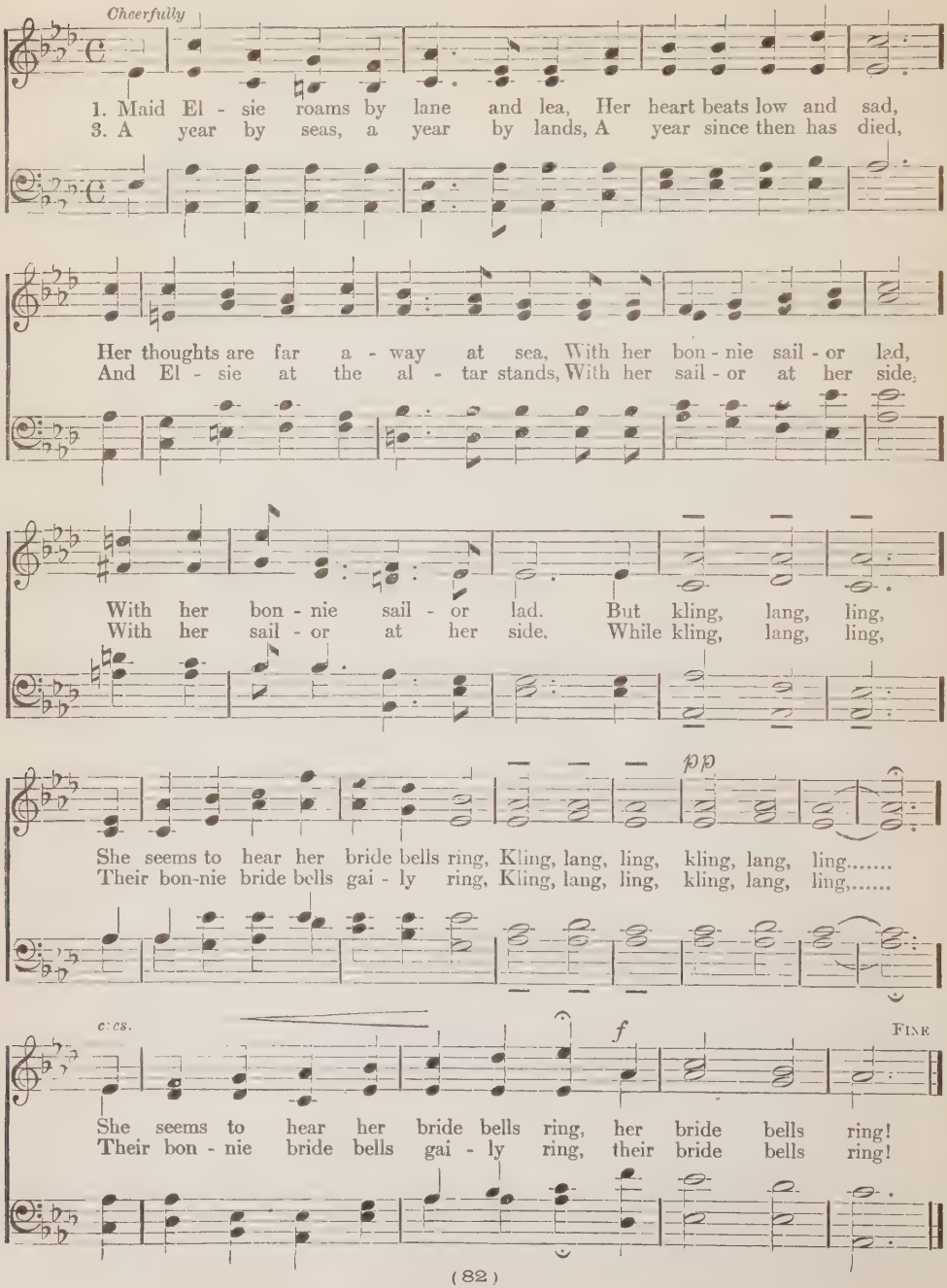
Henry Russell

Robin Ruff. If I had but a thou - sand a year, Gaf - fer Green, If I had but a thou - sand a year! What a man I would be, And what
Gaffer Green. The best wish you could have, take my word, Rob - in Ruff. Would scarce find you in bread, I much fear; But be hon - est and true, And say
Robin Ruff. What I'd do I can't tell at all sure, Gaf - fer Green, I would go, faith! I hard - ly know where, I would scat - ter the chink, And leave
Gaffer Green. But when you be - come a - ged and gray, Rob - in Ruff, And the day of your death it draws near, Oh, say, what with your pains, Would you
sights I would see, If I had but a thou - sand a year, Gaf - fer Green, If I had but a thou - sand a year!
what would you do, If you had but a thou - sand a year, Rob - in Ruff, If you had but a thou - sand a year?
oth - ers to think, If I had but a thou - sand a year, Gaf - fer Green, If I had but a thou - sand a year!
do with your gains, If you then had a thou - sand a year, Rob - in Ruff? If you then had a thou - sand a year?

Robin Ruff. I cannot really tell what you mean, Gaffer Green,
For your questions are certainly queer,
But as other folks die,
I suppose so must I—

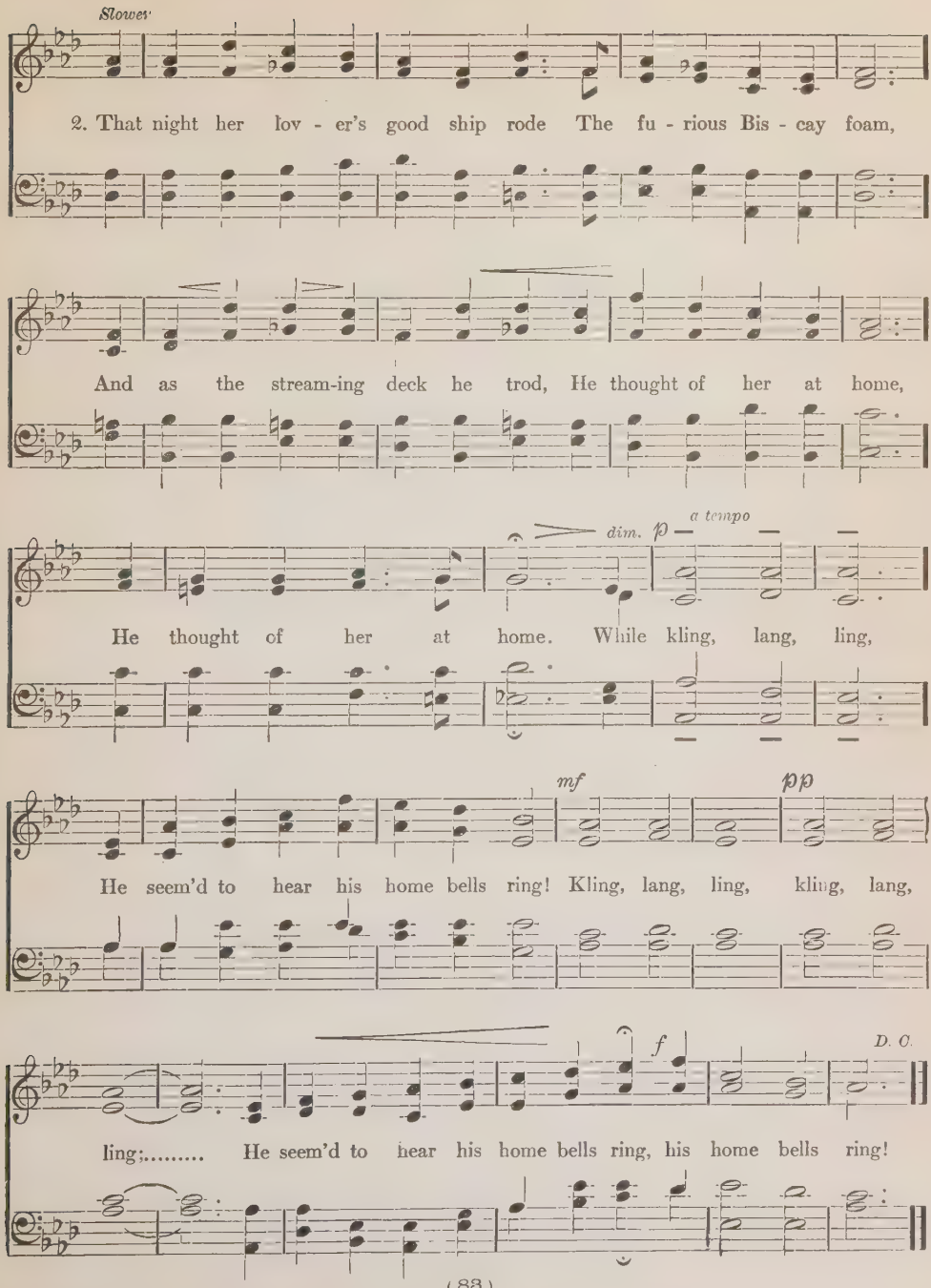
Gaffer Green. What! and give up your thousand a year, Robin Ruff?
What! and give up your thousand a year?
There's a place that is better than this, Robin Ruff,
And I hope in my heart you'll go there,
Where the poor man's as great
As he with vast estate,
Yes, as if he'd a thousand a year, Robin Ruff,
Yes, as if he'd a thousand a year!

The Bride Bells

F. E. Weatherly

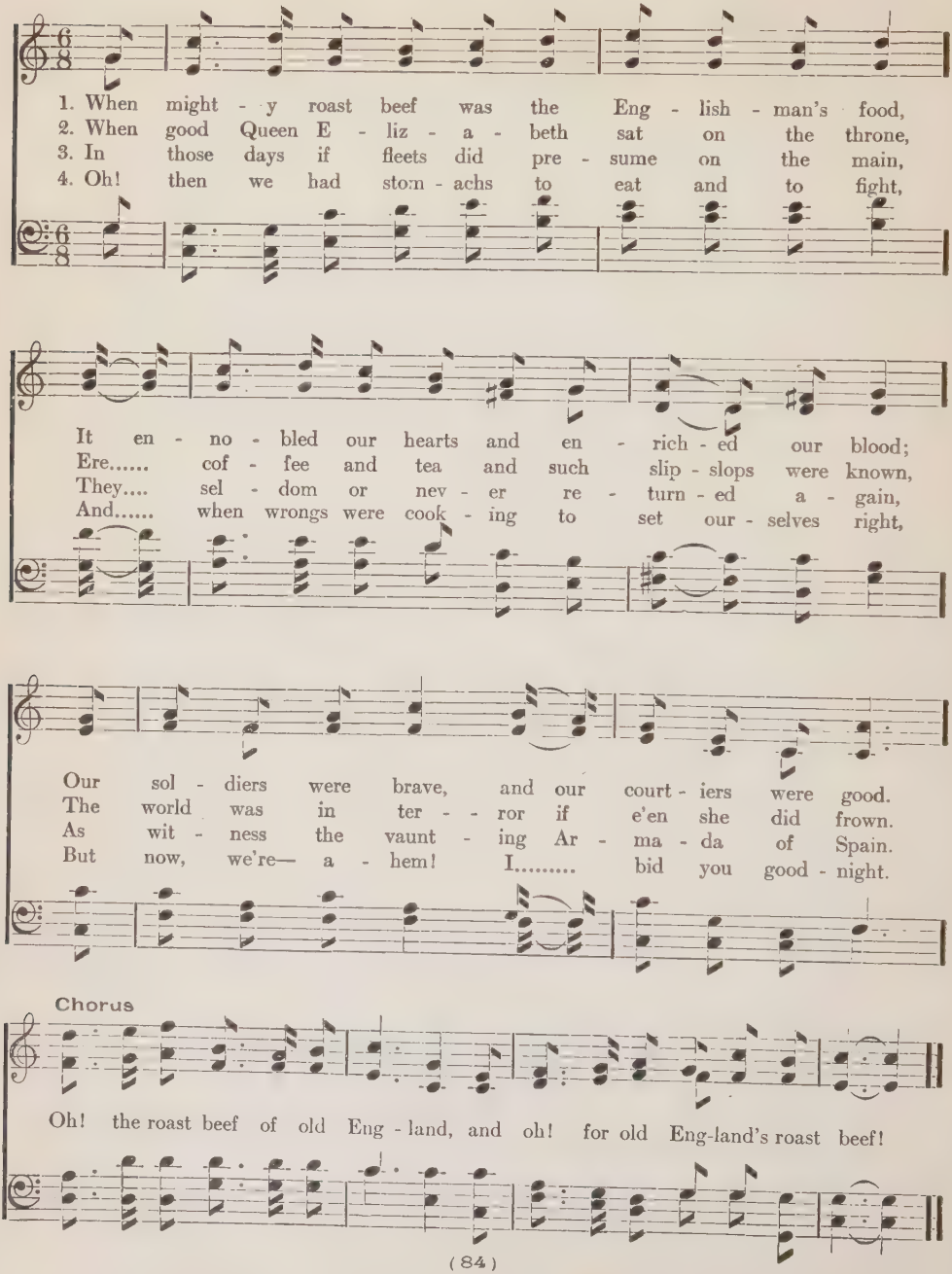
Joseph L. Roeckel

Cheerfully
1. Maid El - sie roams by lane and lea, Her heart beats low and sad,
3. A year by seas, a year by lands, A year since then has died,
Her thoughts are far a - way at sea, With her bon - nie sail - or lad,
And El - sie at the al - tar stands, With her sail - or at her side,
With her bon - nie sail - or lad. But kling, lang, ling,
With her sail - or at her side. While kling, lang, ling,
pp
She seems to hear her bride bells ring, Kling, lang, ling, kling, lang, ling.....
Their bon-nie bride bells gai - ly ring, Kling, lang, ling, kling, lang, ling,.....
cres.
f
FINE
She seems to hear her bride bells ring, her bride bells ring!
Their bon - nie bride bells gai - ly ring, their bride bells ring!

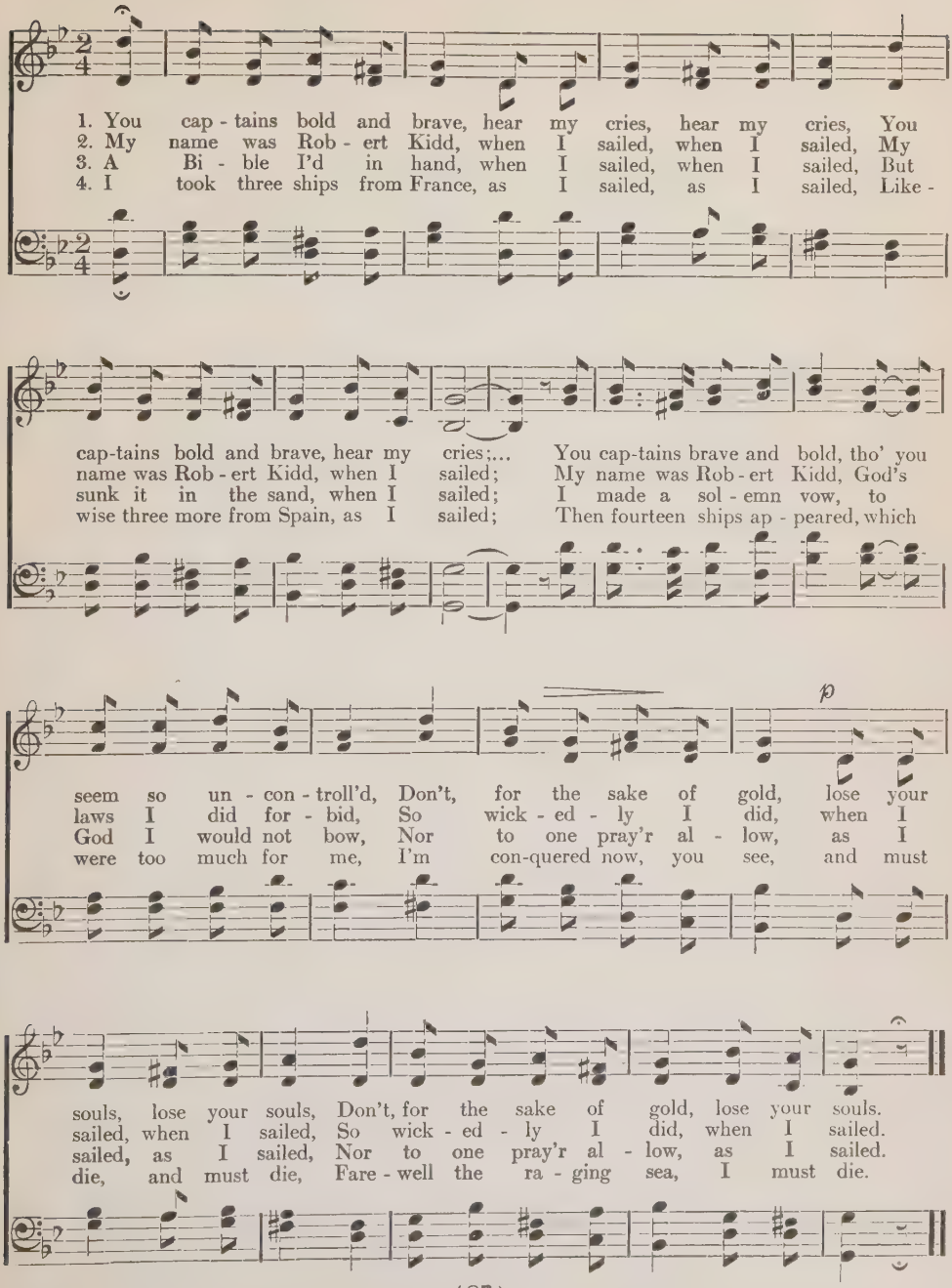
The Bride Bells

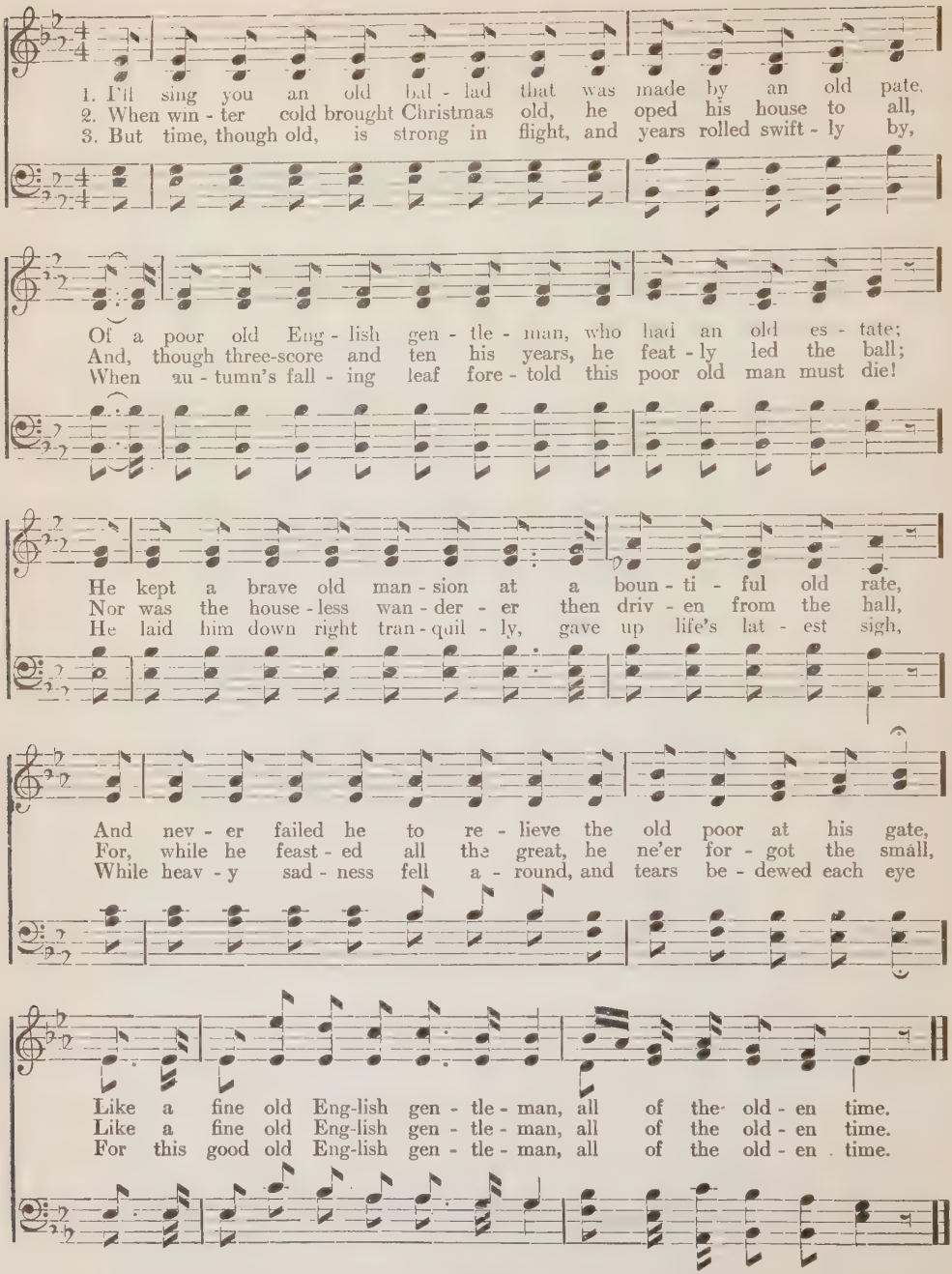

Slower
2. That night her lov - er's good ship rode The fu - rious Bis - cay foam,
And as the stream-ing deck he trod, He thought of her at home,
dim.
p
a tempo
He thought of her at home. While kling, lang, ling,
mf
pp
He seem'd to hear his home bells ring! Kling, lang, ling, kling, lang,
f
D. C.
ling;..... He seem'd to hear his home bells ring, his home bells ring!

The Roast Beef of Old England

Henry Fielding — Richard Leveridge


1. When might - y roast beef was the Eng - lish - man's food,
2. When good Queen E - liz - a - beth sat on the throne,
3. In those days if fleets did pre - sume on the main,
4. Oh! then we had stom - achs to eat and to fight,
It en - no - bled our hearts and en - rich - ed our blood;
Ere..... cof - fee and tea and such slip - slops were known,
They.... sel - dom or nev - er re - turn - ed a - gain,
And..... when wrongs were cook - ing to set our - selves right,
Our sol - diers were brave, and our court - iers were good.
The world was in ter - - ror if e'en she did frown.
As wit - ness the vaunt - ing Ar - ma - da of Spain.
But now, we're— a - hem! I..... bid you good - night.
Chorus
Oh! the roast beef of old Eng - land, and oh! for old Eng-land's roast beef!

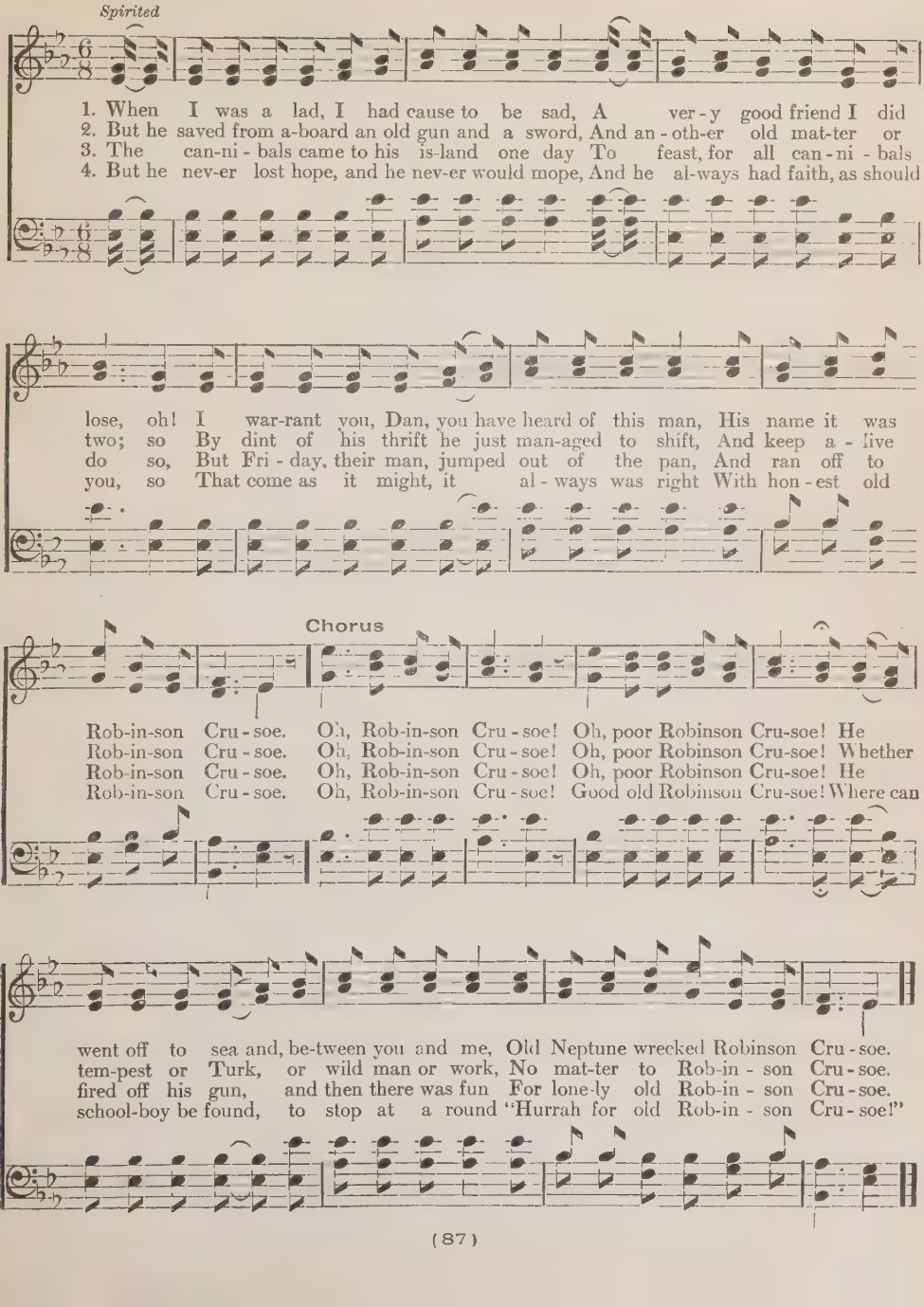
Kidd's Lament

1. You cap - tains bold and brave, hear my cries, hear my cries, You
2. My name was Rob - ert Kidd, when I sailed, when I sailed, My
3. A Bi - ble I'd in hand, when I sailed, when I sailed, But
4. I took three ships from France, as I sailed, as I sailed, Like -
cap-tains bold and brave, hear my cries;... You cap-tains brave and bold, tho' you
name was Rob - ert Kidd, when I sailed; My name was Rob - ert Kidd, God's
sunk it in the sand, when I sailed; I made a sol - emn vow, to
wise three more from Spain, as I sailed; Then fourteen ships ap - peared, which
p
seem so un - con - troll'd, Don't, for the sake of gold, lose your
laws I did for - bid, So wick - ed - ly I did, when I
God I would not bow, Nor to one pray'r al - low, as I
were too much for me, I'm con-quered now, you see, and must
souls, lose your souls, Don't, for the sake of gold, lose your souls.
sailed, when I sailed, So wick - ed - ly I did, when I sailed.
sailed, as I sailed, Nor to one pray'r al - low, as I sailed.
die, and must die, Fare - well the ra - ging sea, I must die.

A Fine Old English Gentleman

1. I'll sing you an old bal - lad that was made by an old pate,
2. When win - ter cold brought Christmas old, he oped his house to all,
3. But time, though old, is strong in flight, and years rolled swift - ly by,
Of a poor old Eng - lish gen - tle - man, who had an old es - tate;
And, though three-score and ten his years, he feat - ly led the ball;
When au - tumn's fall - ing leaf fore - told this poor old man must die!
He kept a brave old man - sion at a boun - ti - ful old rate,
Nor was the house - less wan - der - er then driv - en from the hall,
He laid him down right tran - quil - ly, gave up life's lat - est sigh,
And nev - er failed he to re - lieve the old poor at his gate,
For, while he feast - ed all the great, he ne'er for - got the small,
While heav - y sad - ness fell a - round, and tears be - dewed each eye
Like a fine old Eng-lish gen - tle - man, all of the old - en time.
Like a fine old Eng-lish gen - tle - man, all of the old - en time.
For this good old Eng-lish gen - tle - man, all of the old - en time.

Robinson Crusoe

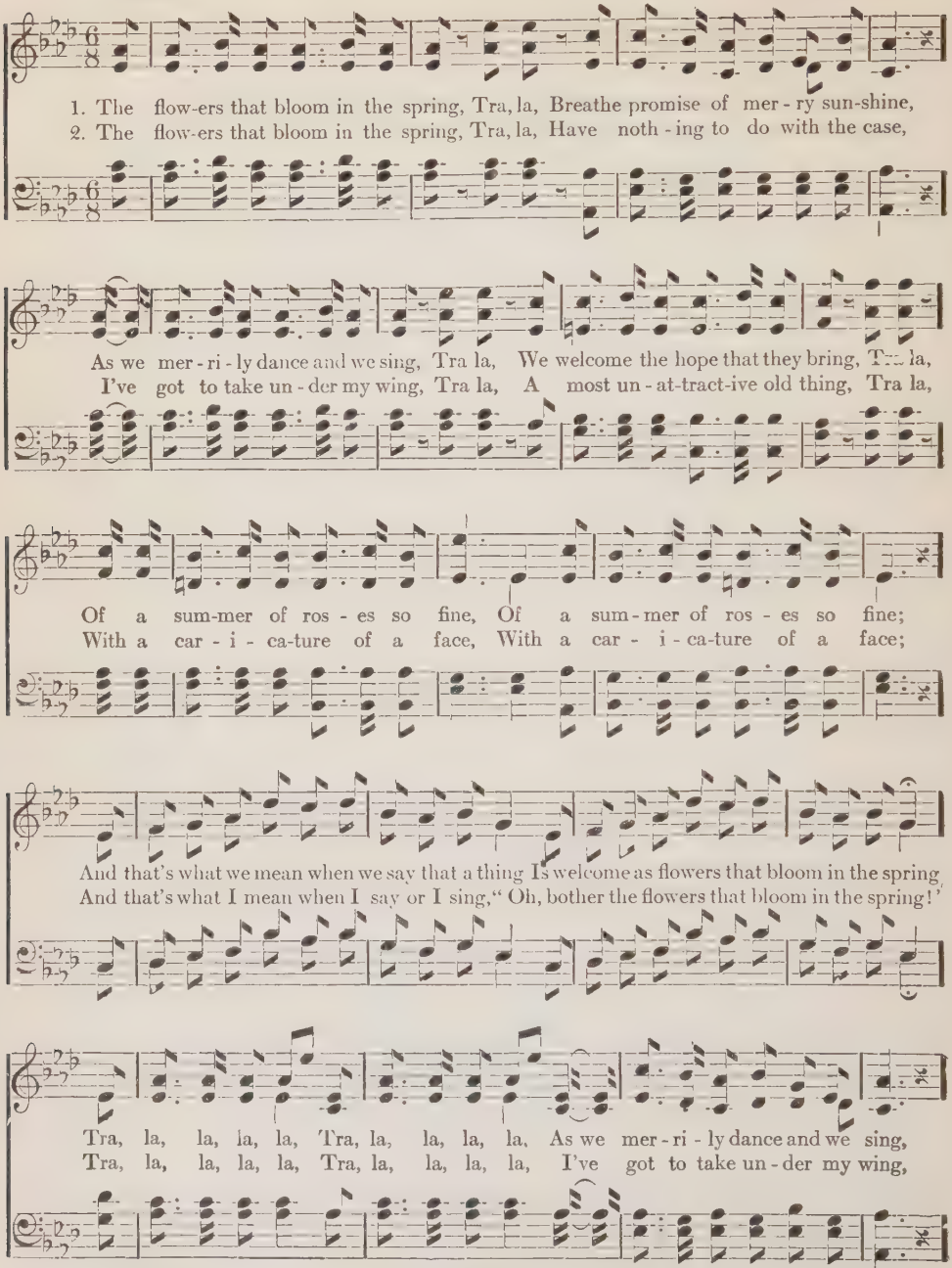
Jack Cussans

Spirited

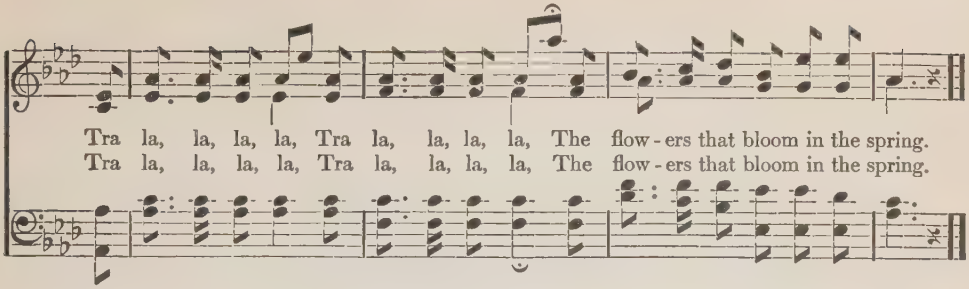

1. When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad, A ver-y good friend I did
2. But he saved from a-board an old gun and a sword, And an-oth-er old mat-ter or
3. The can-ni-bals came to his is-land one day To feast, for all can-ni-bals
4. But he nev-er lost hope, and he nev-er would mope, And he al-ways had faith, as should
lose, oh! I war-rant you, Dan, you have heard of this man, His name it was
two; so By dint of his thrift he just man-aged to shift, And keep a-live
do so, But Fri-day, their man, jumped out of the pan, And ran off to
you, so That come as it might, it al-ways was right With hon-est old
Chorus
Rob-in-son Cru-soe. Oh, Rob-in-son Cru-soe! Oh, poor Robinson Cru-soe! He
Rob-in-son Cru-soe. Oh, Rob-in-son Cru-soe! Oh, poor Robinson Cru-soe! Whether
Rob-in-son Cru-soe. Oh, Rob-in-son Cru-soe! Oh, poor Robinson Cru-soe! He
Rob-in-son Cru-soe. Oh, Rob-in-son Cru-soe! Good old Robinson Cru-soe! Where can
went off to sea and, be-tween you and me, Old Neptune wrecked Robinson Cru-soe.
tem-pest or Turk, or wild man or work, No mat-ter to Rob-in-son Cru-soe.
fired off his gun, and then there was fun For lone-ly old Rob-in-son Cru-soe.
school-boy be found, to stop at a round "Hurrah for old Rob-in-son Cru-soe!"

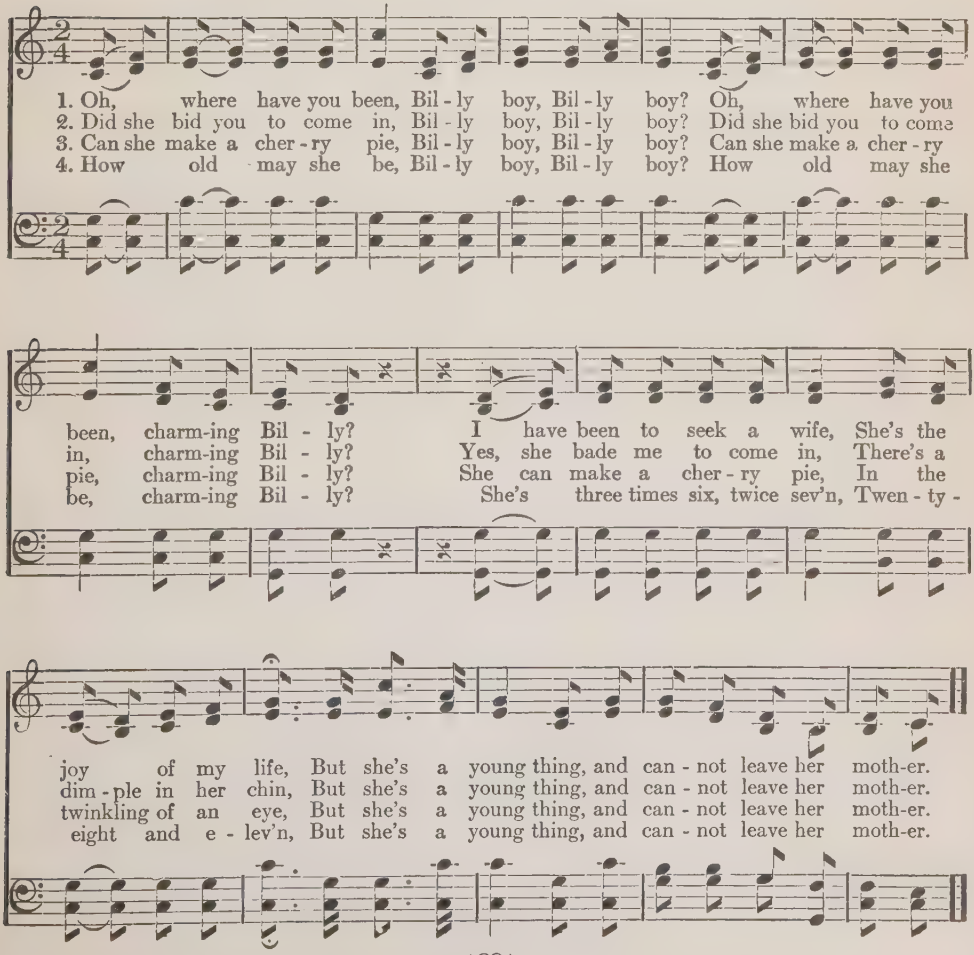
The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring

W. S. Gilbert — Arthur Sullivan


1. The flow-ers that bloom in the spring, Tra, la, Breathe promise of mer - ry sun-shine,
2. The flow-ers that bloom in the spring, Tra, la, Have noth - ing to do with the case,
As we mer - ri - ly dance and we sing, Tra la, We welcome the hope that they bring, Tra la,
I've got to take un - der my wing, Tra la, A most un - at-tract-ive old thing, Tra la,
Of a sum-mer of ros - es so fine, Of a sum - mer of ros - es so fine;
With a car - i - ca-ture of a face, With a car - i - ca-ture of a face;
And that's what we mean when we say that a thing Is welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring,
And that's what I mean when I say or I sing," Oh, bother the flowers that bloom in the spring!"
Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, As we mer - ri - ly dance and we sing,
Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, I've got to take un - der my wing,

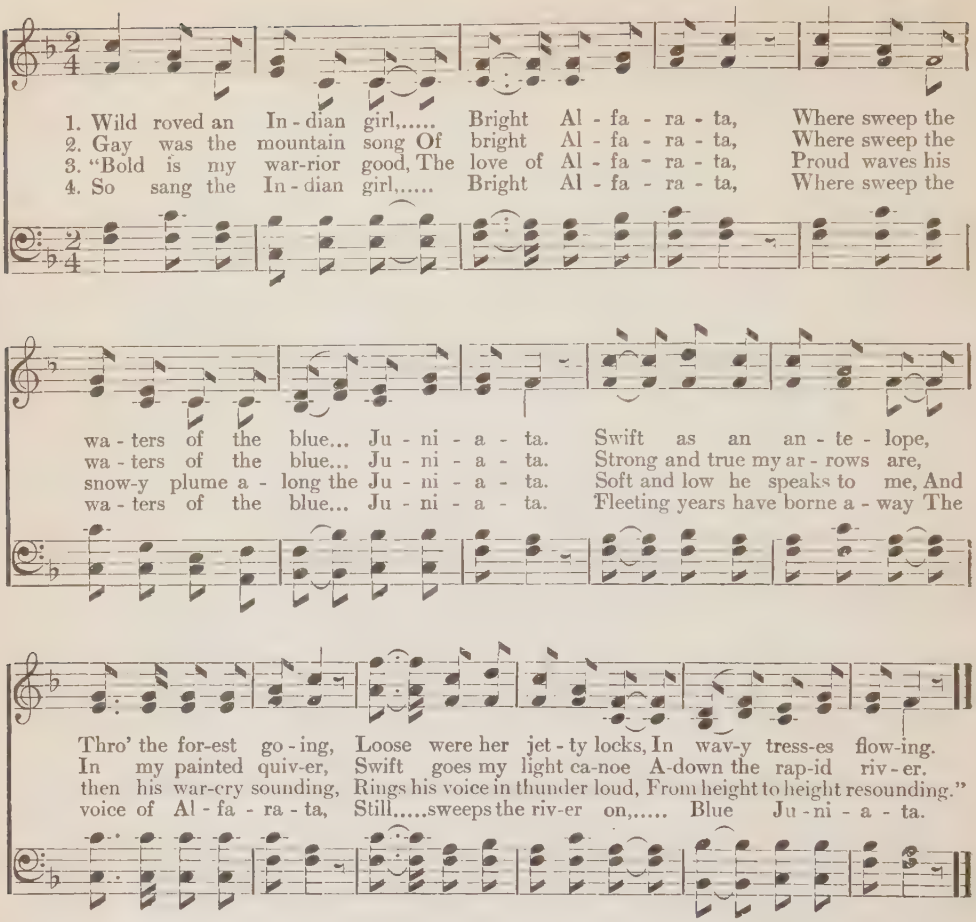
The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring


Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, The flow - ers that bloom in the spring.
Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, The flow - ers that bloom in the spring.

Billy Boy

1. Oh, where have you been, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly boy? Oh, where have you
2. Did she bid you to come in, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly boy? Did she bid you to come
3. Can she make a cher - ry pie, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly boy? Can she make a cher - ry
4. How old may she be, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly boy? How old may she
been, charm-ing Bil - ly? I have been to seek a wife, She's the
in, charm-ing Bil - ly? Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a
pie, charm-ing Bil - ly? She can make a cher - ry pie, In the
be, charm-ing Bil - ly? She's three times six, twice sev'n, Twen - ty -
joy of my life, But she's a young thing, and can - not leave her moth-er.
dim - ple in her chin, But she's a young thing, and can - not leave her moth-er.
twinkling of an eye, But she's a young thing, and can - not leave her moth-er.
eight and e - lev'n, But she's a young thing, and can - not leave her moth-er.

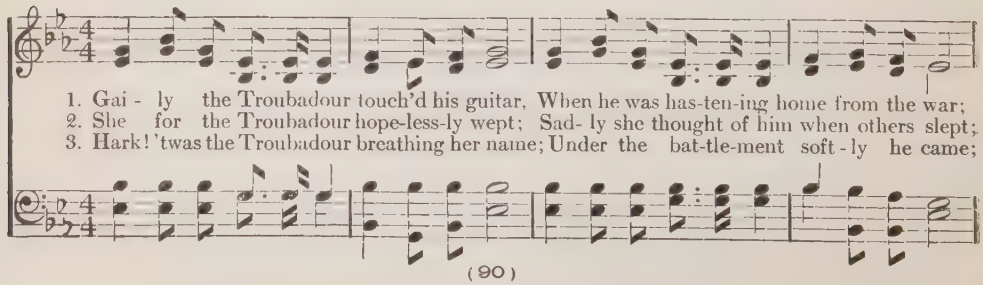
The Blue Juniata

Mrs. M. D. Sullivan

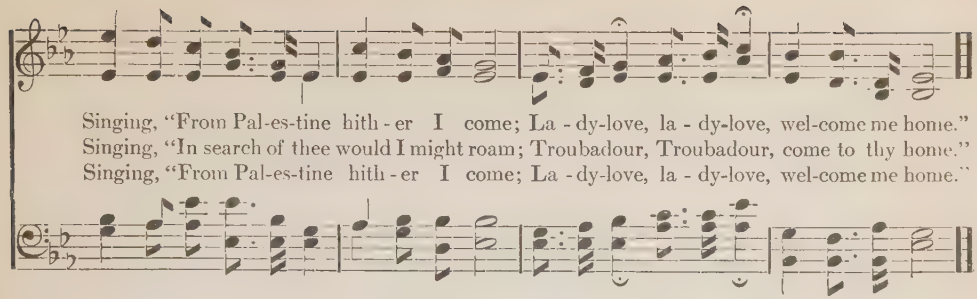

1. Wild roved an In-dian girl,..... Bright Al-fa-ra-ta, Where sweep the
2. Gay was the mountain song Of bright Al-fa-ra-ta, Where sweep the
3. "Bold is my war-rior good, The love of Al-fa-ra-ta, Proud waves his
4. So sang the In-dian girl,..... Bright Al-fa-ra-ta, Where sweep the
wa-ters of the blue... Ju-ni-a-ta. Swift as an an-te-lope,
wa-ters of the blue... Ju-ni-a-ta. Strong and true my ar-rows are,
snow-y plume a-long the Ju-ni-a-ta. Soft and low he speaks to me, And
wa-ters of the blue... Ju-ni-a-ta. Fleeting years have borne a-way The
Thro' the for-est go-ing, Loose were her jet-ty locks, In wav-y tress-es flow-ing.
In my painted quiv-er, Swift goes my light ca-noe A-down the rap-id riv-er.
then his war-cry sounding, Rings his voice in thunder loud, From height to height resounding."
voice of Al-fa-ra-ta, Still.....sweeps the riv-er on,..... Blue Ju-ni-a-ta.

Gaily the Troubadour

Thomas Haynes Bayly

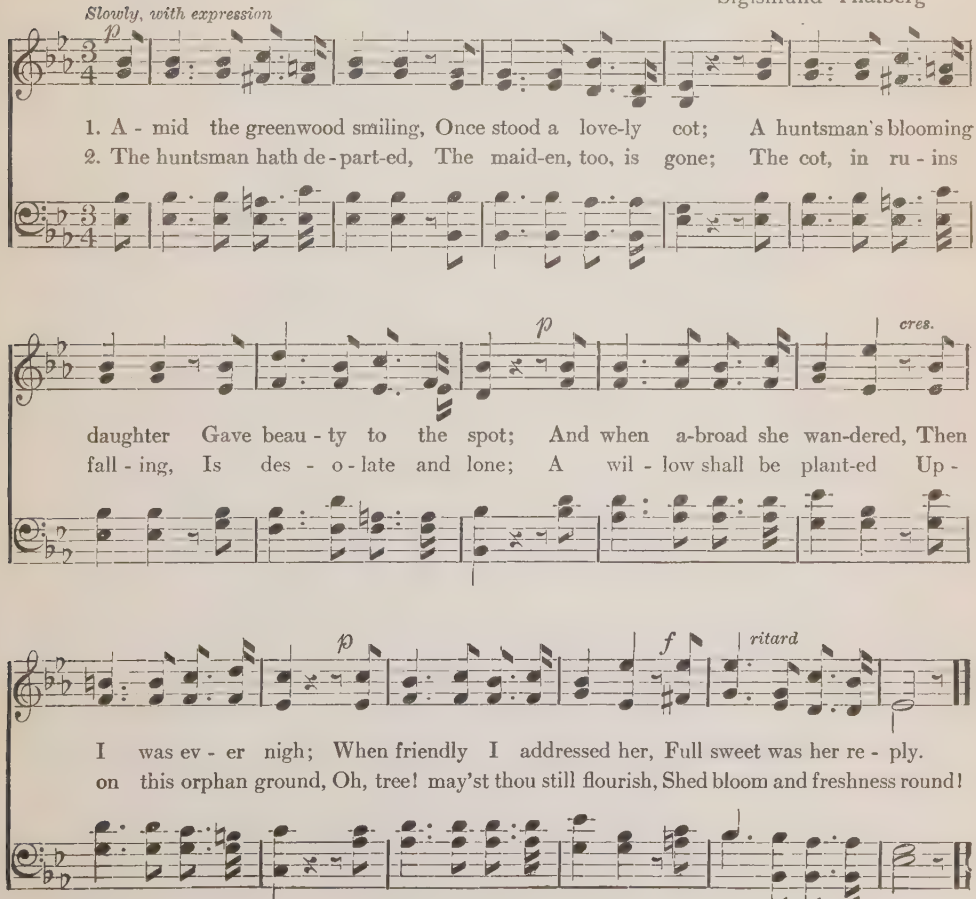

1. Gai-ly the Troubadour touch'd his guitar, When he was has-ten-ing home from the war;
2. She for the Troubadour hope-less-ly wept; Sad-ly she thought of him when others slept;
3. Hark! 'twas the Troubadour breathing her name; Under the bat-tle-ment soft-ly he came;

Gaily the Troubadour


Singing, "From Pal-es-tine hith-er I come; La-dy-love, la-dy-love, wel-come me home."
Singing, "In search of thee would I might roam; Troubadour, Troubadour, come to thy home."
Singing, "From Pal-es-tine hith-er I come; La-dy-love, la-dy-love, wel-come me home."

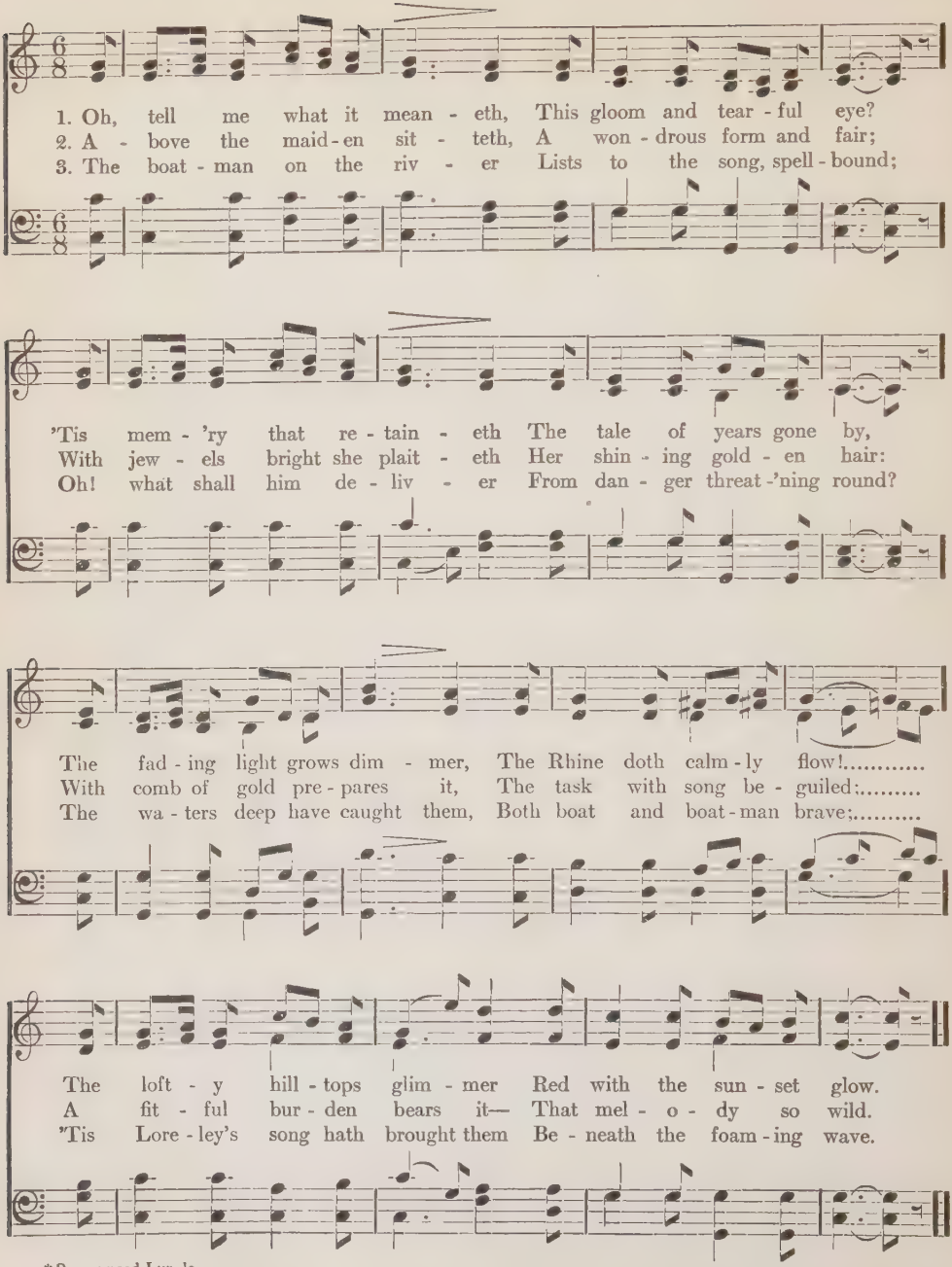
Amid the Greenwood

Sigismund Thalberg


Slowly, with expression
p
1. A-mid the greenwood smiling, Once stood a love-ly cot; A huntsman's blooming
2. The huntsman hath de-part-ed, The maid-en, too, is gone; The cot, in ru-ins
p
cres.
daughter Gave beau-ty to the spot; And when a-broad she wan-dered, Then
fall-ing, Is des-o-late and lone; A wil-low shall be plant-ed Up-
p
f
ritard
I was ev-er nigh; When friendly I addressed her, Full sweet was her re-ply.
on this orphan ground, Oh, tree! may'st thou still flourish, Shed bloom and freshness round!

The Loreley*

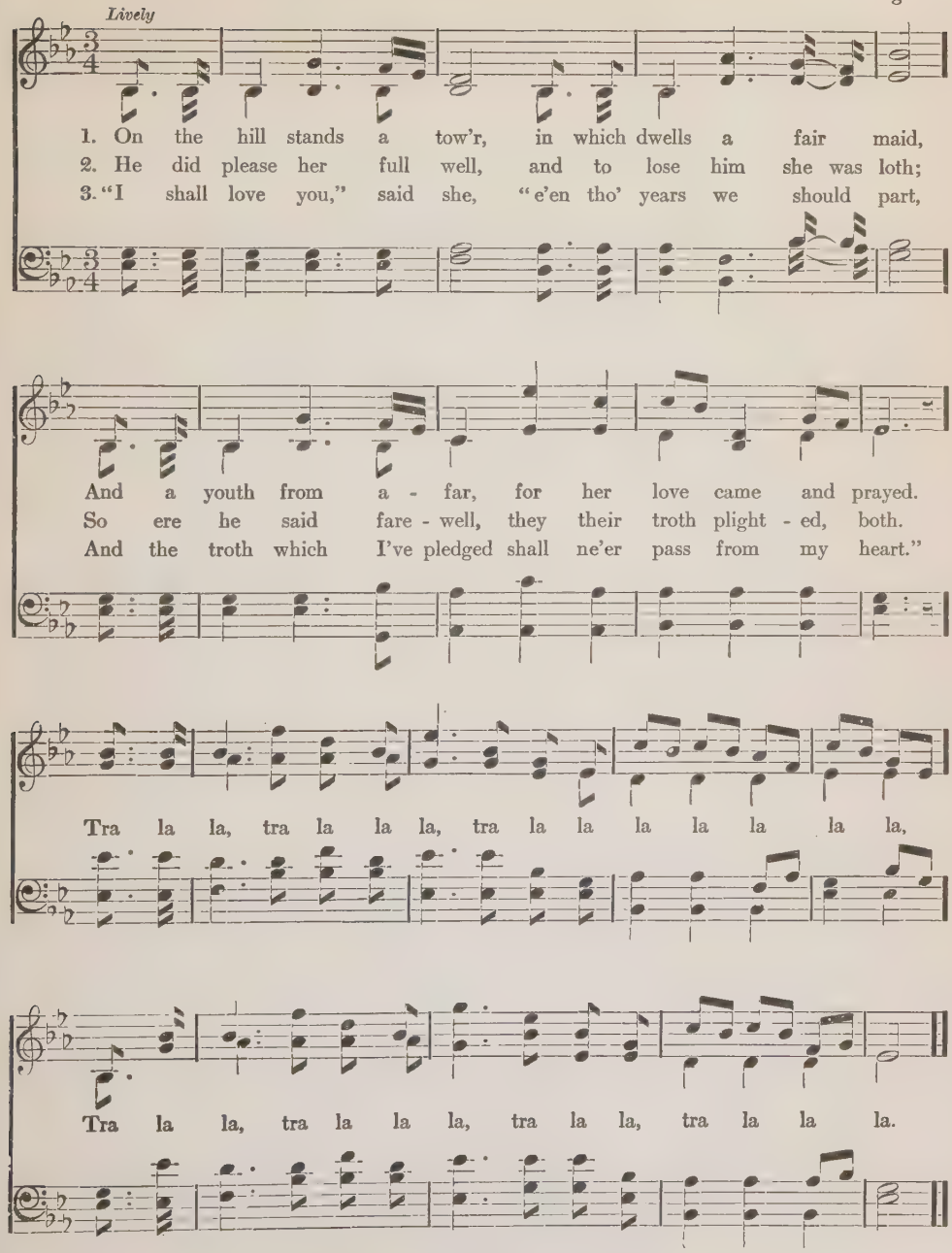
Heinrich Heine — Friedrich Silcher


1. Oh, tell me what it mean - eth, This gloom and tear - ful eye?
2. A - bove the maid - en sit - teth, A won - drous form and fair;
3. The boat - man on the riv - er Lists to the song, spell - bound;
'Tis mem - 'ry that re - tain - eth The tale of years gone by,
With jew - els bright she plait - eth Her shin - ing gold - en hair:
Oh! what shall him de - liv - er From dan - ger threat - 'ning round?
The fad - ing light grows dim - mer, The Rhine doth calm - ly flow!.....
With comb of gold pre - pares it, The task with song be - guiled;.....
The wa - ters deep have caught them, Both boat and boat - man brave;.....
The loft - y hill - tops glim - mer Red with the sun - set glow.
A fit - ful bur - den bears it— That mel - o - dy so wild.
'Tis Lore - ley's song hath brought them Be - neath the foam - ing wave.

*Pronounced Lur - le.

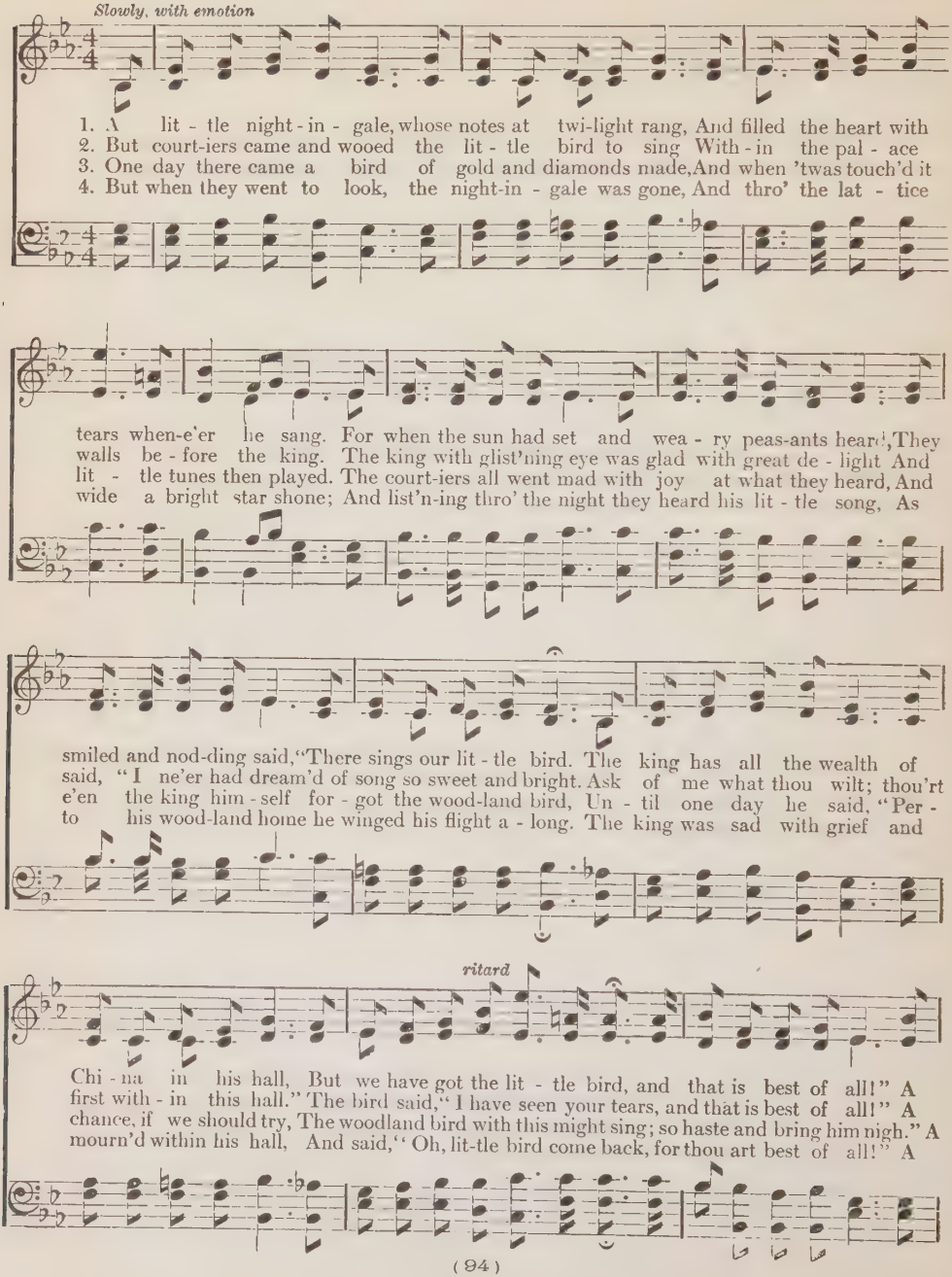
On the Hill Stands a Tower

Bavarian Folksong

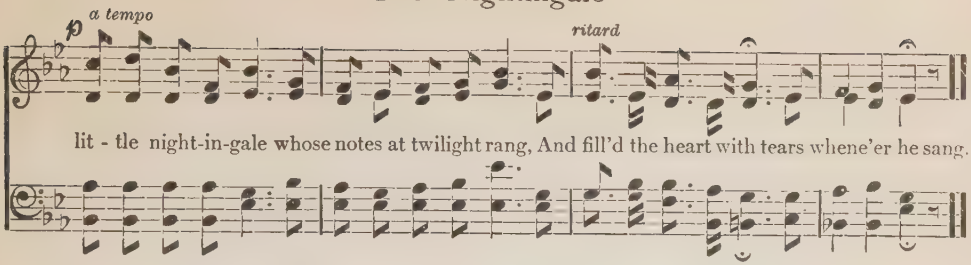

Lively
1. On the hill stands a tow'r, in which dwells a fair maid,
2. He did please her full well, and to lose him she was loth;
3. "I shall love you," said she, "e'en tho' years we should part,
And a youth from a - far, for her love came and prayed.
So ere he said fare - well, they their troth plight - ed, both.
And the troth which I've pledged shall ne'er pass from my heart."
Tra la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la la la,
Tra la la, tra la la la, tra la la, tra la la la.

The Nightingale

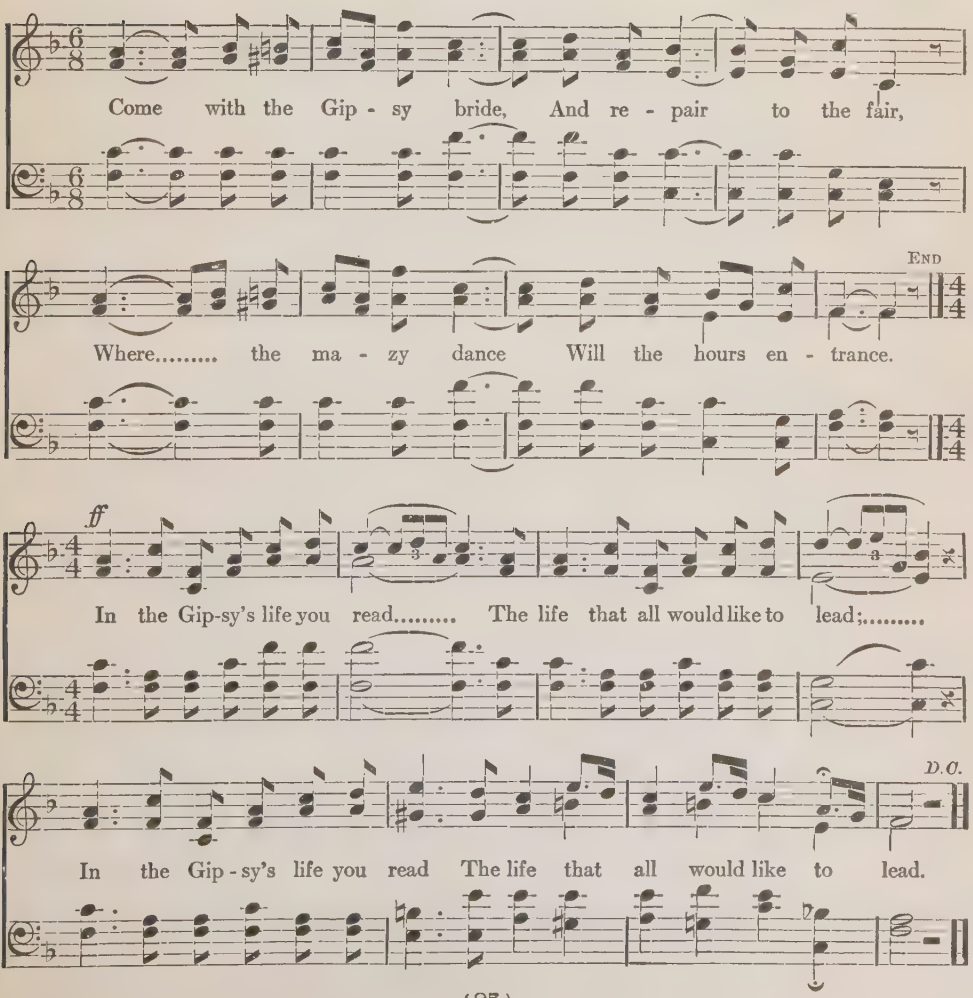
James L. Molloy


Slowly, with emotion
1. A lit - tle night - in - gale, whose notes at twi-light rang, And filled the heart with
2. But court-iers came and wooed the lit - tle bird to sing With - in the pal - ace
3. One day there came a bird of gold and diamonds made, And when 'twas touch'd it
4. But when they went to look, the night-in - gale was gone, And thro' the lat - tice
tears when-e'er he sang. For when the sun had set and wea - ry peas-ants heard, They
walls be - fore the king. The king with glist'ning eye was glad with great de - light And
lit - tle tunes then played. The court-iers all went mad with joy at what they heard, And
wide a bright star shone; And list'n-ing thro' the night they heard his lit - tle song, As
smiled and nod-ding said, "There sings our lit - tle bird. The king has all the wealth of
said, "I ne'er had dream'd of song so sweet and bright. Ask of me what thou wilt; thou'rt
e'en the king him - self for - got the wood-land bird, Un - til one day he said, "Per -
to his wood-land home he winged his flight a - long. The king was sad with grief and
ritard
Chi - na in his hall, But we have got the lit - tle bird, and that is best of all!" A
first with - in this hall." The bird said, "I have seen your tears, and that is best of all!" A
chance, if we should try, The woodland bird with this might sing; so haste and bring him nigh." A
mourn'd within his hall, And said, "Oh, lit-tle bird come back, for thou art best of all!" A

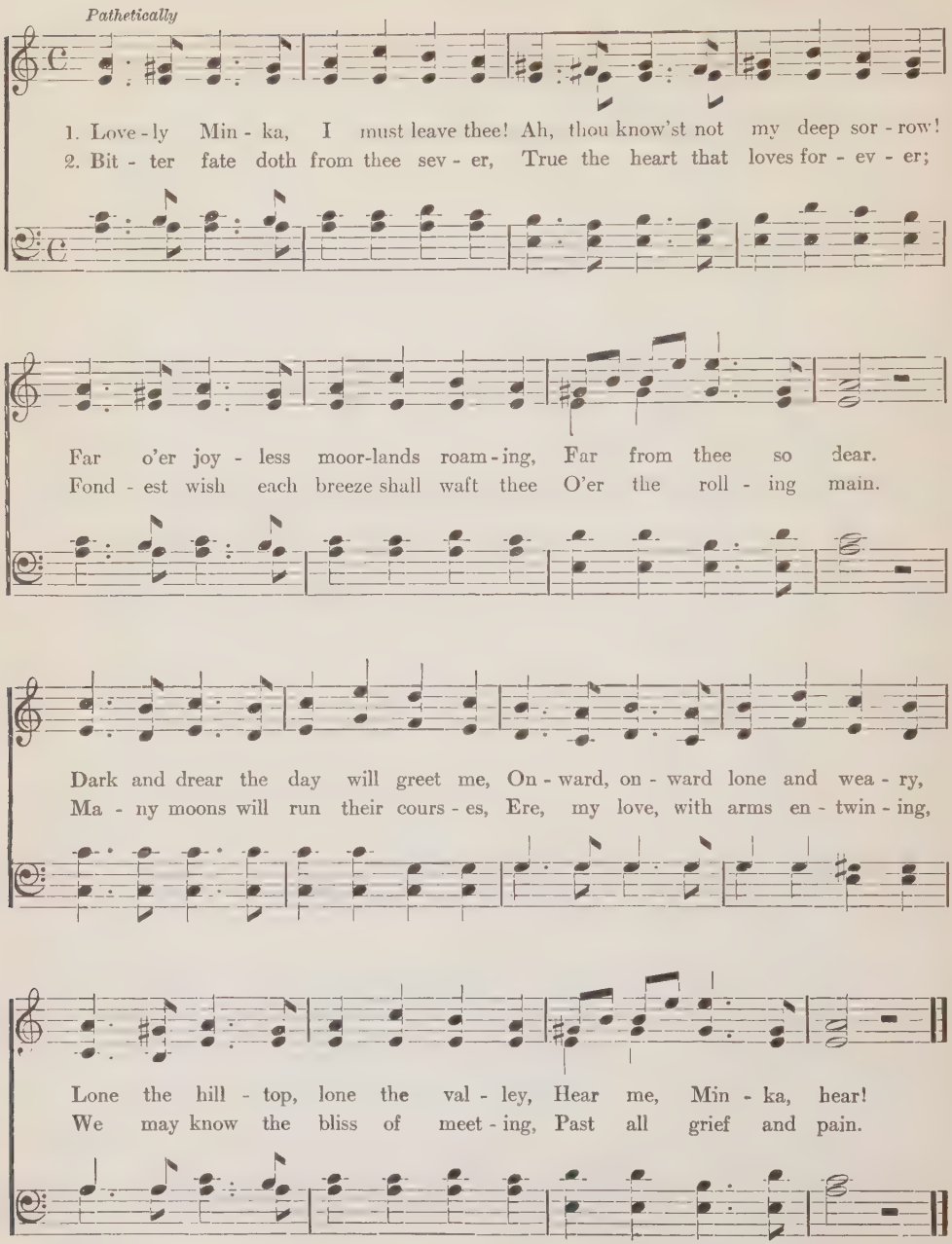
The Nightingale



Come with the Gipsy Bride

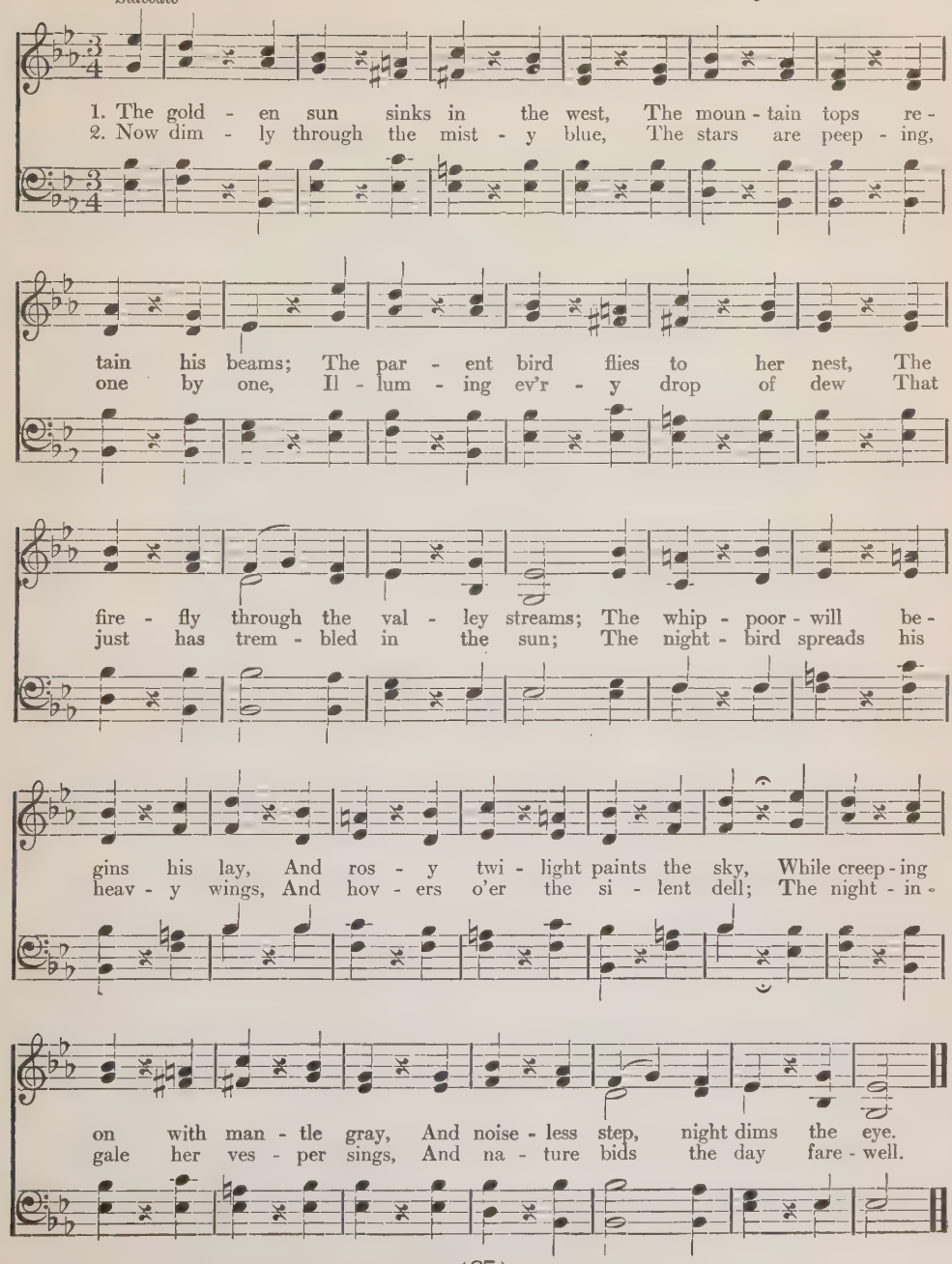
Michael W. Balfe

Come with the Gip - sy bride, And re - pair to the fair,
END
Where..... the ma - zy dance Will the hours en - trance.
ff
In the Gip-sy's life you read..... The life that all would like to lead;.....
D.C.
In the Gip - sy's life you read The life that all would like to lead.

Beautiful Minka

Russian Folksong

Pathetically
1. Love - ly Min - ka, I must leave thee! Ah, thou know'st not my deep sor - row!
2. Bit - ter fate doth from thee sev - er, True the heart that loves for - ev - er;
Far o'er joy - less moor-lands roam - ing, Far from thee so dear.
Fond - est wish each breeze shall waft thee O'er the roll - ing main.
Dark and drear the day will greet me, On - ward, on - ward lone and wea - ry,
Ma - ny moons will run their cours - es, Ere, my love, with arms en - twin - ing,
Lone the hill - top, lone the val - ley, Hear me, Min - ka, hear!
We may know the bliss of meet - ing, Past all grief and pain.

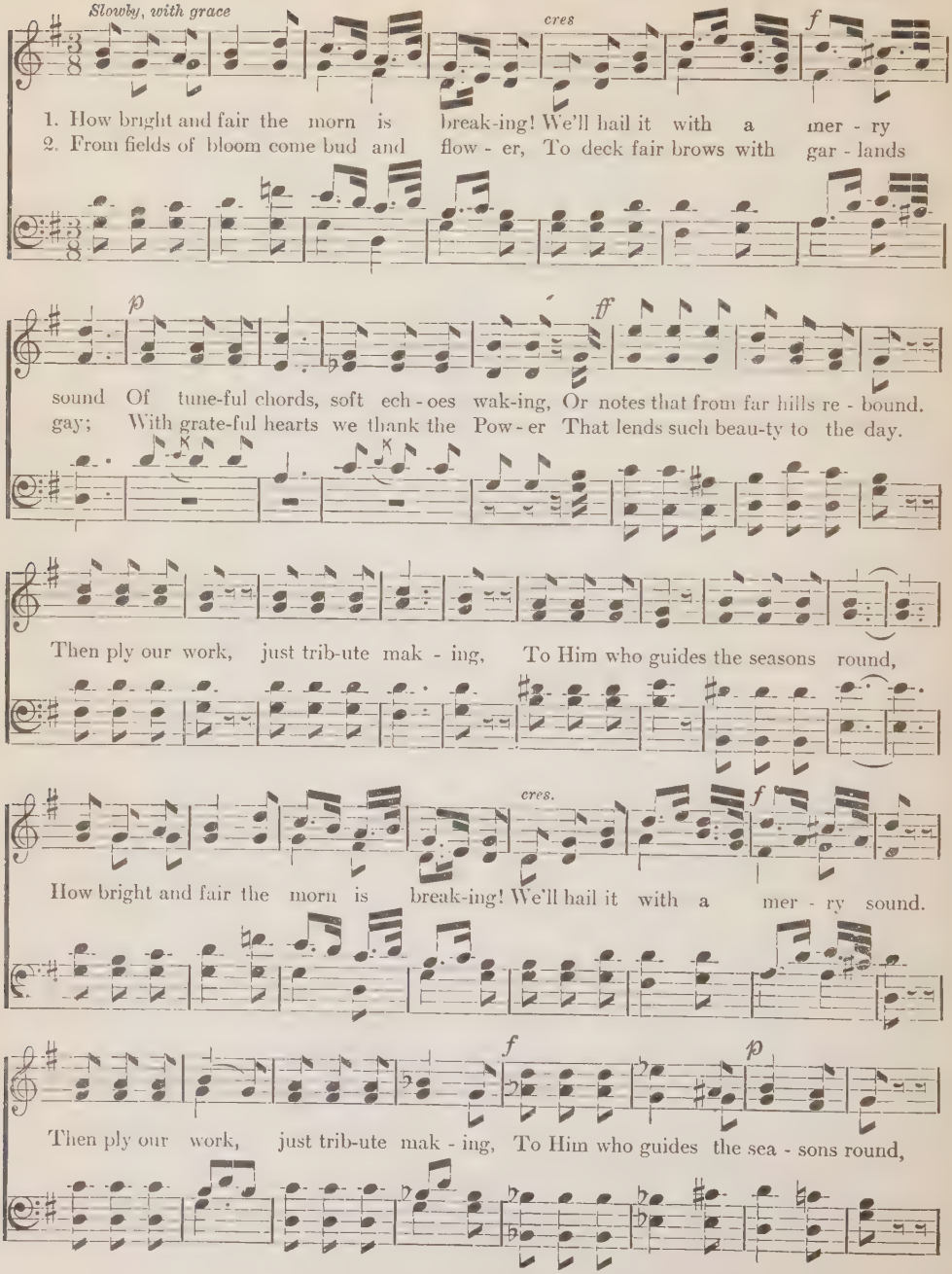
The Golden Sun

Johann Strauss

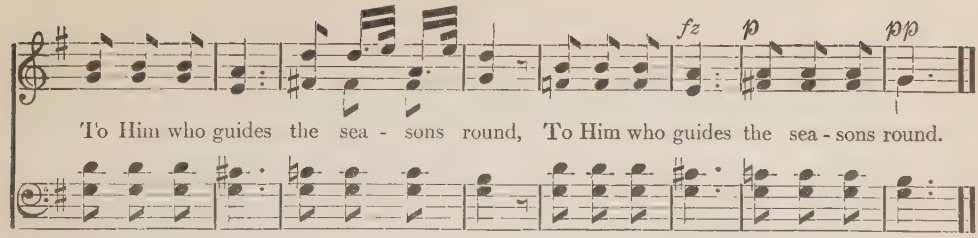

Staccato
1. The gold - en sun sinks in the west, The moun - tain tops re -
2. Now dim - ly through the mist - y blue, The stars are peep - ing,
tain his beams; The par - ent bird flies to her nest, The
one by one, Il - lum - ing ev'r - y drop of dew That
fire - fly through the val - ley streams; The whip - poor - will be -
just has trem - bled in the sun; The night - bird spreads his
gins his lay, And ros - y twi - light paints the sky, While creep - ing
heav - y wings, And hov - ers o'er the si - lent dell; The night - in -
on with man - tle gray, And noise - less step, night dims the eye.
gale her ves - per sings, And na - ture bids the day fare - well.

How Bright and Fair

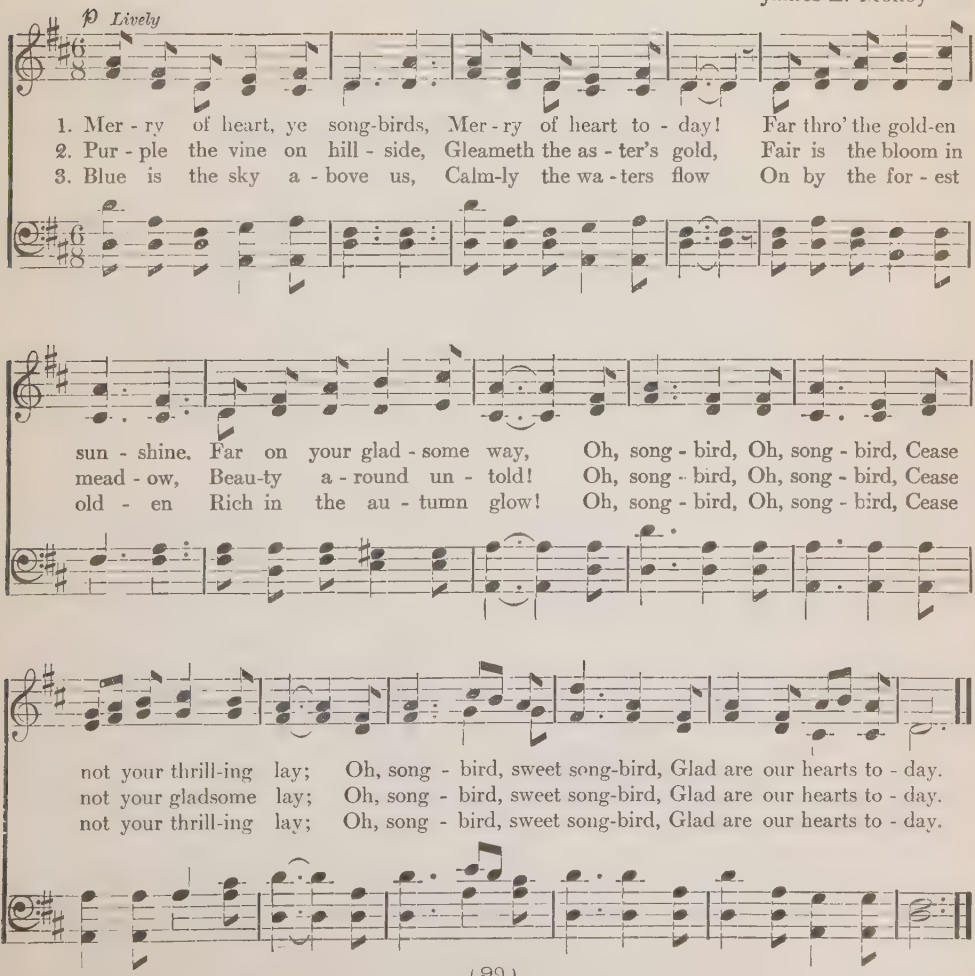
Gioachino Rossini


Slowly, with grace
cres
f
1. How bright and fair the morn is break-ing! We'll hail it with a mer - ry
2. From fields of bloom come bud and flow - er, To deck fair brows with gar - lands
p
ff
sound Of tune-ful chords, soft ech - oes wak-ing, Or notes that from far hills re - bound.
gay; With grate-ful hearts we thank the Pow - er That lends such beau-ty to the day.
Then ply our work, just trib-ute mak - ing, To Him who guides the seasons round,
cres.
f
How bright and fair the morn is break-ing! We'll hail it with a mer - ry sound.
f
p
Then ply our work, just trib-ute mak - ing, To Him who guides the sea - sons round,

How Bright and Fair

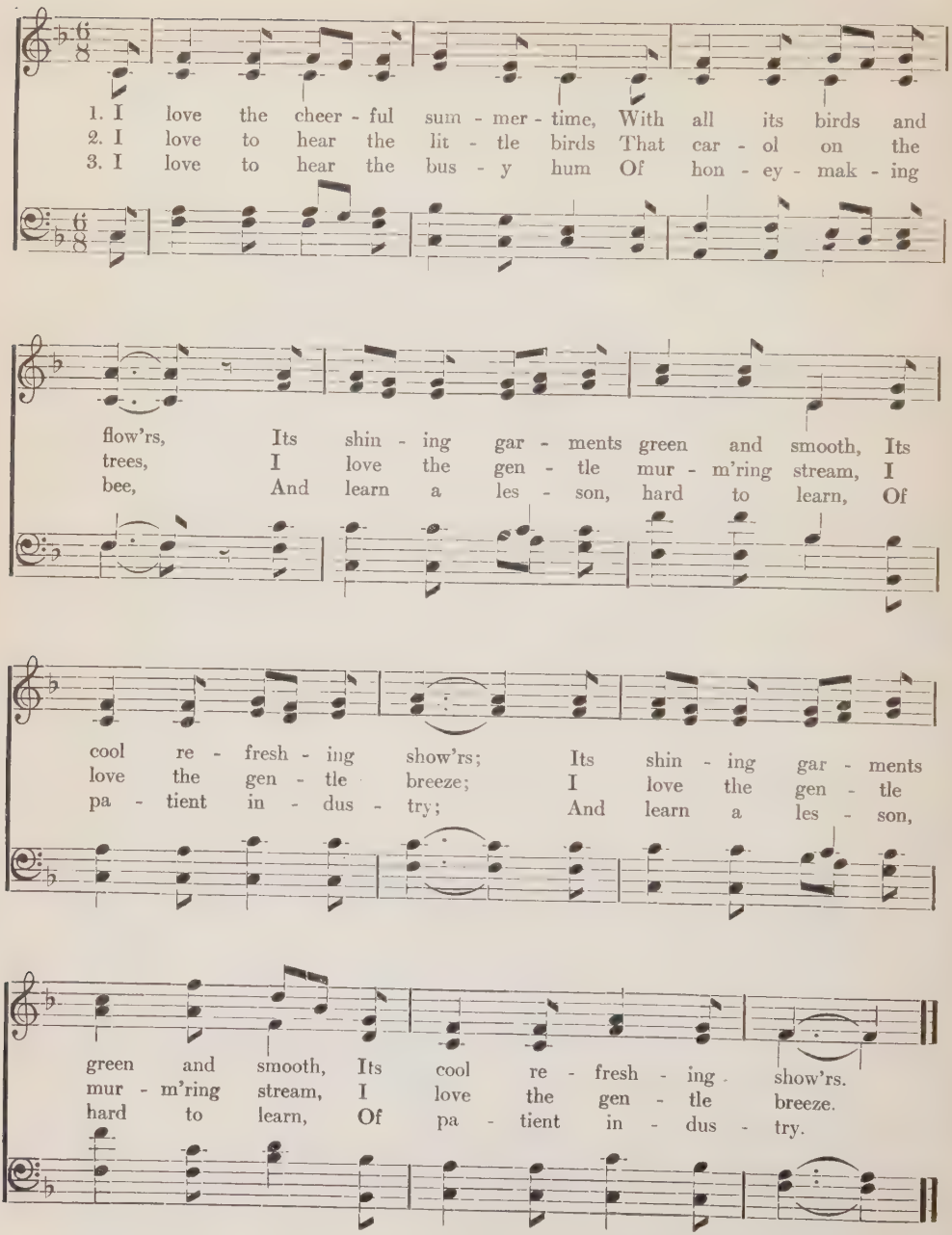


Sweet Song-bird

James L. Molloy

p Lively
1. Mer - ry of heart, ye song-birds, Mer - ry of heart to - day! Far thro' the gold-en
2. Pur - ple the vine on hill - side, Gleameth the as - ter's gold, Fair is the bloom in
3. Blue is the sky a - bove us, Calm-ly the wa - ters flow On by the for - est
sun - shine, Far on your glad - some way, Oh, song - bird, Oh, song - bird, Cease
mead - ow, Beau-ty a - round un - told! Oh, song - bird, Oh, song - bird, Cease
old - en Rich in the au - tumn glow! Oh, song - bird, Oh, song - bird, Cease
not your thrill-ing lay; Oh, song - bird, sweet song-bird, Glad are our hearts to - day.
not your gladsome lay; Oh, song - bird, sweet song-bird, Glad are our hearts to - day.
not your thrill-ing lay; Oh, song - bird, sweet song-bird, Glad are our hearts to - day.

Summer-Time

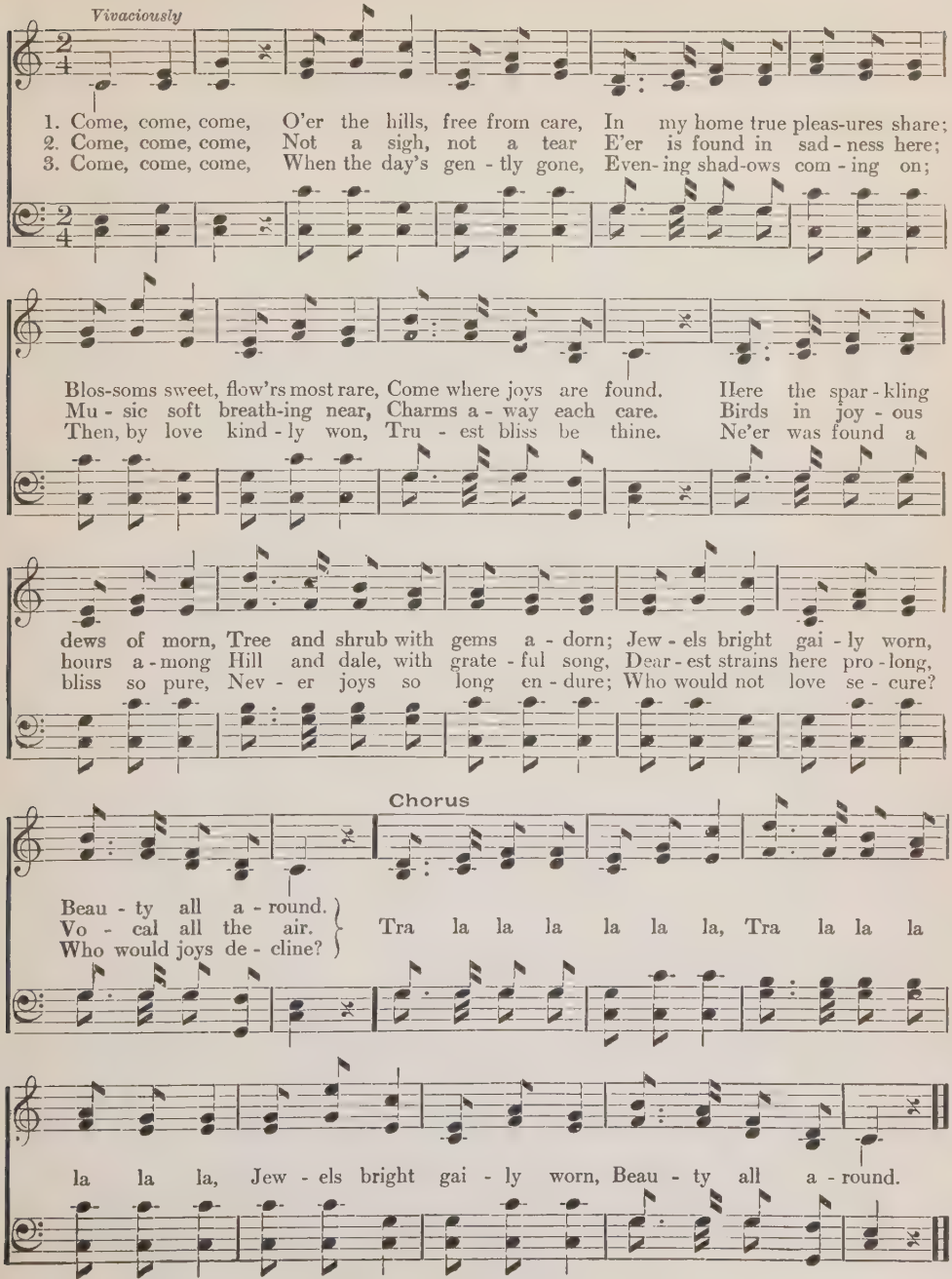
Christoph Gluck


1. I love the cheer - ful sum - mer - time, With all its birds and
2. I love to hear the lit - tle birds That car - ol on the
3. I love to hear the bus - y hum Of hon - ey - mak - ing
flow'rs, Its shin - ing gar - ments green and smooth, Its
trees, I love the gen - tle mur - m'ring stream, I
bee, And learn a les - son, hard to learn, Of
cool re - fresh - ing show'rs; Its shin - ing gar - ments
love the gen - tle breeze; I love the gen - tle
pa - tient in - dus - try; And learn a les - son,
green and smooth, Its cool re - fresh - ing show'rs.
mur - m'ring stream, I love the gen - tle breeze.
hard to learn, Of pa - tient in - dus - try.

Mountain Maid's Invitation

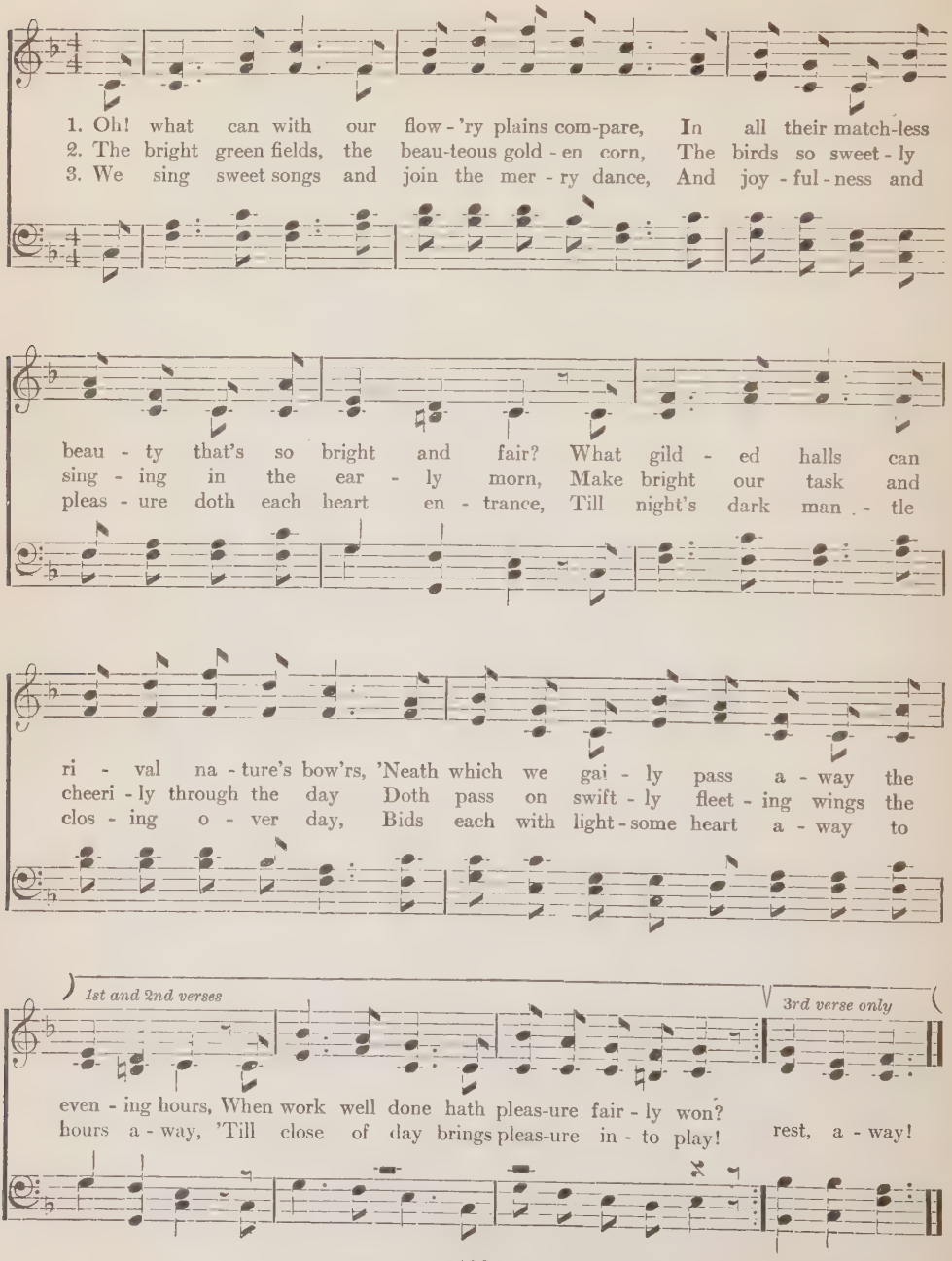
T. Power H. Werner

Vivaciously

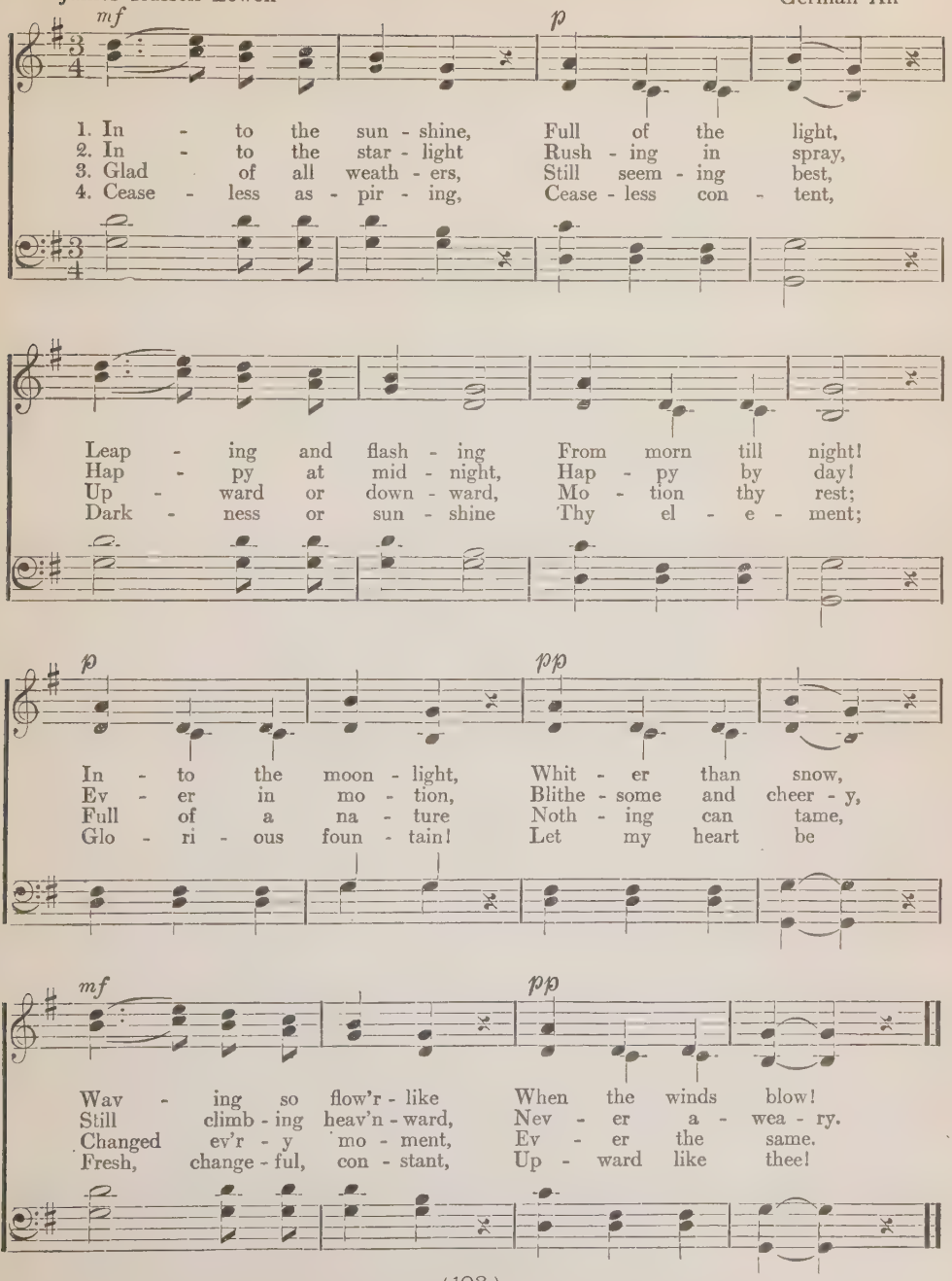

1. Come, come, come, O'er the hills, free from care, In my home true pleas-ures share;
2. Come, come, come, Not a sigh, not a tear E'er is found in sad - ness here;
3. Come, come, come, When the day's gen - tly gone, Even- ing shad-ows com - ing on;
Blos-soms sweet, flow'rs most rare, Come where joys are found. Here the spar - kling
Mu - sic soft breath-ing near, Charms a - way each care. Birds in joy - ous
Then, by love kind - ly won, Tru - est bliss be thine. Ne'er was found a
dews of morn, Tree and shrub with gems a - dorn; Jew - els bright gai - ly worn,
hours a - mong Hill and dale, with grate - ful song, Dear - est strains here pro - long,
bliss so pure, Nev - er joys so long en - dure; Who would not love se - cure?
Chorus
Beau - ty all a - round.
Vo - cal all the air.
Who would joys de - cline?
Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la
la la la, Jew - els bright gai - ly worn, Beau - ty all a - round.

The Happy Farmer

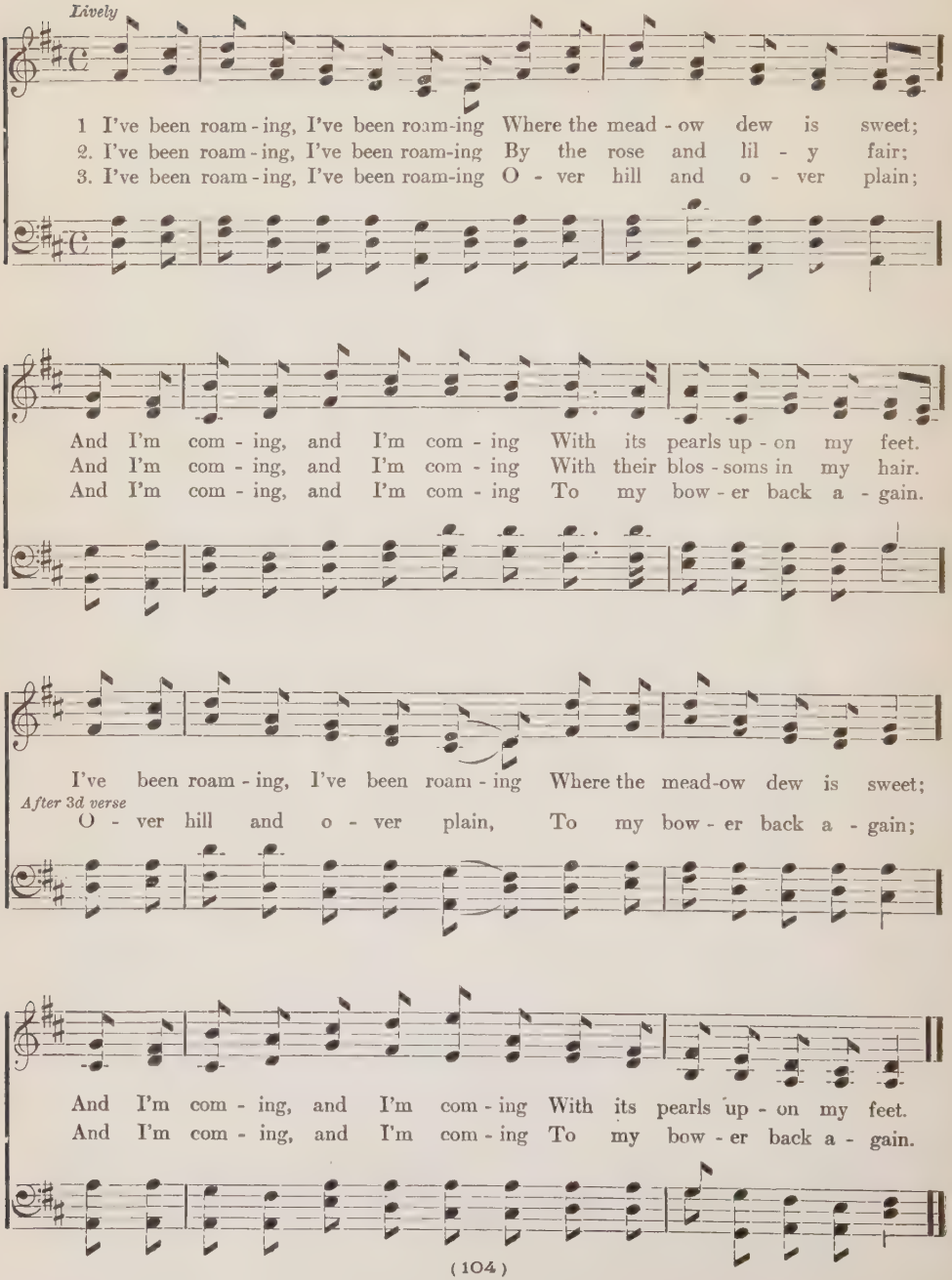
Robert Schumann


1. Oh! what can with our flow - 'ry plains com-pare, In all their match-less
2. The bright green fields, the beau-teous gold - en corn, The birds so sweet - ly
3. We sing sweet songs and join the mer - ry dance, And joy - ful - ness and
beau - ty that's so bright and fair? What gild - ed halls can
sing - ing in the ear - ly morn, Make bright our task and
pleas - ure doth each heart en - trance, Till night's dark man - tle
ri - val na - ture's bow'rs, 'Neath which we gai - ly pass a - way the
cheeri - ly through the day Doth pass on swift - ly fleet - ing wings the
clos - ing o - ver day, Bids each with light - some heart a - way to
1st and 2nd verses
3rd verse only
even - ing hours, When work well done hath pleas-ure fair - ly won?
hours a - way, 'Till close of day brings pleas-ure in - to play!
rest, a - way!

The Fountain

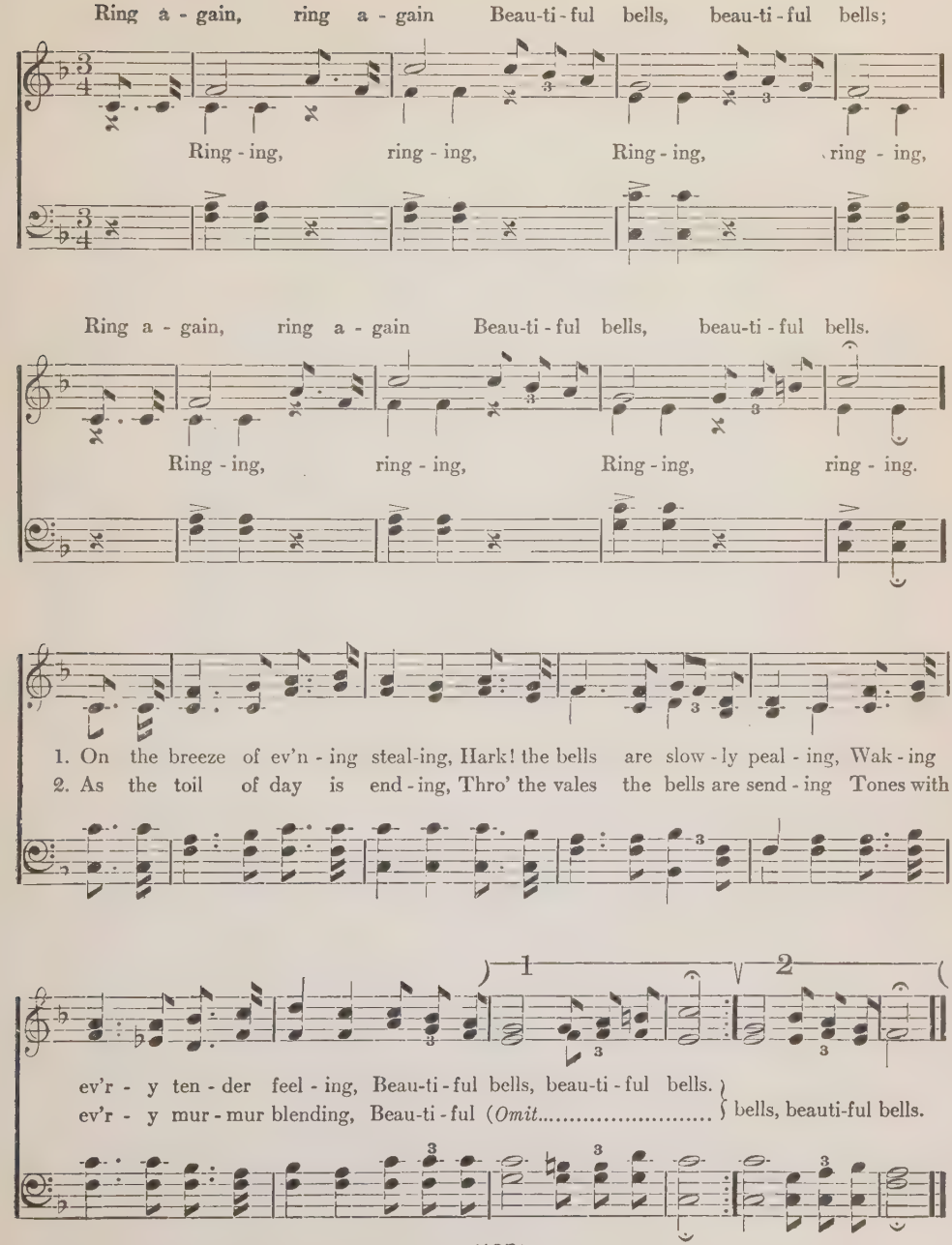
James Russell Lowell — German Air

mf
p
1. In - to the sun - shine, Full of the light,
2. In - to the star - light Rush - ing in spray,
3. Glad of all weath - ers, Still seem - ing best,
4. Cease - less as - pir - ing, Cease - less con - tent,
Leap - ing and flash - ing From morn till night!
Hap - py at mid - night, Hap - py by day!
Up - ward or down - ward, Mo - tion thy rest;
Dark - ness or sun - shine Thy el - e - ment;
p
pp
In - to the moon - light, Whit - er than snow,
Ev - er in mo - tion, Blithe - some and cheer - y,
Full of a na - ture Noth - ing can tame,
Glo - ri - ous foun - tain! Let my heart be
mf
pp
Wav - ing so flow'r - like When the winds blow!
Still climb - ing heav'n - ward, Nev - er a - wea - ry.
Changed ev'r - y mo - ment, Ev - er the same.
Fresh, change - ful, con - stant, Up - ward like thee!

I've Been Roaming

Charles E. Horn

Lively
1 I've been roam - ing, I've been roam-ing Where the mead - ow dew is sweet;
2. I've been roam - ing, I've been roam-ing By the rose and lil - y fair;
3. I've been roam - ing, I've been roam-ing O - ver hill and o - ver plain;
And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing With its pearls up - on my feet.
And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing With their blos - soms in my hair.
And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing To my bow - er back a - gain.
I've been roam - ing, I've been roam - ing Where the mead-ow dew is sweet;
After 3d verse
O - ver hill and o - ver plain, To my bow - er back a - gain;
And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing With its pearls up - on my feet.
And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing To my bow - er back a - gain.

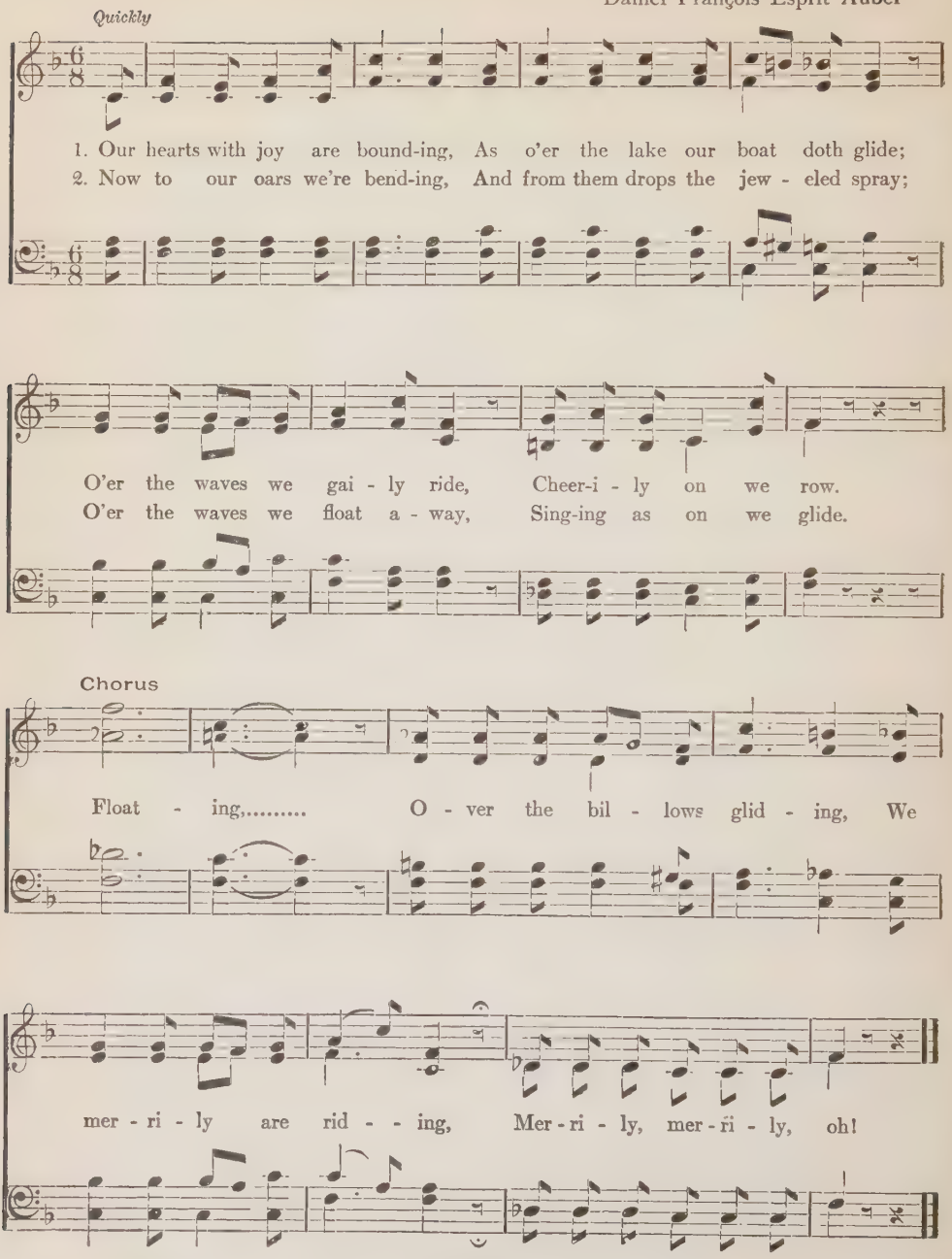
Beautiful Bells

E. O. Lyte


Ring a - gain, ring a - gain Beau-ti - ful bells, beau-ti - ful bells;
Ring - ing, ring - ing, Ring - ing, ring - ing,
Ring a - gain, ring a - gain Beau-ti - ful bells, beau-ti - ful bells.
Ring - ing, ring - ing, Ring - ing, ring - ing.
1. On the breeze of ev'n - ing steal-ing, Hark! the bells are slow - ly peal - ing, Wak - ing
2. As the toil of day is end - ing, Thro' the vales the bells are send - ing Tones with
1
2
ev'r - y ten - der feel - ing, Beau-ti - ful bells, beau-ti - ful bells.
ev'r - y mur - mur blending, Beau-ti - ful (Omit.....) bells, beauti-ful bells.

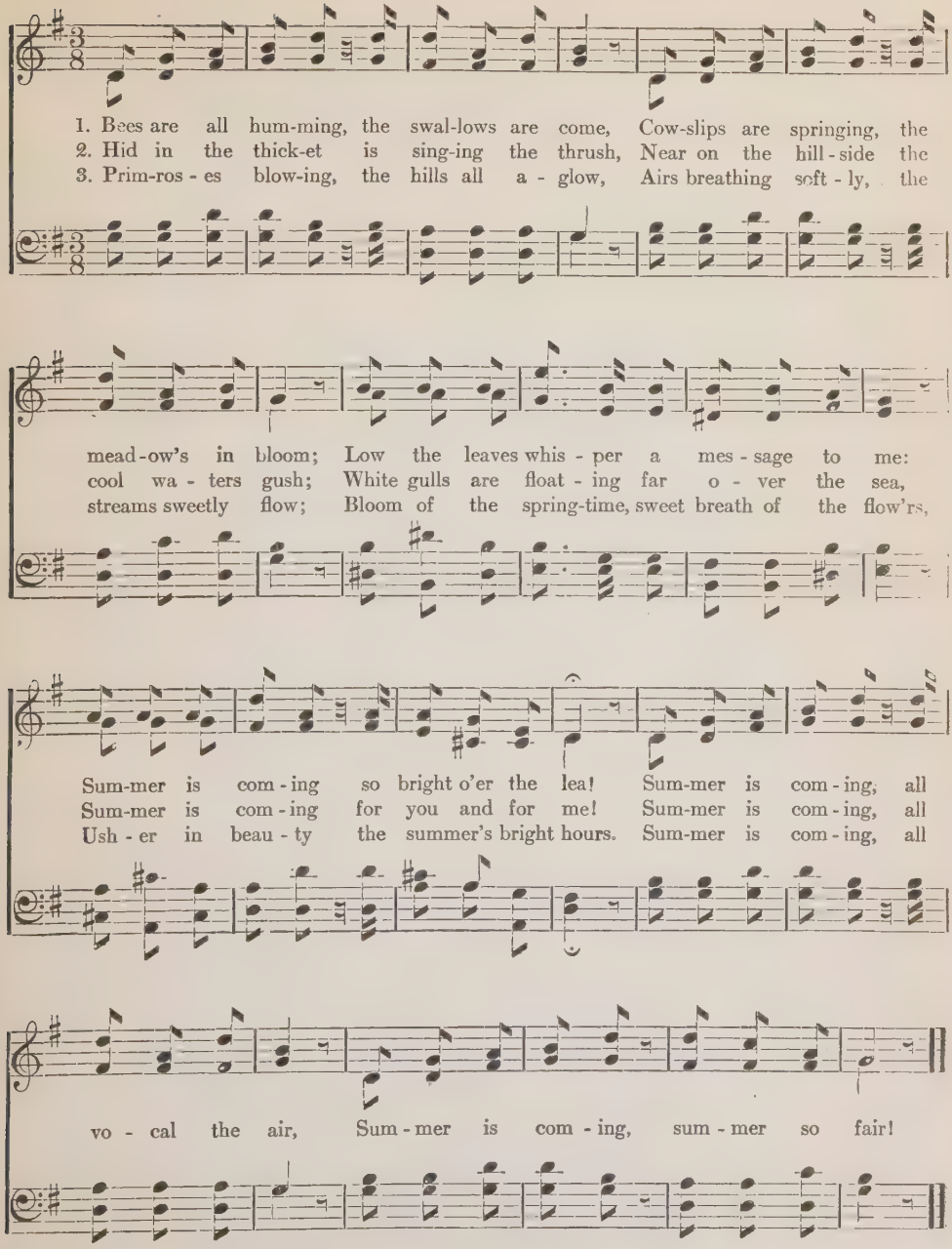
Boat Song

Daniel François Esprit **Auber**


Quickly
1. Our hearts with joy are bound-ing, As o'er the lake our boat doth glide;
2. Now to our oars we're bend-ing, And from them drops the jew - eled spray;
O'er the waves we gai - ly ride, Cheer-i - ly on we row.
O'er the waves we float a - way, Sing-ing as on we glide.
Chorus
Float - ing,..... O - ver the bil - lows glid - ing, We
mer - ri - ly are rid - - ing, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, oh!

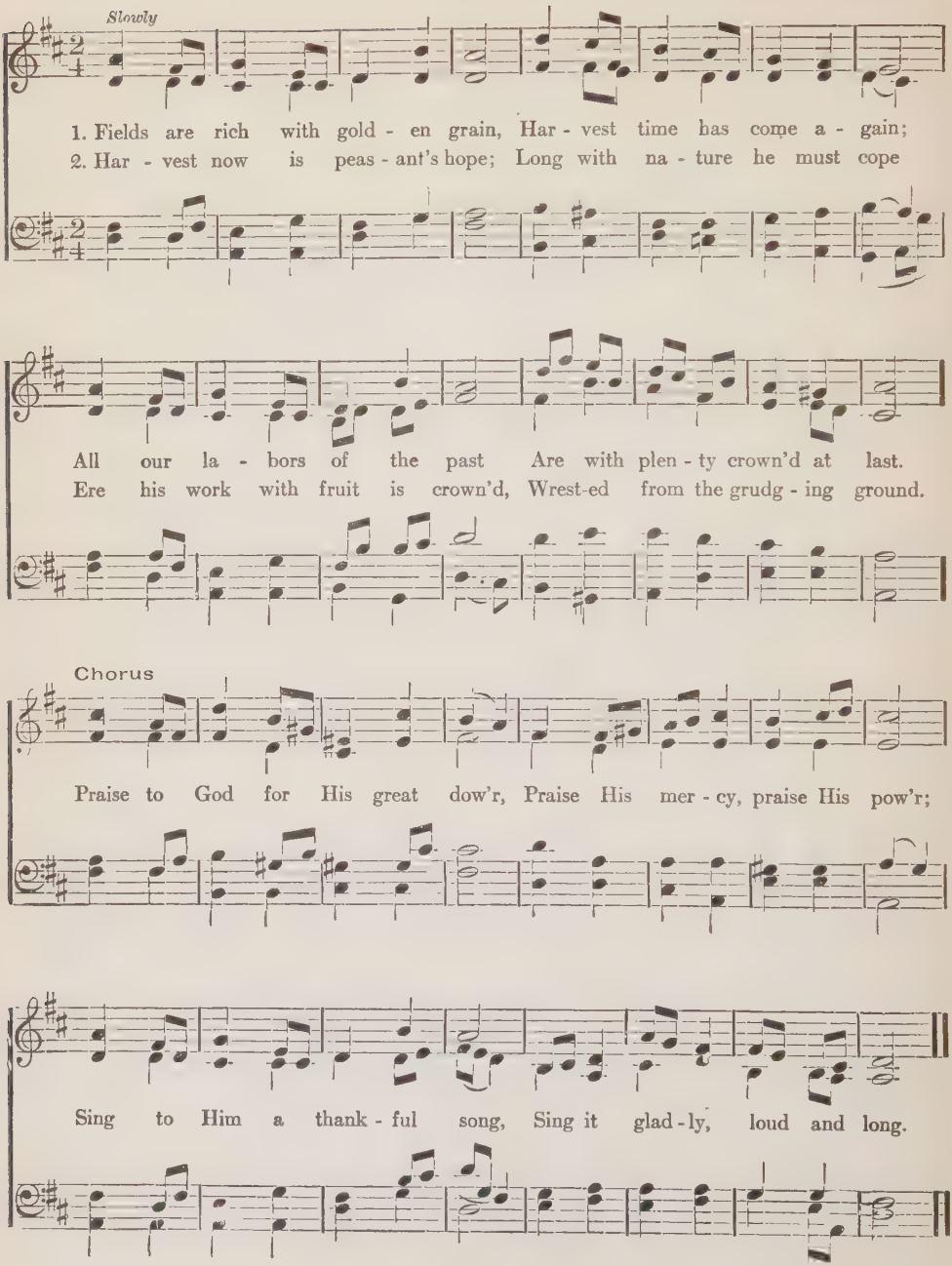
Summer is Coming

Thomas Simpson Cooke

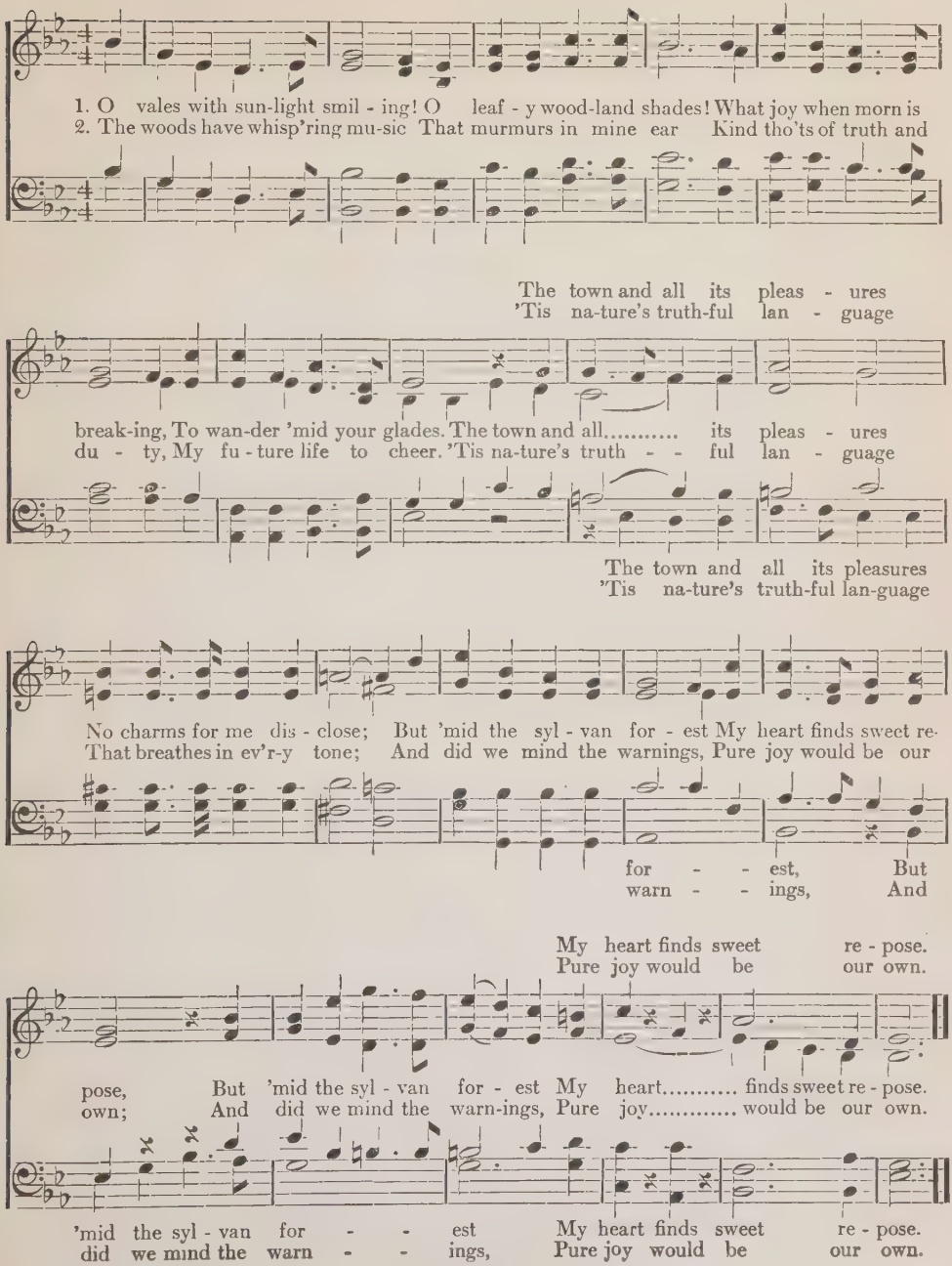

1. Bees are all hum-ming, the swal-lows are come, Cow-slips are springing, the
2. Hid in the thick-et is sing-ing the thrush, Near on the hill-side the
3. Prim-ros-es blow-ing, the hills all a-glow, Airs breathing soft-ly, the
mead-ow's in bloom; Low the leaves whis-per a mes-sage to me:
cool wa-ters gush; White gulls are float-ing far o-ver the sea,
streams sweetly flow; Bloom of the spring-time, sweet breath of the flow'rs,
Sum-mer is com-ing so bright o'er the lea! Sum-mer is com-ing, all
Sum-mer is com-ing for you and for me! Sum-mer is com-ing, all
Ush-er in beau-ty the summer's bright hours. Sum-mer is com-ing, all
vo-cal the air, Sum-mer is com-ing, sum-mer so fair!

Harvest Hymn

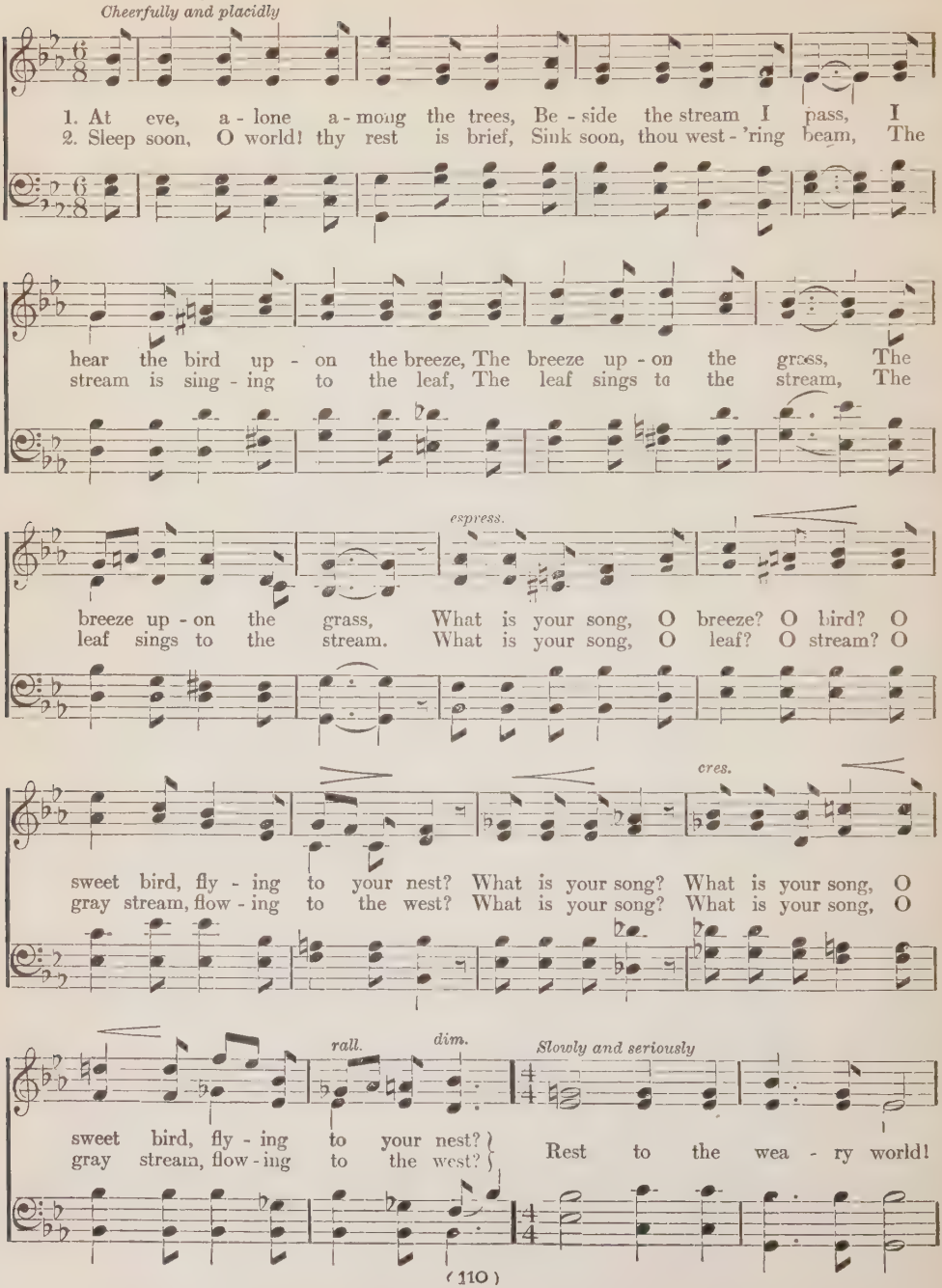
A Russian Folksong


Slowly
1. Fields are rich with gold - en grain, Har - vest time has come a - gain;
2. Har - vest now is peas - ant's hope; Long with na - ture he must cope
All our la - bors of the past Are with plen - ty crown'd at last.
Ere his work with fruit is crown'd, Wrest-ed from the grudg - ing ground.
Chorus
Praise to God for His great dow'r, Praise His mer - cy, praise His pow'r;
Sing to Him a thank - ful song, Sing it glad - ly, loud and long.

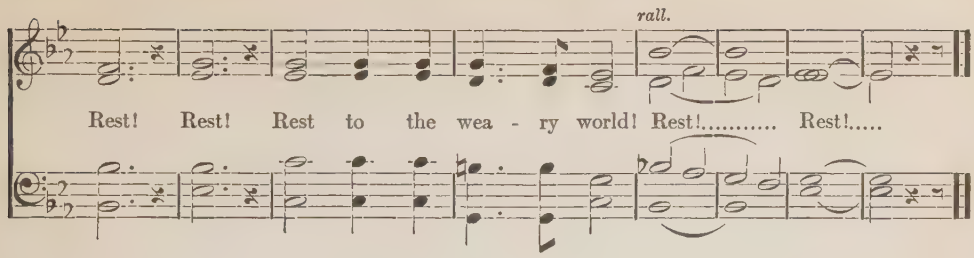
Farewell to the Forest

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

1. O vales with sun-light smil - ing! O leaf - y wood-land shades! What joy when morn is
2. The woods have whisp'ring mu-sic That murmurs in mine ear Kind tho'ts of truth and
The town and all its pleas - ures
'Tis na-ture's truth-ful lan - guage
break-ing, To wan-der 'mid your glades. The town and all..... its pleas - ures
du - ty, My fu - ture life to cheer. 'Tis na-ture's truth - - ful lan - guage
The town and all its pleasures
'Tis na-ture's truth-ful lan-guage
No charms for me dis - close; But 'mid the syl - van for - est My heart finds sweet re-
That breathes in ev'r-y tone; And did we mind the warnings, Pure joy would be our
for - - est, But
warn - - ings, And
My heart finds sweet re - pose.
Pure joy would be our own.
pose, But 'mid the syl - van for - est My heart..... finds sweet re - pose.
own; And did we mind the warn-ings, Pure joy..... would be our own.
'mid the syl - van for - - est My heart finds sweet re - pose.
did we mind the warn - - ings, Pure joy would be our own.

The Hour of Rest

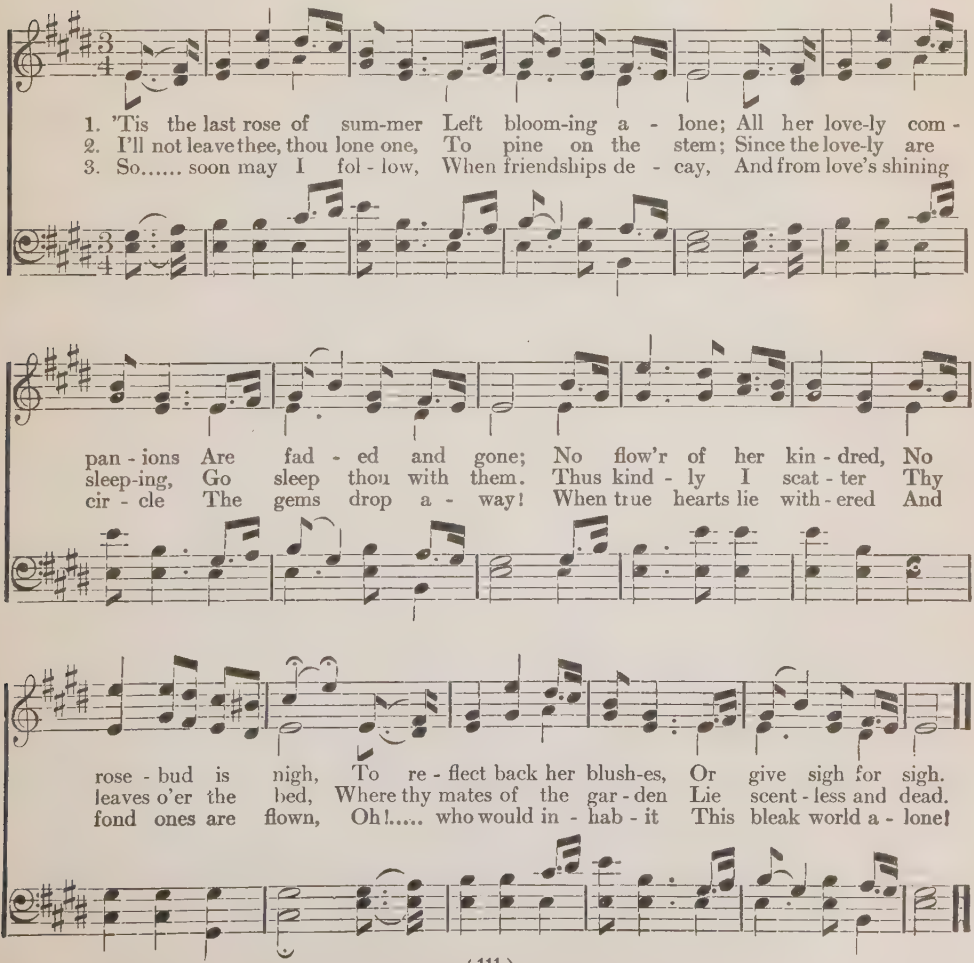
F. E. Weatherly — Joseph L. Roeckel

Cheerfully and placidly
1. At eve, a - lone a - mong the trees, Be - side the stream I pass, I
2. Sleep soon, O world! thy rest is brief, Sink soon, thou west - 'ring beam, The
hear the bird up - on the breeze, The breeze up - on the grass, The
stream is sing - ing to the leaf, The leaf sings to the stream, The
espress.
breeze up - on the grass, What is your song, O breeze? O bird? O
leaf sings to the stream. What is your song, O leaf? O stream? O
cres.
sweet bird, fly - ing to your nest? What is your song? What is your song, O
gray stream, flow - ing to the west? What is your song? What is your song, O
rall.
dim.
Slowly and seriously
sweet bird, fly - ing to your nest?
gray stream, flow - ing to the west?
Rest to the wea - ry world!

The Hour of Rest



The Last Rose of Summer

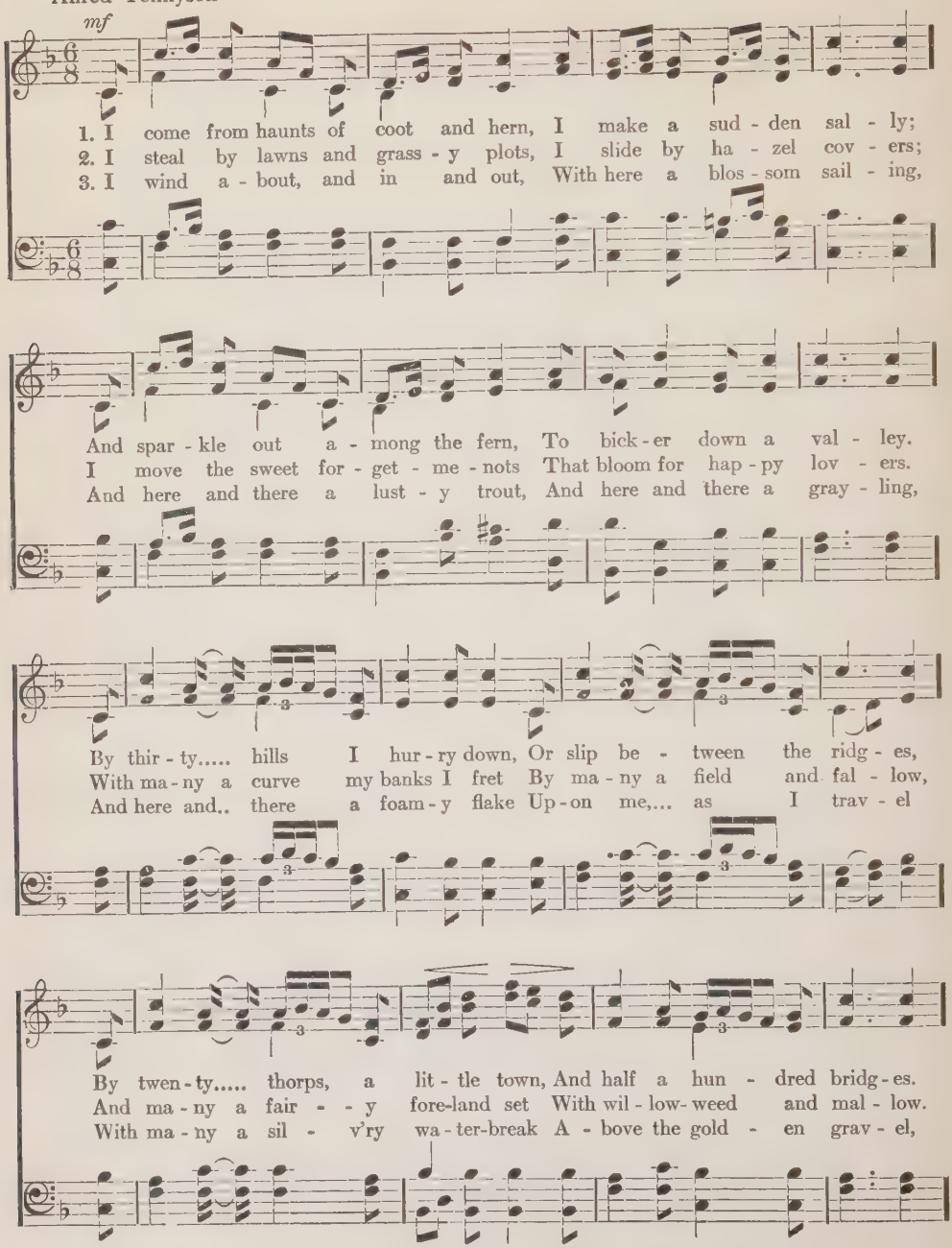
Thomas Moore — Irish Melody


1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer Left bloom-ing a - lone; All her love-ly com -
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the love-ly are
3. So..... soon may I fol - low, When friendships de - cay, And from love's shining
pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone; No flow'r of her kin - dred, No
sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them. Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy
cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie with - ered And
rose - bud is nigh, To re - flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.
leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
fond ones are flown, Oh!..... who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone!

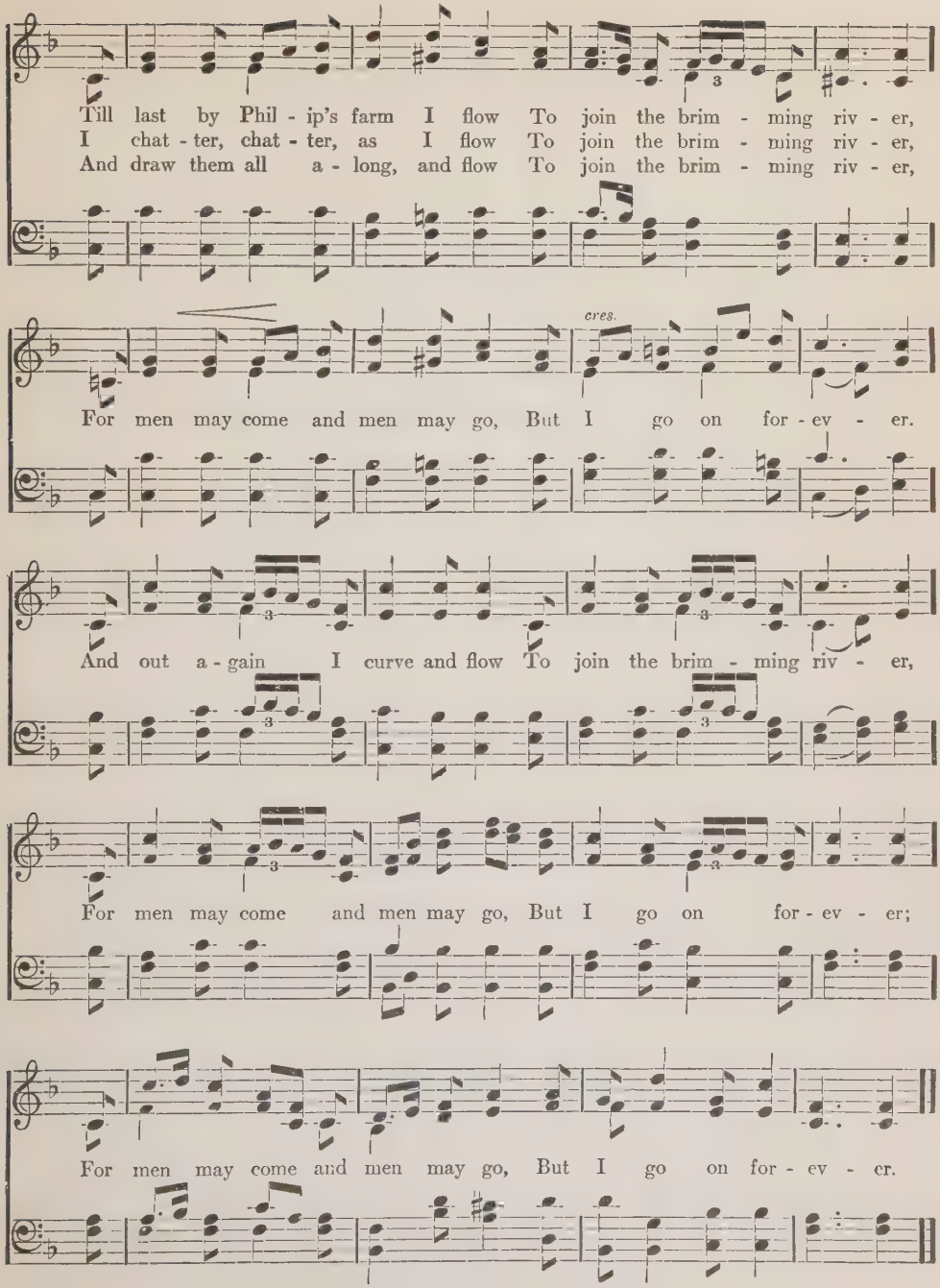
Song of the Brook

Alfred Tennyson

G. D. Wilson

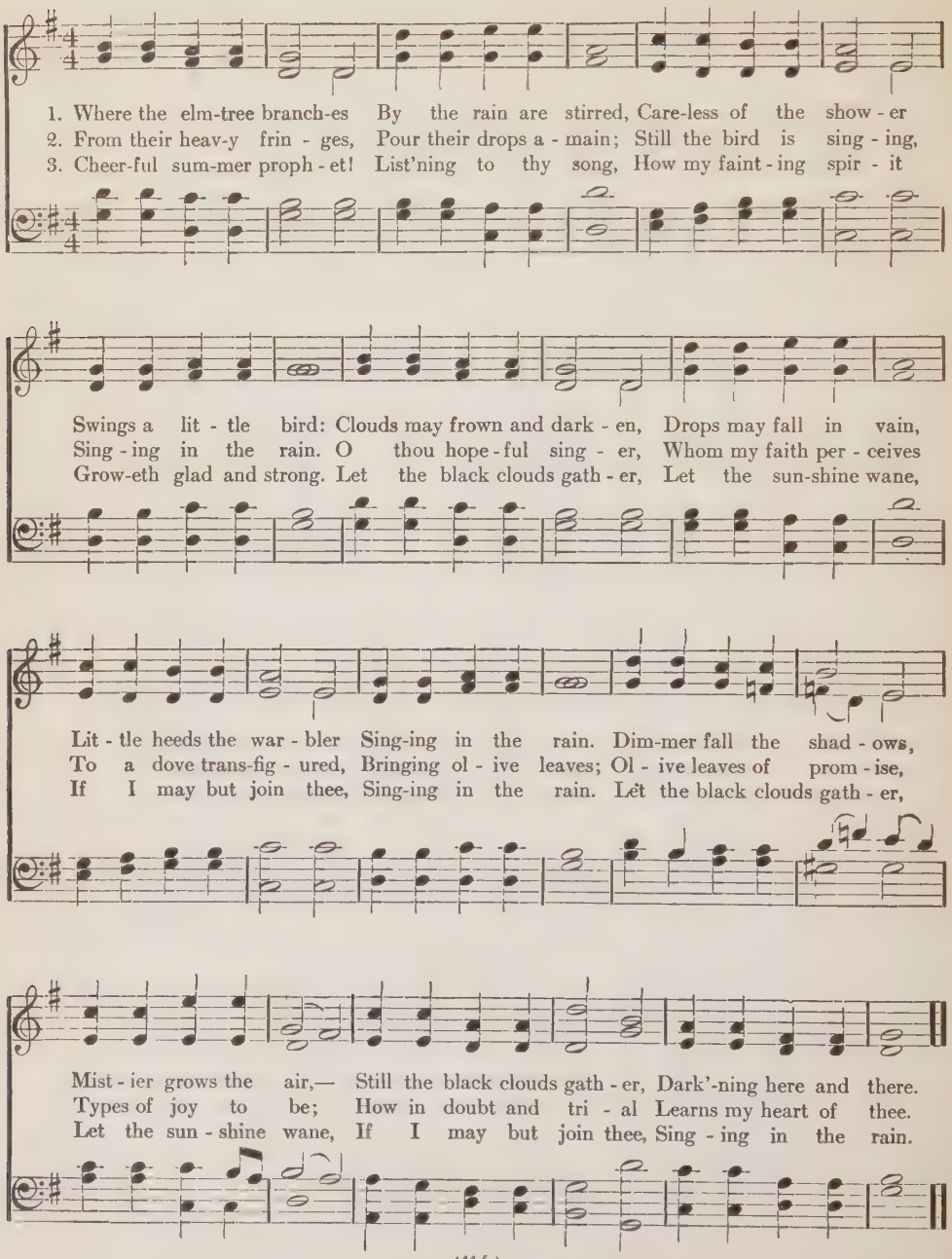

mf
1. I come from haunts of coot and hern, I make a sud - den sal - ly;
2. I steal by lawns and grass - y plots, I slide by ha - zel cov - ers;
3. I wind a - bout, and in and out, With here a blos - som sail - ing,
And spar - kle out a - mong the fern, To bick - er down a val - ley.
I move the sweet for - get - me - nots That bloom for hap - py lov - ers.
And here and there a lust - y trout, And here and there a gray - ling,
By thir - ty..... hills I hur - ry down, Or slip be - tween the ridg - es,
With ma - ny a curve my banks I fret By ma - ny a field and fal - low,
And here and.. there a foam - y flake Up - on me,... as I trav - el
By twen - ty..... thorps, a lit - tle town, And half a hun - dred bridg - es.
And ma - ny a fair - - y fore-land set With wil - low- weed and mal - low.
With ma - ny a sil - v'ry wa - ter-break A - bove the gold - en grav - el,

Song of the Brook


Till last by Phil - ip's farm I flow To join the brim - ming riv - er,
I chat - ter, chat - ter, as I flow To join the brim - ming riv - er,
And draw them all a - long, and flow To join the brim - ming riv - er,
cres.
For men may come and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er.
And out a - gain I curve and flow To join the brim - ming riv - er,
For men may come and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er;
For men may come and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er.

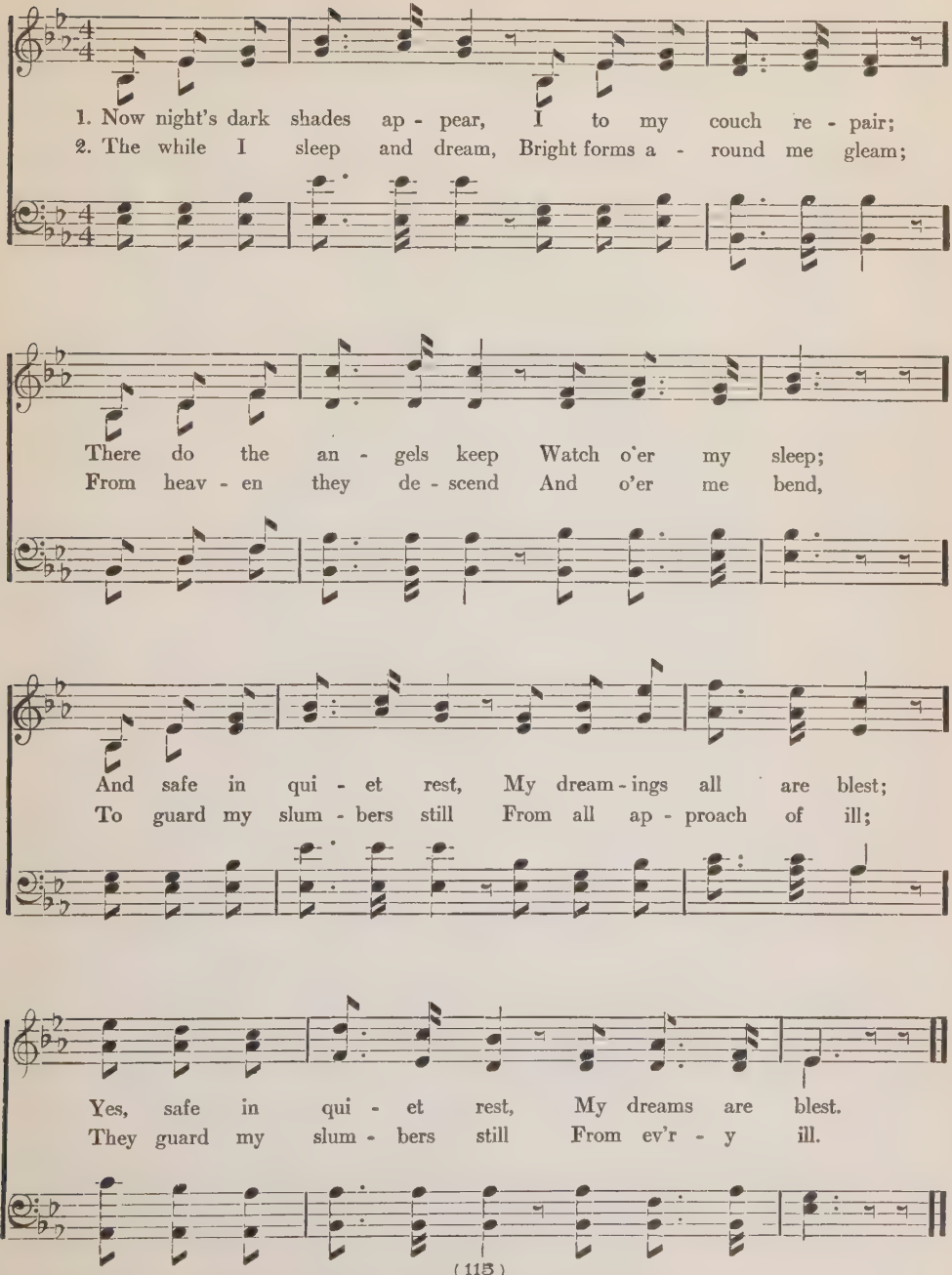
Singing in the Rain

Elizabeth Akers Allen — Franz Joseph Haydn

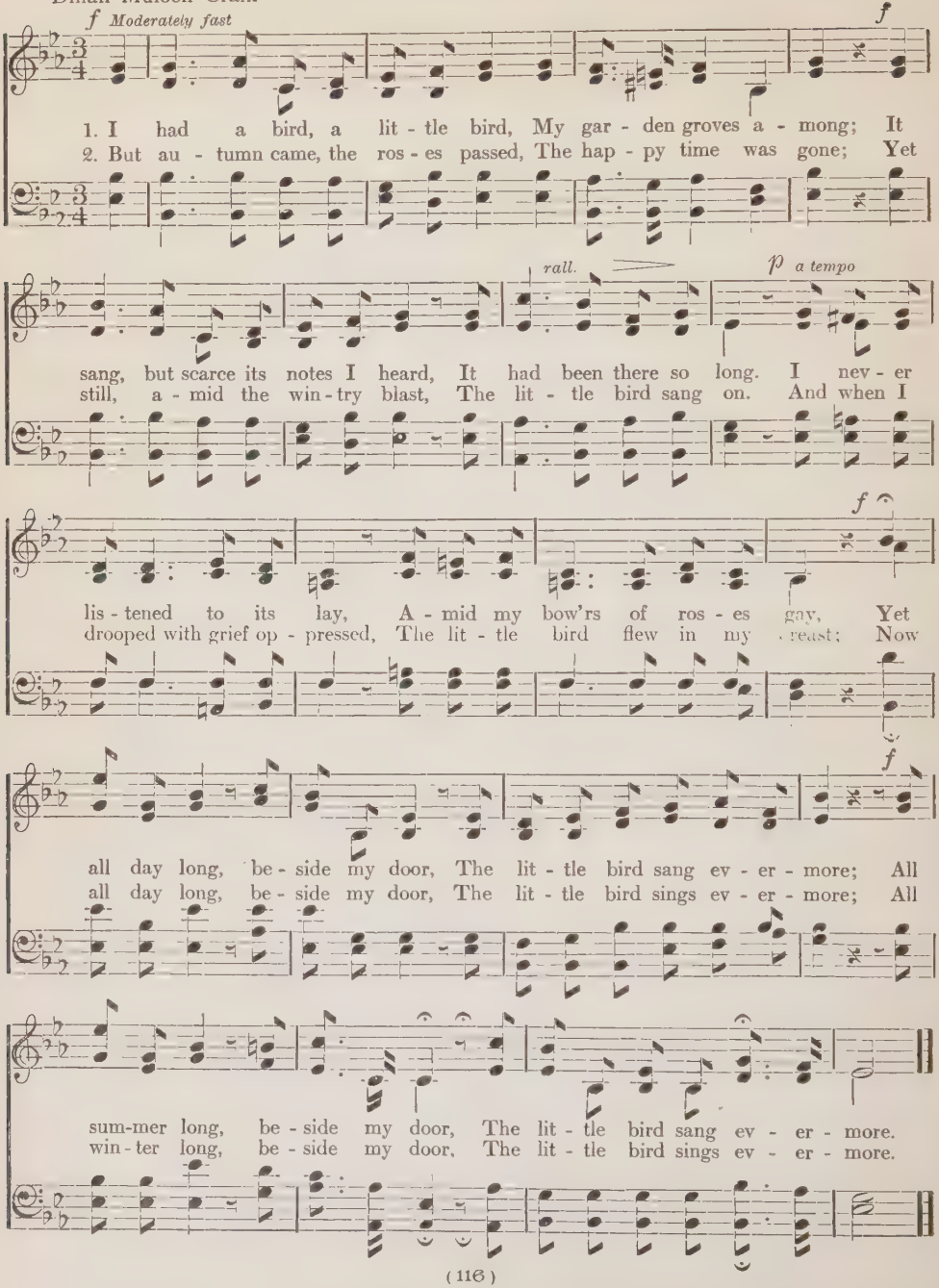

1. Where the elm-tree branch-es By the rain are stirred, Care-less of the show - er
2. From their heav-y frin - ges, Pour their drops a - main; Still the bird is sing - ing,
3. Cheer-ful sum-mer proph - et! List'ning to thy song, How my faint - ing spir - it
Swings a lit - tle bird: Clouds may frown and dark - en, Drops may fall in vain,
Sing - ing in the rain. O thou hope - ful sing - er, Whom my faith per - ceives
Grow-eth glad and strong. Let the black clouds gath - er, Let the sun-shine wane,
Lit - tle heeds the war - bler Sing-ing in the rain. Dim-mer fall the shad - ows,
To a dove trans-fig - ured, Bringing ol - ive leaves; Ol - ive leaves of prom - ise,
If I may but join thee, Sing-ing in the rain. Let the black clouds gath - er,
Mist - ier grows the air,— Still the black clouds gath - er, Dark'-ning here and there.
Types of joy to be; How in doubt and tri - al Learns my heart of thee.
Let the sun - shine wane, If I may but join thee, Sing - ing in the rain.

A Song of Night

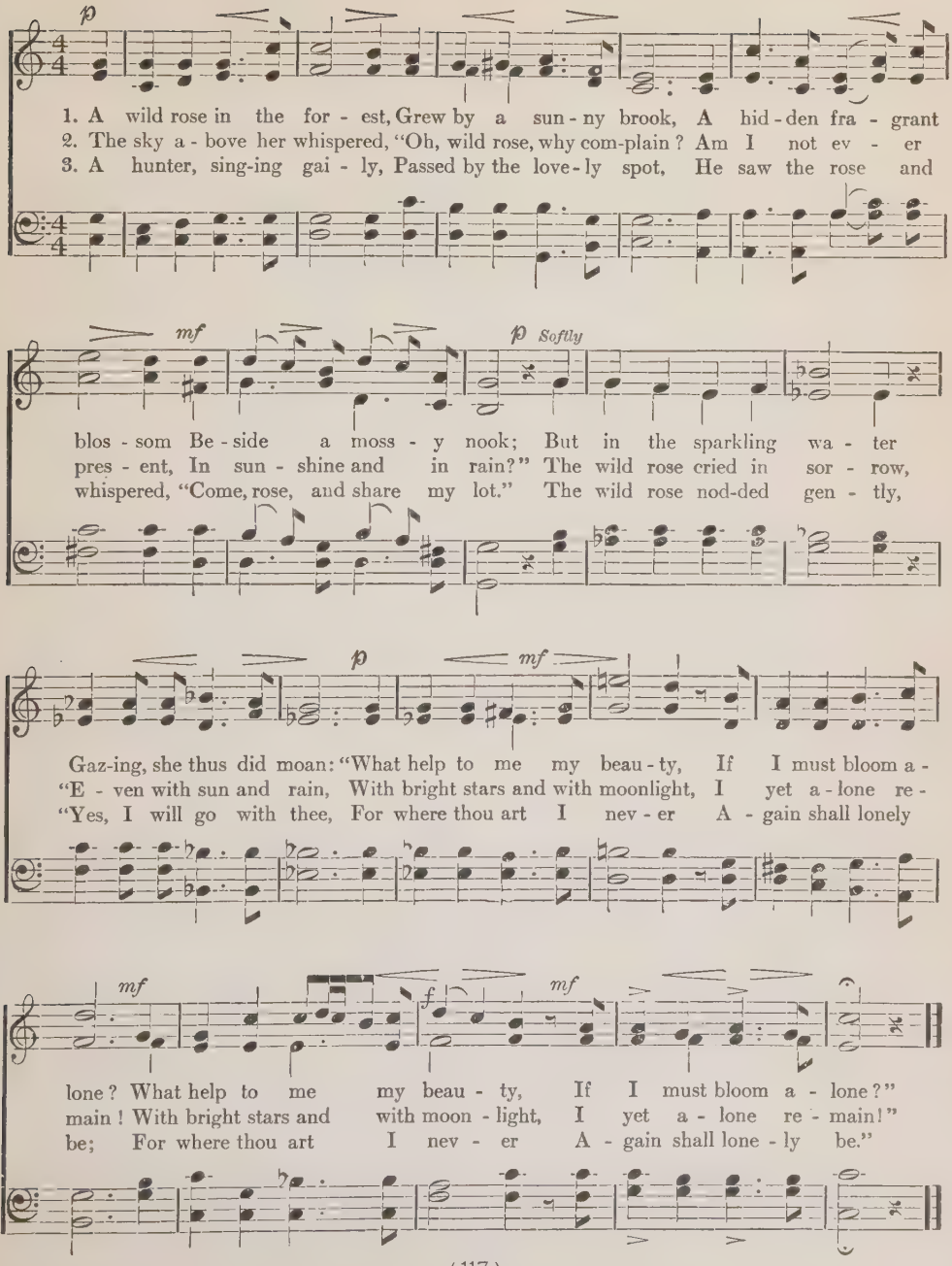
German Folksong


1. Now night's dark shades ap - pear, I to my couch re - pair;
2. The while I sleep and dream, Bright forms a - round me gleam;
There do the an - gels keep Watch o'er my sleep;
From heav - en they de - scend And o'er me bend,
And safe in qui - et rest, My dream - ings all are blest;
To guard my slum - bers still From all ap - proach of ill;
Yes, safe in qui - et rest, My dreams are blest.
They guard my slum - bers still From ev'r - y ill.

The Faithful Little Bird

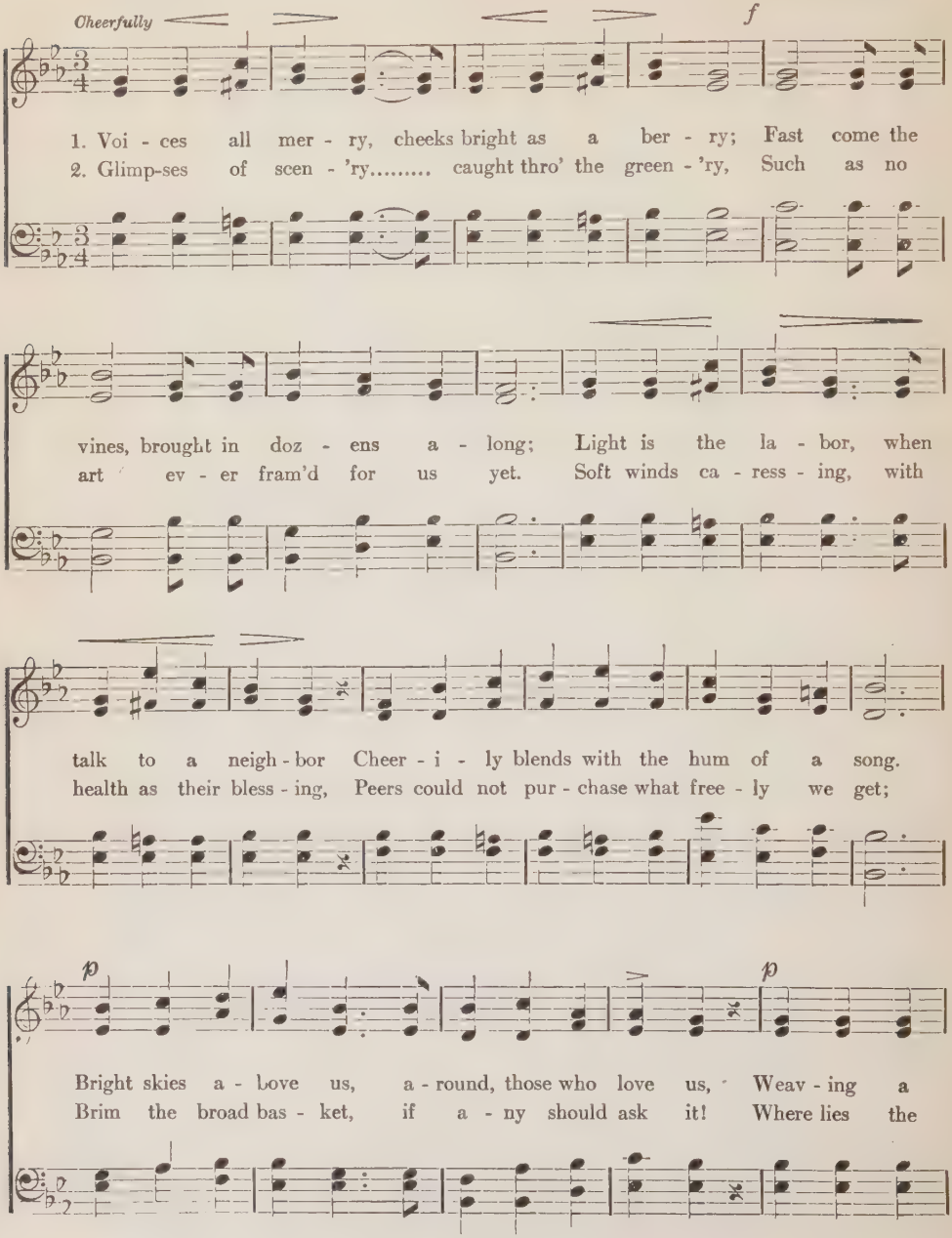
Dinah Muloch Craik

f Moderately fast
1. I had a bird, a lit - tle bird, My gar - den groves a - mong; It
2. But au - tumn came, the ros - es passed, The hap - py time was gone; Yet
rall.
p a tempo
sang, but scarce its notes I heard, It had been there so long. I nev - er
still, a - mid the win - try blast, The lit - tle bird sang on. And when I
lis - tened to its lay, A - mid my bow'rs of ros - es gay, Yet
drooped with grief op - pressed, The lit - tle bird flew in my breast; Now
all day long, be - side my door, The lit - tle bird sang ev - er - more; All
all day long, be - side my door, The lit - tle bird sings ev - er - more; All
sum - mer long, be - side my door, The lit - tle bird sang ev - er - more.
win - ter long, be - side my door, The lit - tle bird sings ev - er - more.

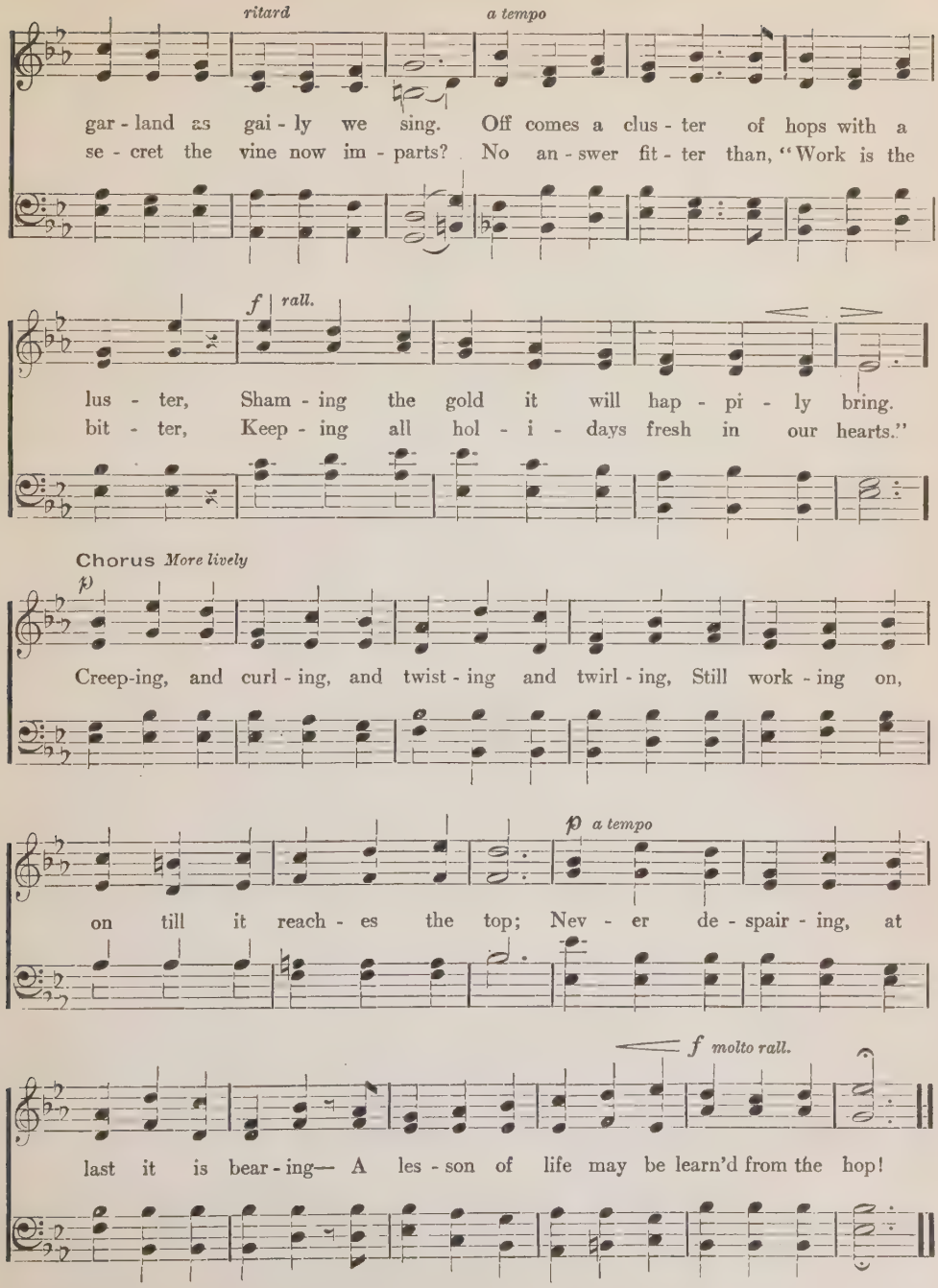
The Rose

Karl Eckert

p
1. A wild rose in the for - est, Grew by a sun - ny brook, A hid - den fra - grant
2. The sky a - bove her whispered, "Oh, wild rose, why com-plain? Am I not ev - er
3. A hunter, sing-ing gai - ly, Passed by the love - ly spot, He saw the rose and
mf
p Softly
blos - som Be - side a moss - y nook; But in the sparkling wa - ter
pres - ent, In sun - shine and in rain?" The wild rose cried in sor - row,
whispered, "Come, rose, and share my lot." The wild rose nod-ded gen - tly,
p
mf
Gaz-ing, she thus did moan: "What help to me my beau - ty, If I must bloom a -
"E - ven with sun and rain, With bright stars and with moonlight, I yet a - lone re -
"Yes, I will go with thee, For where thou art I nev - er A - gain shall lonely
mf
f
mf
lone? What help to me my beau - ty, If I must bloom a - lone?"
main! With bright stars and with moon - light, I yet a - lone re - main!"
be; For where thou art I nev - er A - gain shall lone - ly be."

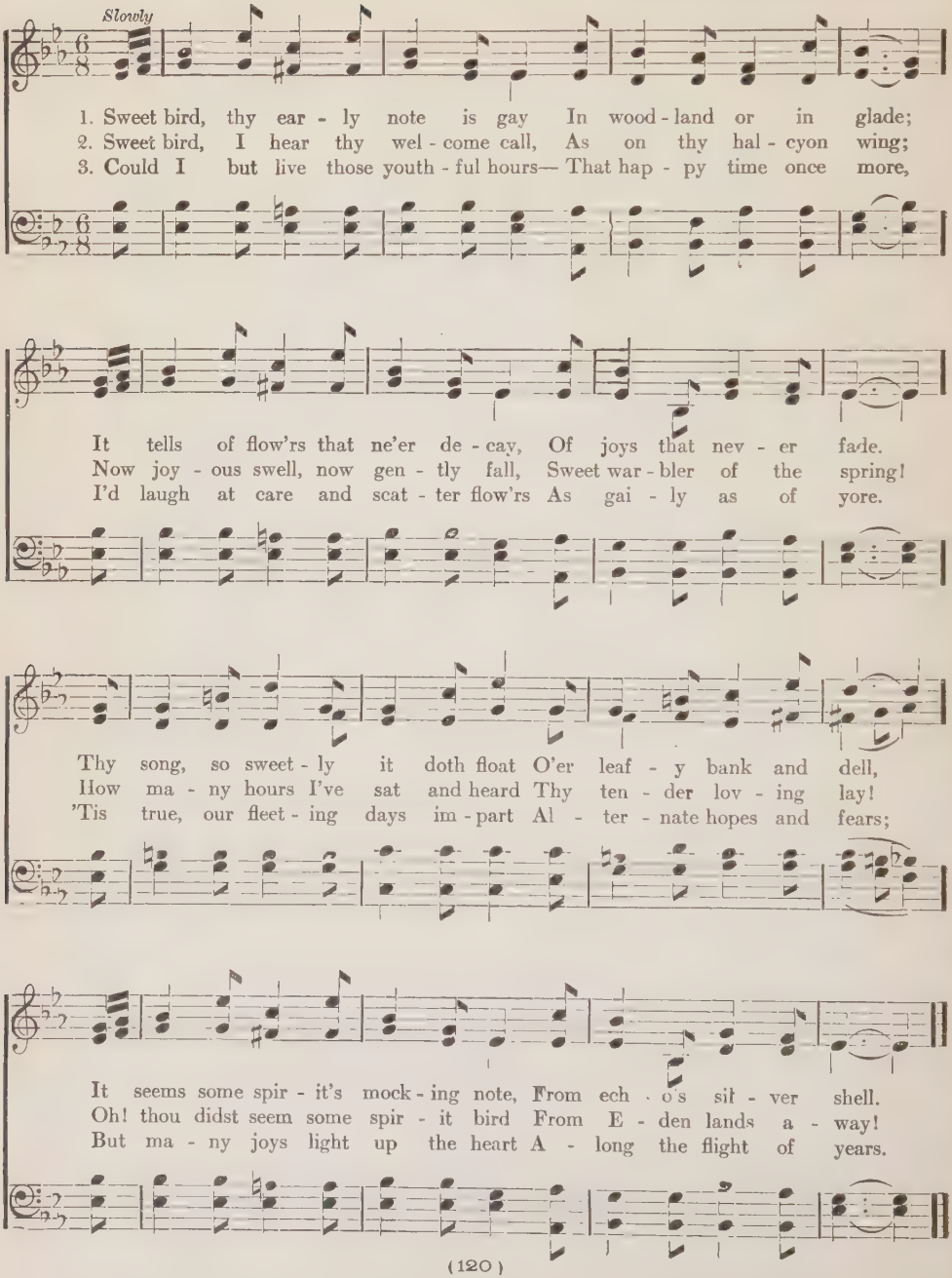
Song of the Hop-pickers

E. L. Blanchard

Elizabeth Philp

Cheerfully
f
1. Voi - ces all mer - ry, cheeks bright as a ber - ry; Fast come the
2. Glimp-ses of scen - 'ry..... caught thro' the green - 'ry, Such as no
vines, brought in doz - ens a - long; Light is the la - bor, when
art ev - er fram'd for us yet. Soft winds ca - ress - ing, with
talk to a neigh - bor Cheer - i - ly blends with the hum of a song.
health as their bless - ing, Peers could not pur - chase what free - ly we get;
p
p
Bright skies a - bove us, a - round, those who love us, Weav - ing a
Brim the broad bas - ket, if a - ny should ask it! Where lies the

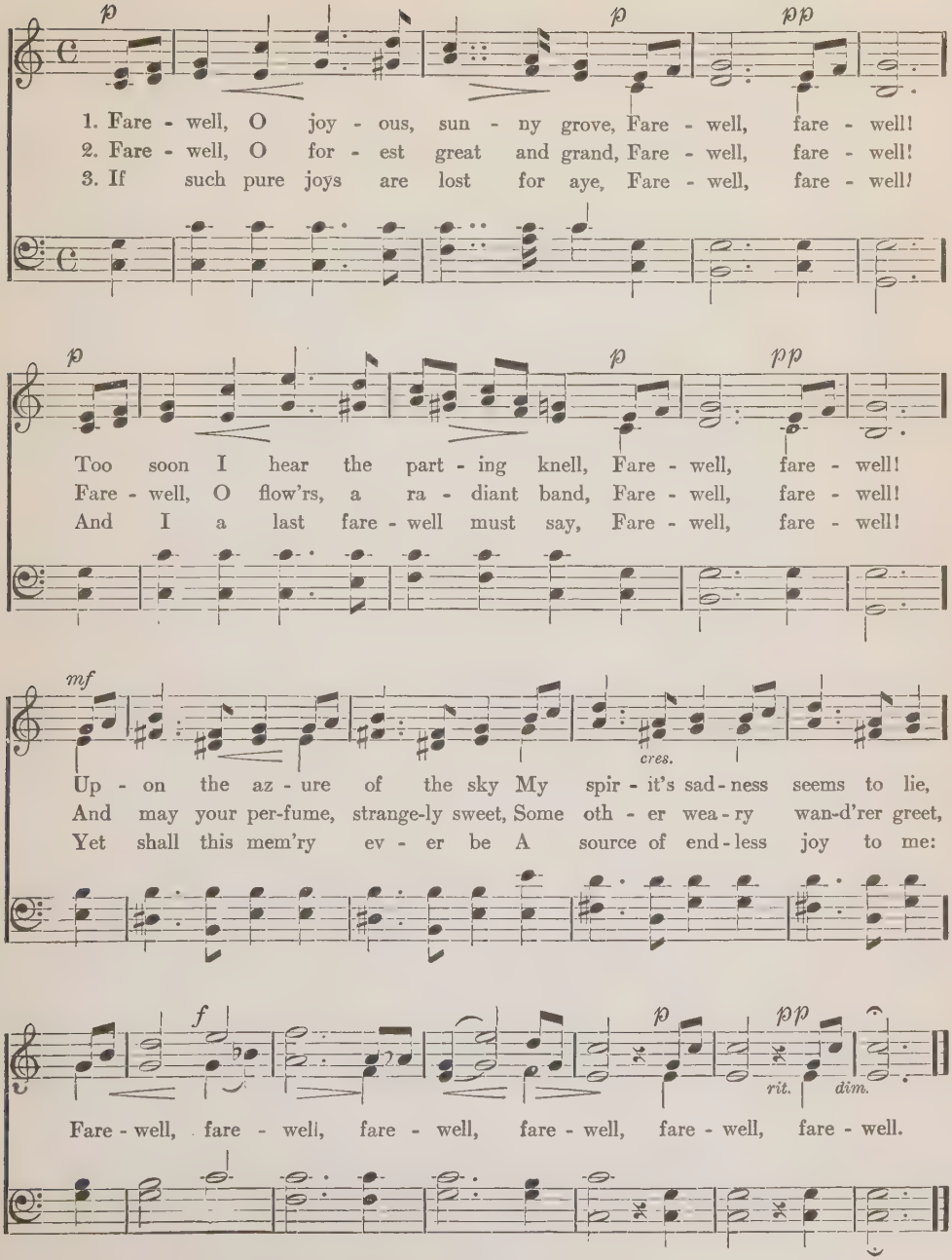
Song of the Hop-pickers

ritard
a tempo
gar - land as gai - ly we sing. Off comes a clus - ter of hops with a
se - cret the vine now im - parts? No an - swer fit - ter than, "Work is the
f rall.
lus - ter, Sham - ing the gold it will hap - pi - ly bring.
bit - ter, Keep - ing all hol - i - days fresh in our hearts."
Chorus More lively
p
Creep-ing, and curl - ing, and twist - ing and twirl - ing, Still work - ing on,
p a tempo
on till it reach - es the top; Nev - er de - spair - ing, at
f molto rall.
last it is bear - ing— A les - son of life may be learn'd from the hop!

The Bluebird

Charles Auguste de Bériot

Slowly
1. Sweet bird, thy ear - ly note is gay In wood - land or in glade;
2. Sweet bird, I hear thy wel - come call, As on thy hal - cyon wing;
3. Could I but live those youth - ful hours— That hap - py time once more,
It tells of flow'rs that ne'er de - cay, Of joys that nev - er fade.
Now joy - ous swell, now gen - tly fall, Sweet war - bler of the spring!
I'd laugh at care and scat - ter flow'rs As gai - ly as of yore.
Thy song, so sweet - ly it doth float O'er leaf - y bank and dell,
How ma - ny hours I've sat and heard Thy ten - der lov - ing lay!
'Tis true, our fleet - ing days im - part Al - ter - nate hopes and fears;
It seems some spir - it's mock - ing note, From ech - o's sil - ver shell.
Oh! thou didst seem some spir - it bird From E - den lands a - way!
But ma - ny joys light up the heart A - long the flight of years.

Farewell, O Joyous, Sunny Grove

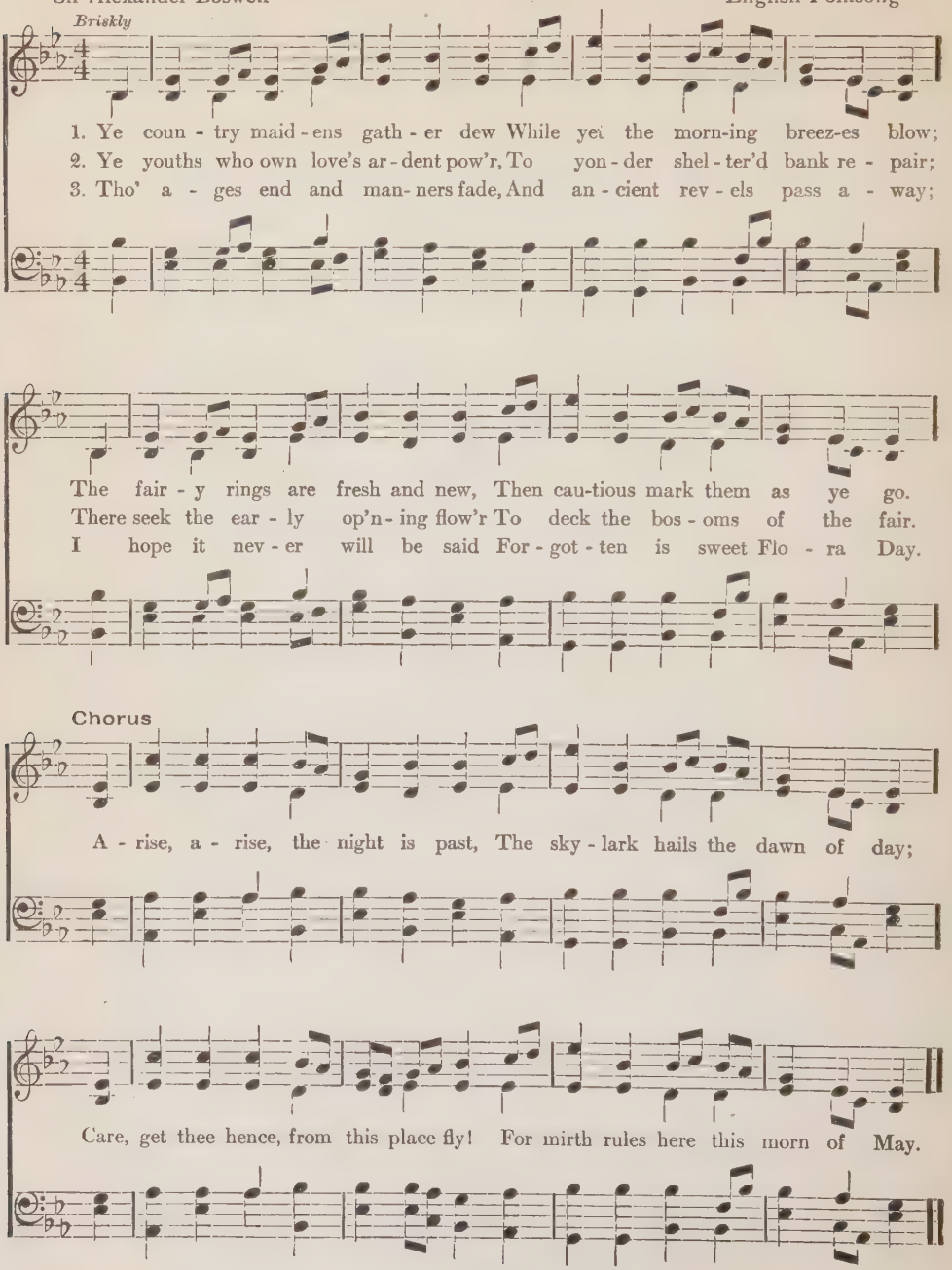
Heinrich Esser


p
p
pp
1. Fare - well, O joy - ous, sun - ny grove, Fare - well, fare - well!
2. Fare - well, O for - est great and grand, Fare - well, fare - well!
3. If such pure joys are lost for aye, Fare - well, fare - well!
p
p
pp
Too soon I hear the part - ing knell, Fare - well, fare - well!
Fare - well, O flow'rs, a ra - diant band, Fare - well, fare - well!
And I a last fare - well must say, Fare - well, fare - well!
mf
cres.
Up - on the az - ure of the sky My spir - it's sad - ness seems to lie,
And may your per-fume, strange-ly sweet, Some oth - er wea - ry wan-d'rer greet,
Yet shall this mem'ry ev - er be A source of end - less joy to me:
f
p
pp
rit.
dim.
Fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well.

Cornish May Song

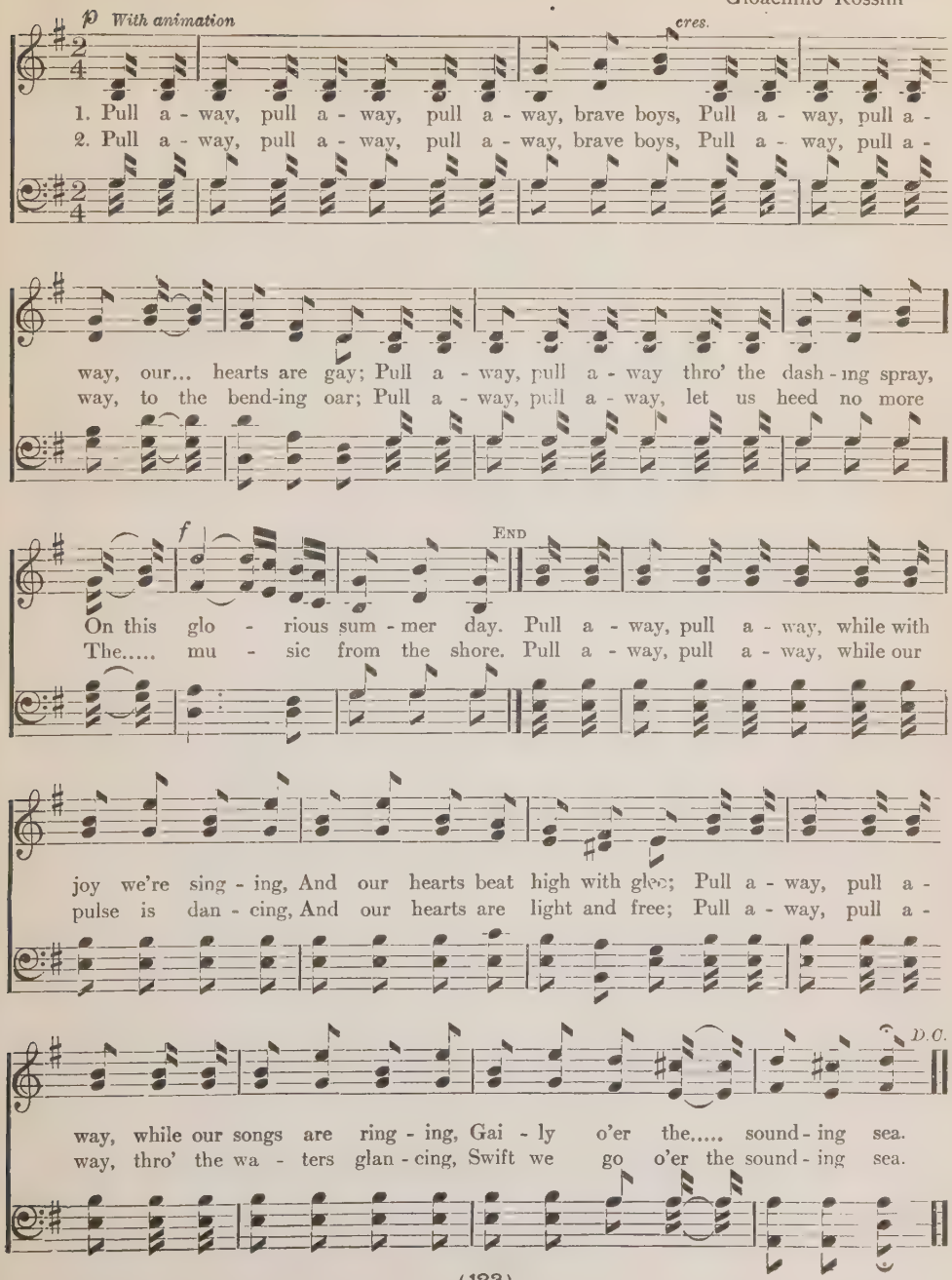
Sir Alexander Boswell — English Folksong

Briskly


1. Ye coun - try maid - ens gath - er dew While yet the morn-ing breez-es blow;
2. Ye youths who own love's ar - dent pow'r, To yon - der shel - ter'd bank re - pair;
3. Tho' a - ges end and man - ners fade, And an - cient rev - els pass a - way;
The fair - y rings are fresh and new, Then cau-tious mark them as ye go.
There seek the ear - ly op'n - ing flow'r To deck the bos - oms of the fair.
I hope it nev - er will be said For - got - ten is sweet Flo - ra Day.
Chorus
A - rise, a - rise, the night is past, The sky - lark hails the dawn of day;
Care, get thee hence, from this place fly! For mirth rules here this morn of May.

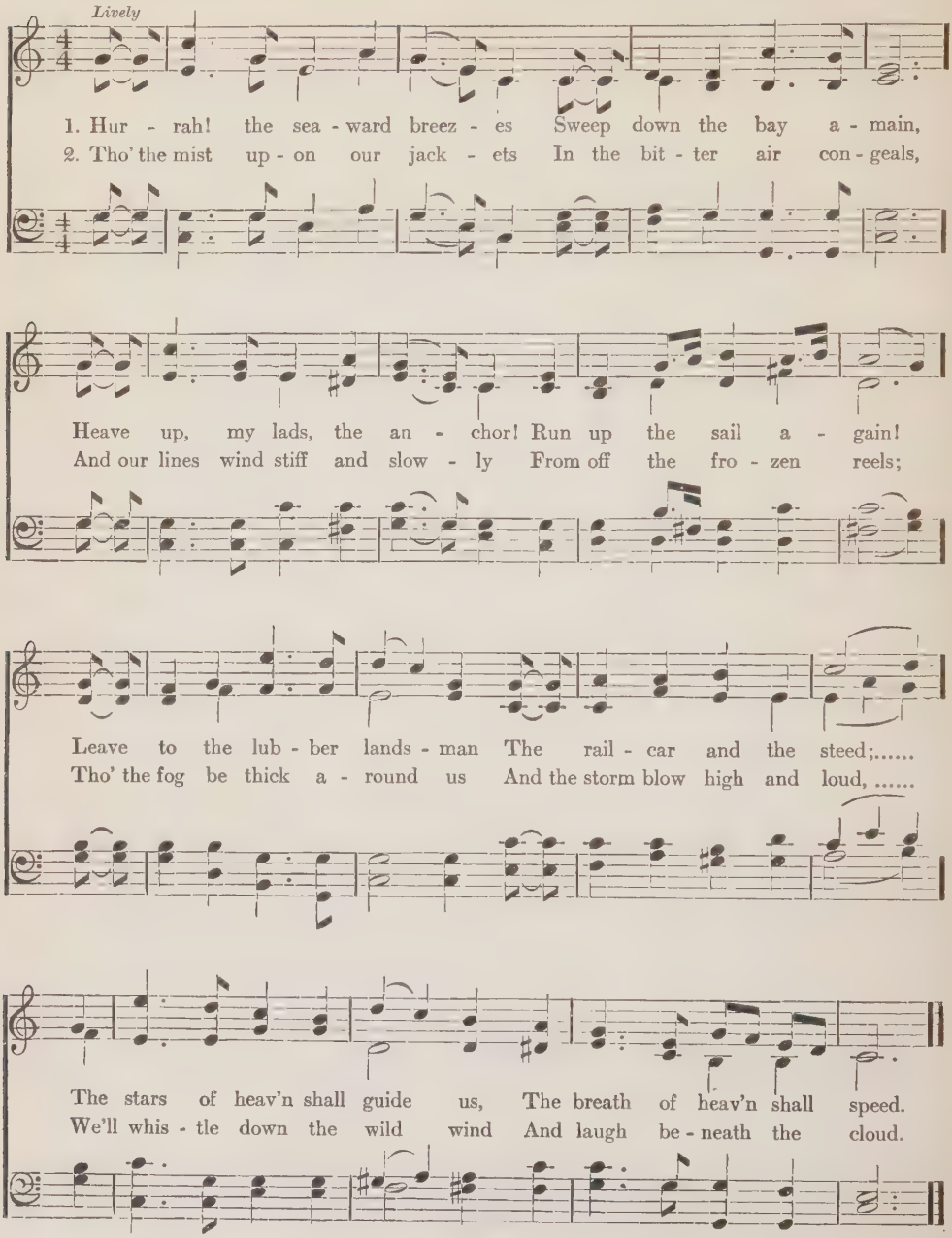
Pull Away, Brave Boys

Gioachino Rossini


p With animation
cres.
1. Pull a - way, pull a - way, pull a - way, brave boys, Pull a - way, pull a -
2. Pull a - way, pull a - way, pull a - way, brave boys, Pull a - way, pull a -
way, our... hearts are gay; Pull a - way, pull a - way thro' the dash - ing spray,
way, to the bend-ing oar; Pull a - way, pull a - way, let us heed no more
f
End
On this glo - rious sum - mer day. Pull a - way, pull a - way, while with
The..... mu - sic from the shore. Pull a - way, pull a - way, while our
joy we're sing - ing, And our hearts beat high with glee; Pull a - way, pull a -
pulse is dan - cing, And our hearts are light and free; Pull a - way, pull a -
D.C.
way, while our songs are ring - ing, Gai - ly o'er the..... sound - ing sea.
way, thro' the wa - ters glan - cing, Swift we go o'er the sound - ing sea.

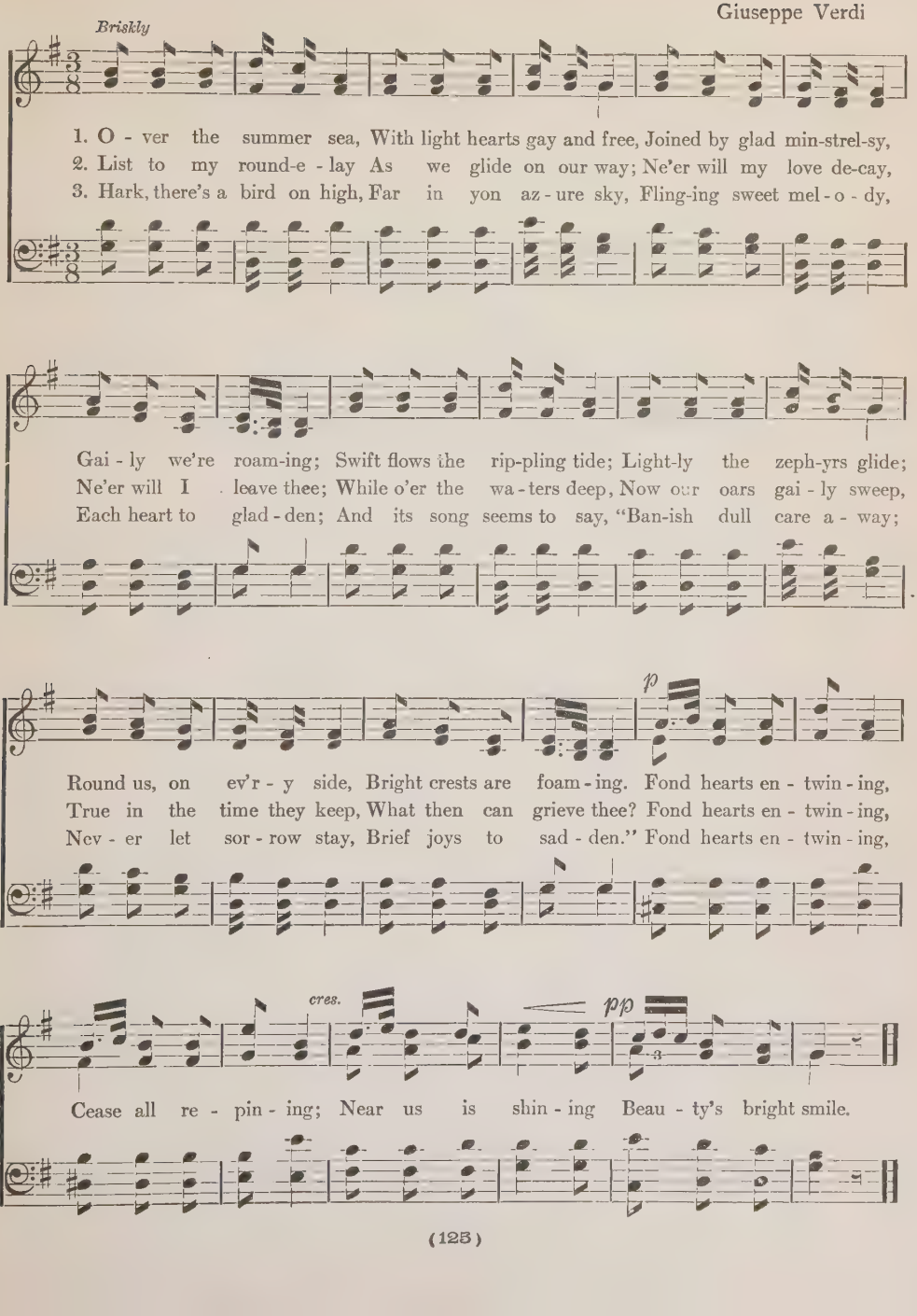
The Fishermen

John Greenleaf Whittier — Hermann Gilbert


Lively
1. Hur - rah! the sea - ward breez - es Sweep down the bay a - main,
2. Tho' the mist up - on our jack - ets In the bit - ter air con - geals,
Heave up, my lads, the an - chor! Run up the sail a - gain!
And our lines wind stiff and slow - ly From off the fro - zen reels;
Leave to the lub - ber lands - man The rail - car and the steed;.....
Tho' the fog be thick a - round us And the storm blow high and loud, ...
The stars of heav'n shall guide us, The breath of heav'n shall speed.
We'll whis - tle down the wild wind And laugh be - neath the cloud.

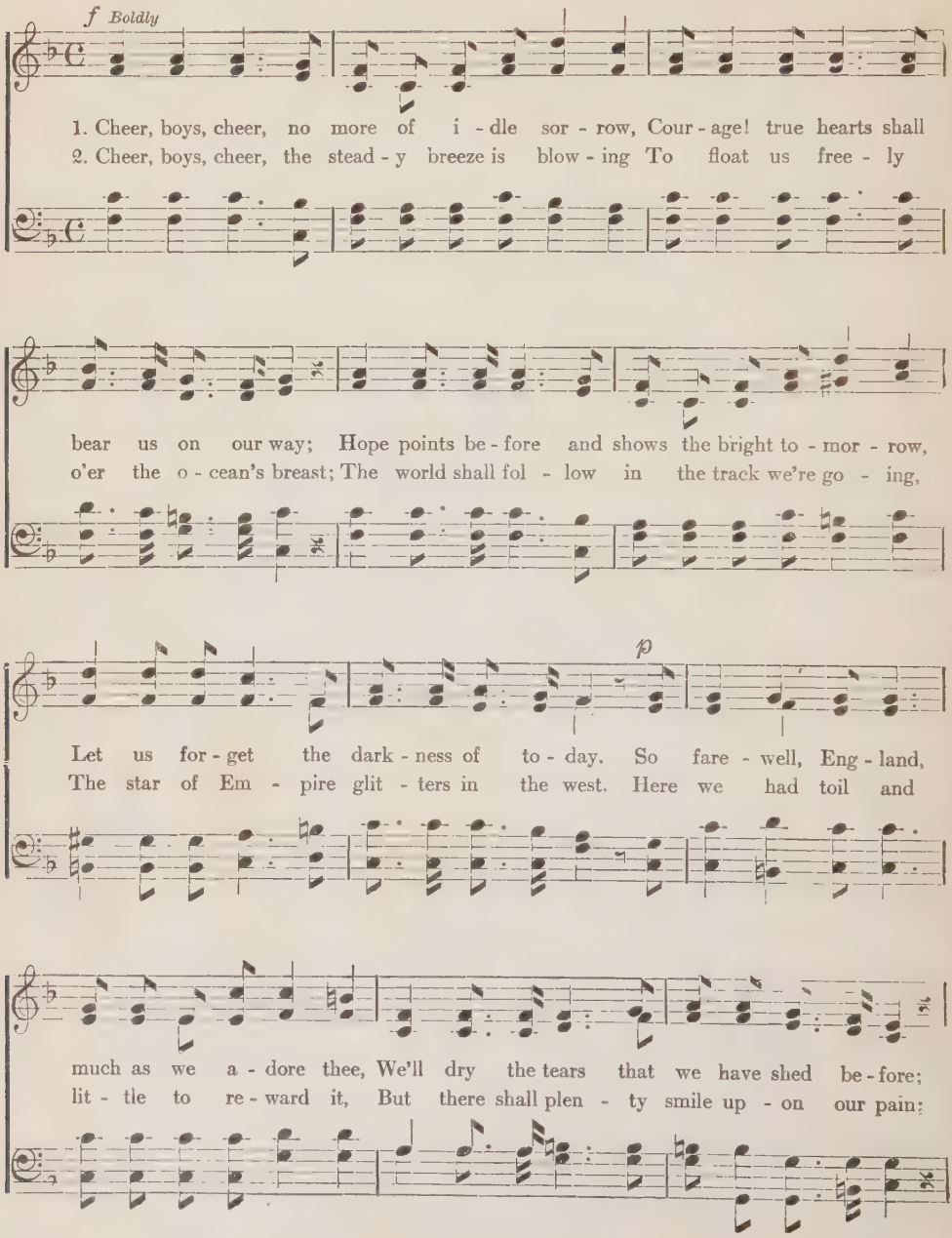
Over the Summer Sea

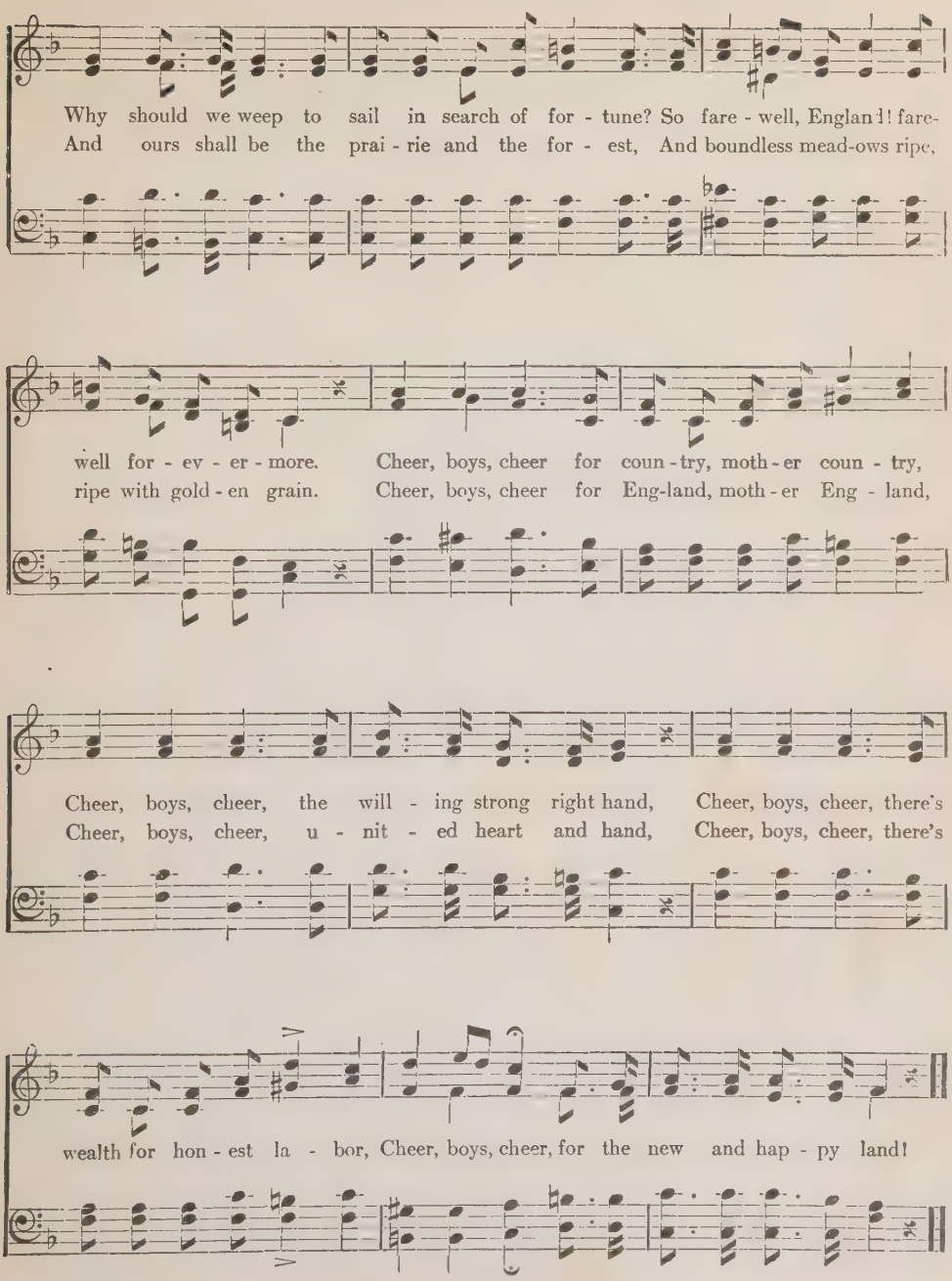
Giuseppe Verdi


Briskly
1. O - ver the summer sea, With light hearts gay and free, Joined by glad min-strel-sy,
2. List to my round-e - lay As we glide on our way; Ne'er will my love de-cay,
3. Hark, there's a bird on high, Far in yon az - ure sky, Fling-ing sweet mel - o - dy,
Gai - ly we're roam-ing; Swift flows the rip-pling tide; Light-ly the zeph-yrs glide;
Ne'er will I leave thee; While o'er the wa - ters deep, Now our oars gai - ly sweep,
Each heart to glad - den; And its song seems to say, "Ban-ish dull care a - way;
p
Round us, on ev'r - y side, Bright crests are foam - ing. Fond hearts en - twin - ing,
True in the time they keep, What then can grieve thee? Fond hearts en - twin - ing,
Nev - er let sor - row stay, Brief joys to sad - den." Fond hearts en - twin - ing,
cres.
pp
Cease all re - pin - ing; Near us is shin - ing Beau - ty's bright smile.

Cheer, Boys, Cheer

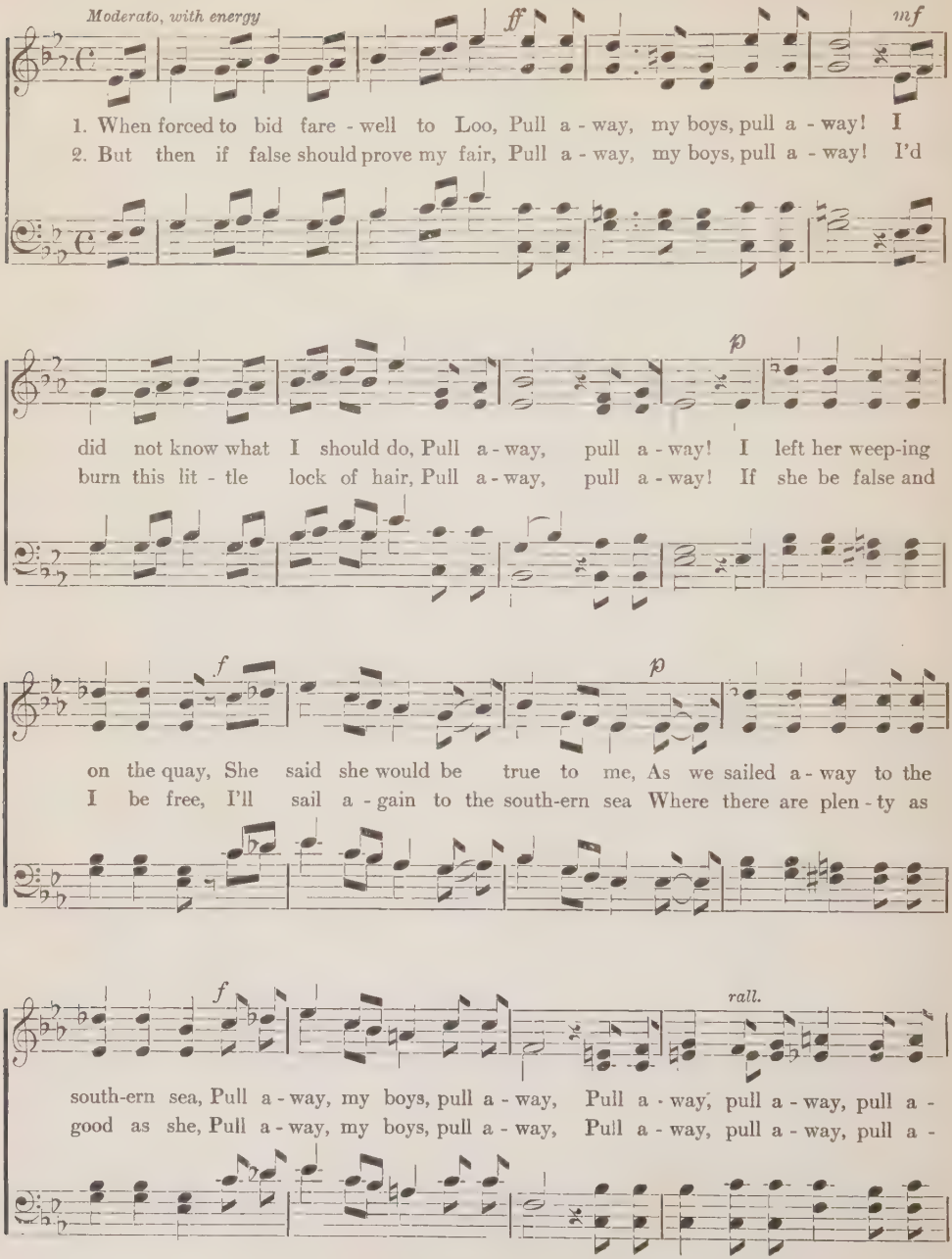
Charles Mackay — Henry Russell


f Boldly
1. Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of i - dle sor - row, Cour - age! true hearts shall
2. Cheer, boys, cheer, the stead - y breeze is blow - ing To float us free - ly
bear us on our way; Hope points be - fore and shows the bright to - mor - row,
o'er the o - cean's breast; The world shall fol - low in the track we're go - ing,
p
Let us for - get the dark - ness of to - day. So fare - well, Eng - land,
The star of Em - pire glit - ters in the west. Here we had toil and
much as we a - dore thee, We'll dry the tears that we have shed be - fore;
lit - tle to re - ward it, But there shall plen - ty smile up - on our pain;

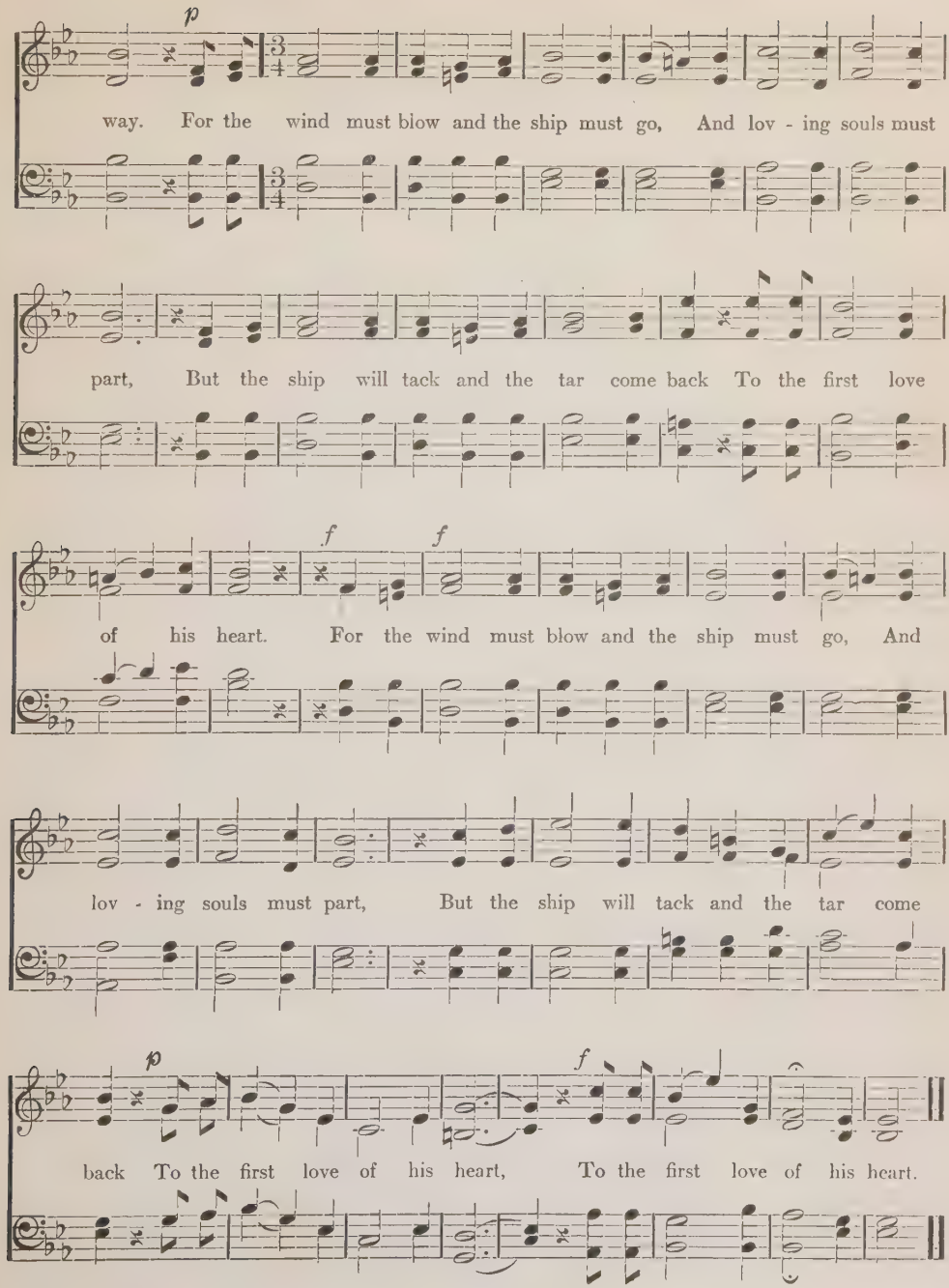
Cheer, Boys, Cheer

Why should we weep to sail in search of for - tune? So fare - well, England! fare-
And ours shall be the prai - rie and the for - est, And boundless mead-ows ripe,
well for - ev - er - more. Cheer, boys, cheer for coun - try, moth - er coun - try,
ripe with gold - en grain. Cheer, boys, cheer for Eng-land, moth - er Eng - land,
Cheer, boys, cheer, the will - ing strong right hand, Cheer, boys, cheer, there's
Cheer, boys, cheer, u - nit - ed heart and hand, Cheer, boys, cheer, there's
wealth for hon - est la - bor, Cheer, boys, cheer, for the new and hap - py land!

The Tar's Farewell

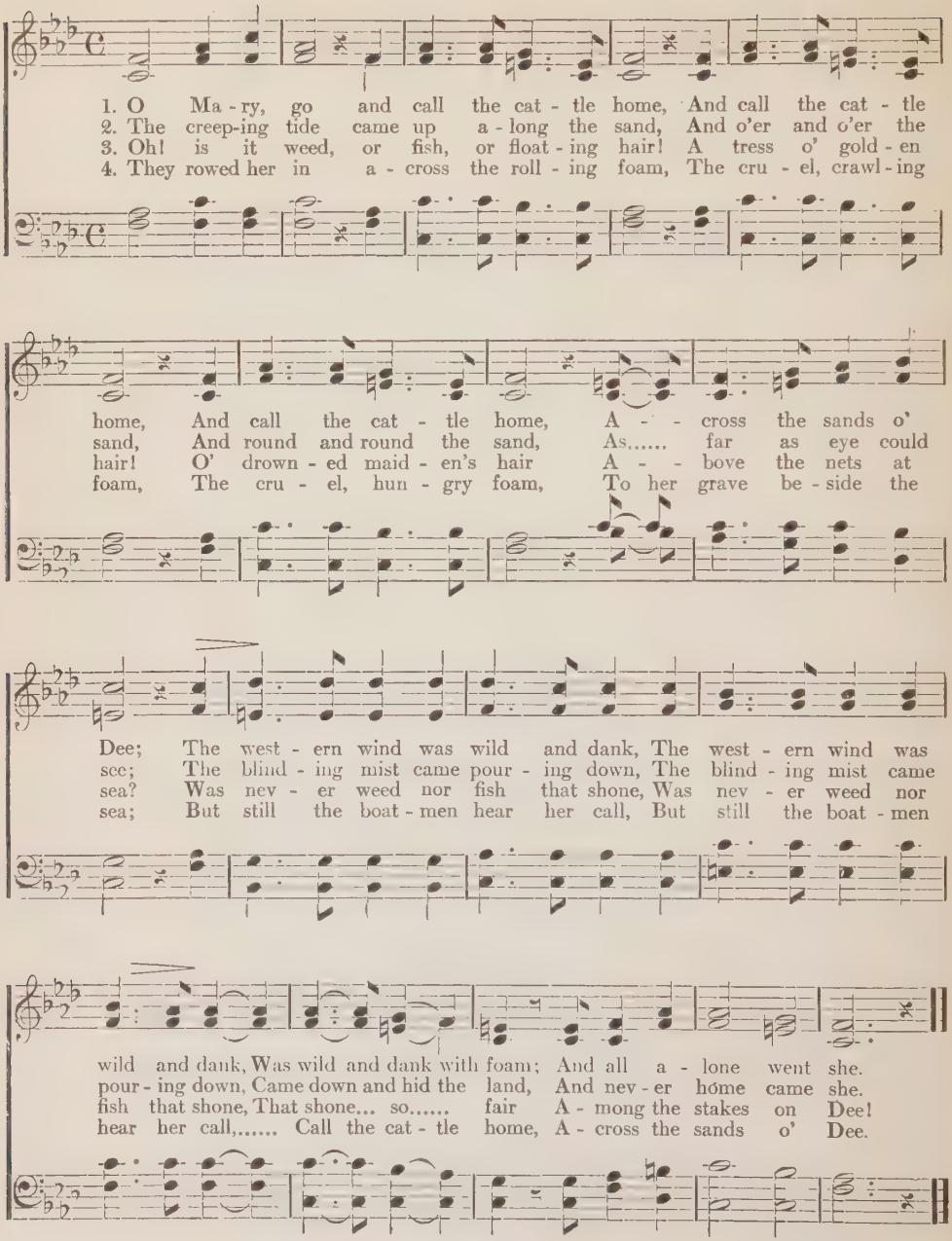
F. C. Barnard — Stephen Adams


Moderato, with energy
ff
mf
1. When forced to bid fare - well to Loo, Pull a - way, my boys, pull a - way! I
2. But then if false should prove my fair, Pull a - way, my boys, pull a - way! I'd
p
did not know what I should do, Pull a - way, pull a - way! I left her weep-ing
burn this lit - tle lock of hair, Pull a - way, pull a - way! If she be false and
f
p
on the quay, She said she would be true to me, As we sailed a - way to the
I be free, I'll sail a - gain to the south-ern sea Where there are plen - ty as
f
rall.
south-ern sea, Pull a - way, my boys, pull a - way, Pull a - way, pull a - way, pull a -
good as she, Pull a - way, my boys, pull a - way, Pull a - way, pull a - way, pull a -

The Tar's Farewell

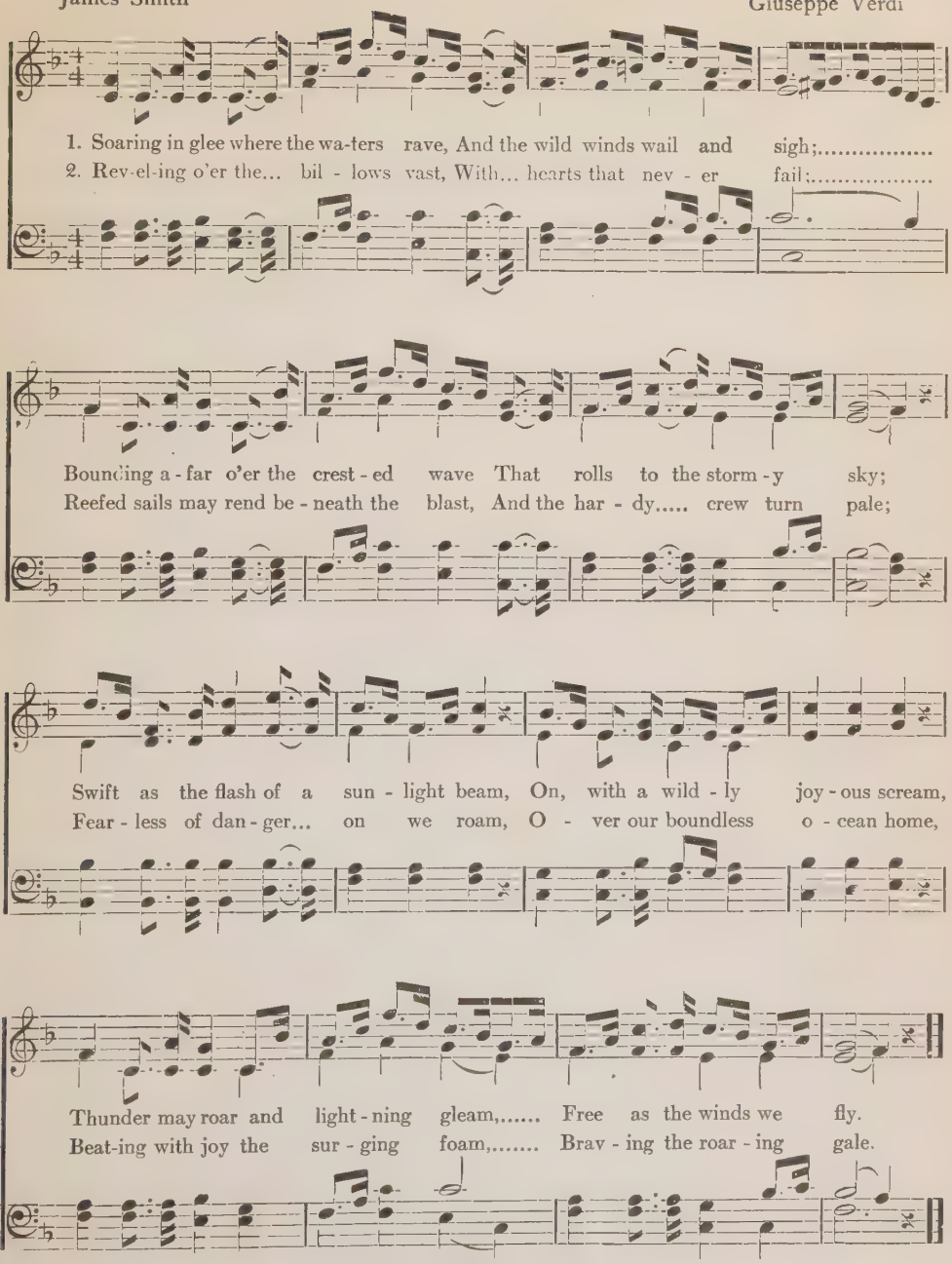

p
way. For the wind must blow and the ship must go, And lov - ing souls must
part, But the ship will tack and the tar come back To the first love
f
f
of his heart. For the wind must blow and the ship must go, And
lov - ing souls must part, But the ship will tack and the tar come
p
f
back To the first love of his heart, To the first love of his heart.

The Sands o' Dee

Charles Kingsley — Francis Boott

1. O Ma - ry, go and call the cat - tle home, And call the cat - tle
2. The creep-ing tide came up a - long the sand, And o'er and o'er the
3. Oh! is it weed, or fish, or float - ing hair! A tress o' gold - en
4. They rowed her in a - cross the roll - ing foam, The cru - el, crawl - ing
home, And call the cat - tle home, A - - cross the sands o'
sand, And round and round the sand, As..... far as eye could
hair! O' drown - ed maid - en's hair A - - bove the nets at
foam, The cru - el, hun - gry foam, To her grave be - side the
Dee; The west - ern wind was wild and dank, The west - ern wind was
see; The blind - ing mist came pour - ing down, The blind - ing mist came
sea? Was nev - er weed nor fish that shone, Was nev - er weed nor
sea; But still the boat - men hear her call, But still the boat - men
wild and dank, Was wild and dank with foam; And all a - lone went she.
pour - ing down, Came down and hid the land, And nev - er home came she.
fish that shone, That shone... so..... fair A - mong the stakes on Dee!
hear her call,..... Call the cat - tle home, A - cross the sands o' Dee.

Sea-Bird's Song

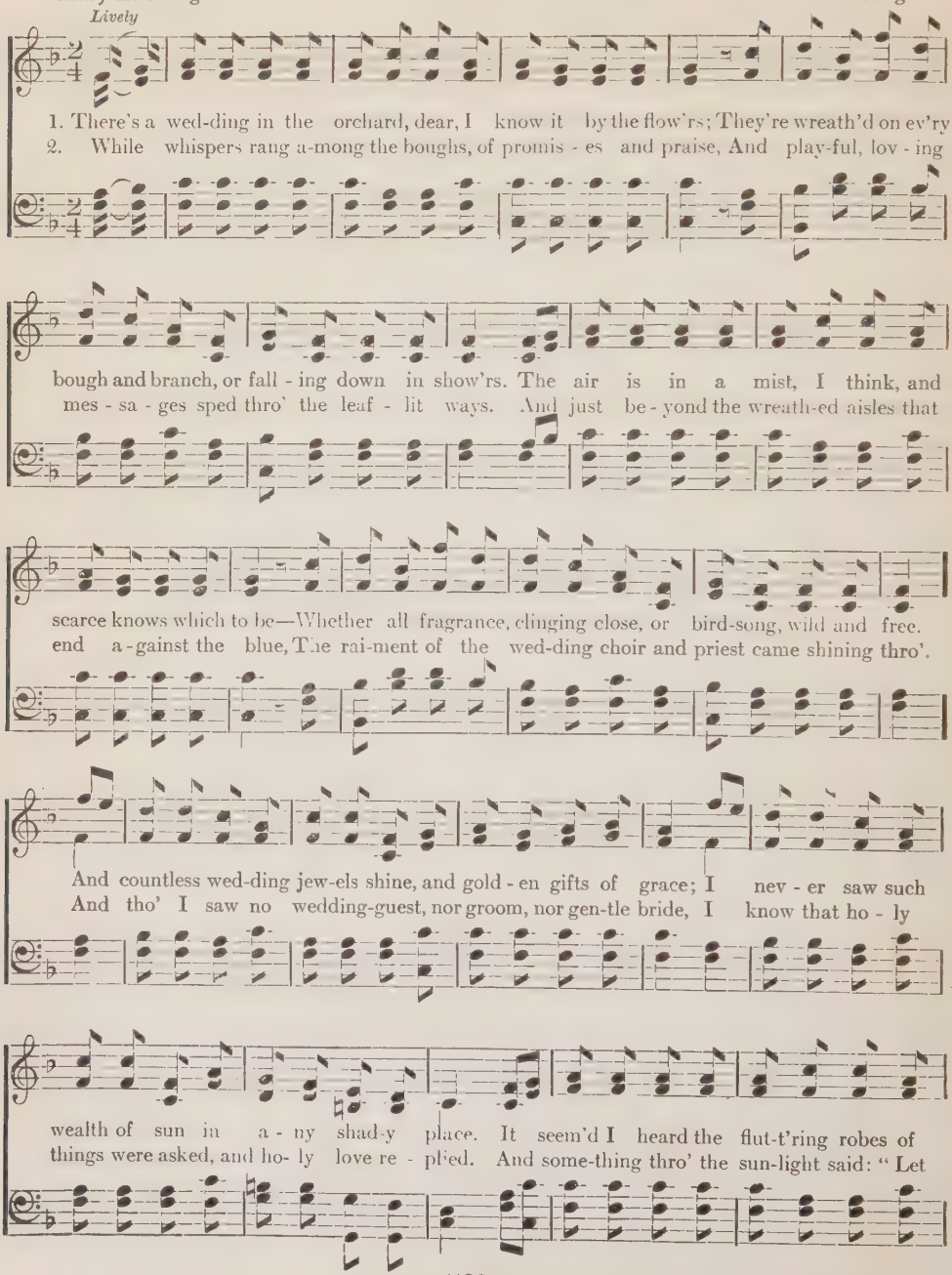
James Smith — Giuseppe Verdi

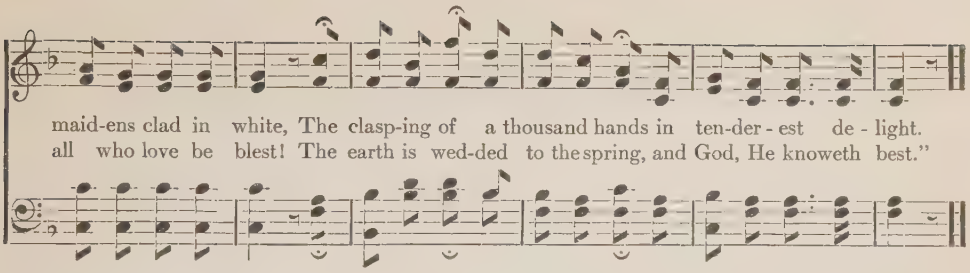

1. Soaring in glee where the wa-ters rave, And the wild winds wail and sigh;.....
2. Rev-el-ing o'er the... bil - lows vast, With... hearts that nev - er fail;.....
Bounding a - far o'er the crest - ed wave That rolls to the storm - y sky;
Reefed sails may rend be - neath the blast, And the har - dy..... crew turn pale;
Swift as the flash of a sun - light beam, On, with a wild - ly joy - ous scream,
Fear - less of dan - ger... on we roam, O - ver our boundless o - cean home,
Thunder may roar and light - ning gleam,..... Free as the winds we fly.
Beat-ing with joy the sur - ging foam,..... Brav - ing the roar - ing gale.

Blossom Time

Mary E. Dodge — Irish Folksong

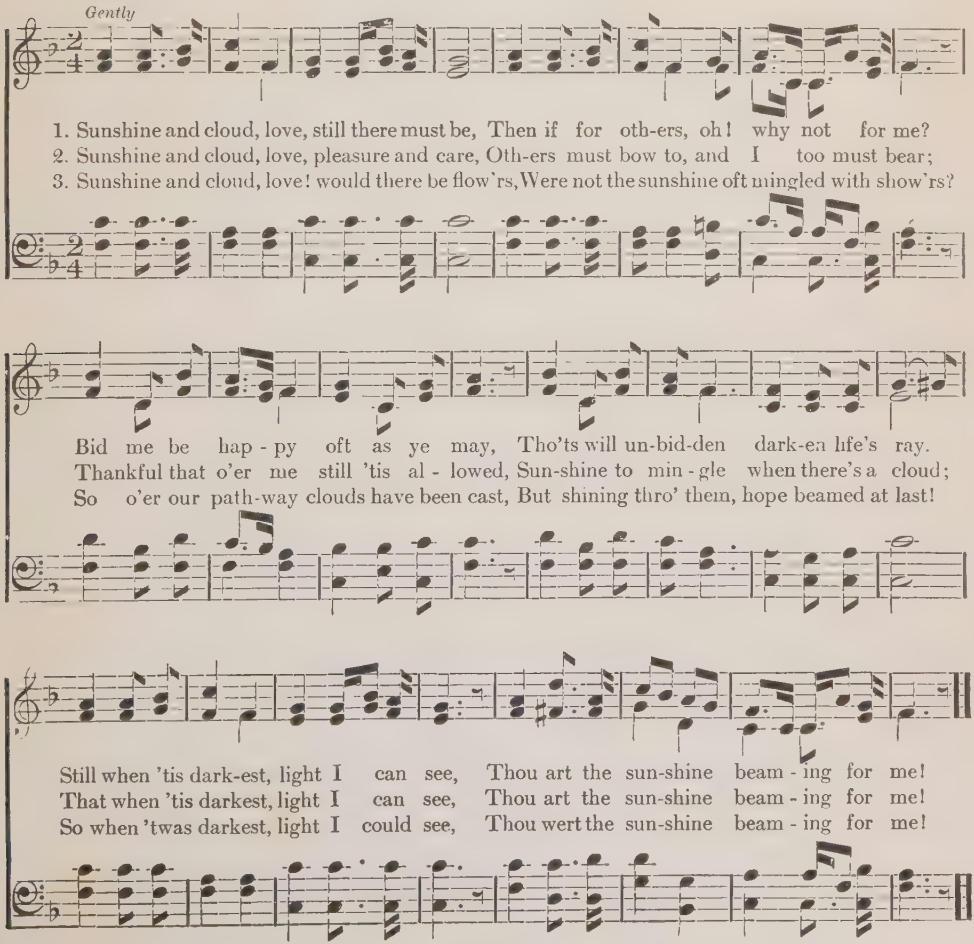
Lively


1. There's a wed-ding in the orchard, dear, I know it by the flow'rs; They're wreath'd on ev'ry
2. While whispers rang a-mong the boughs, of promis - es and praise, And play-ful, lov - ing
bough and branch, or fall - ing down in show'rs. The air is in a mist, I think, and
mes - sa - ges sped thro' the leaf - lit ways. And just be - yond the wreath-ed aisles that
scarce knows which to be—Whether all fragrance, clinging close, or bird-song, wild and free.
end a-gainst the blue, The rai-ment of the wed-ding choir and priest came shining thro'.
And countless wed-ding jew-els shine, and gold - en gifts of grace; I nev - er saw such
And tho' I saw no wedding-guest, nor groom, nor gen-tle bride, I know that ho - ly
wealth of sun in a - ny shad-y place. It seem'd I heard the flut-t'ring robes of
things were asked, and ho- ly love re - plied. And some-thing thro' the sun-light said: "Let

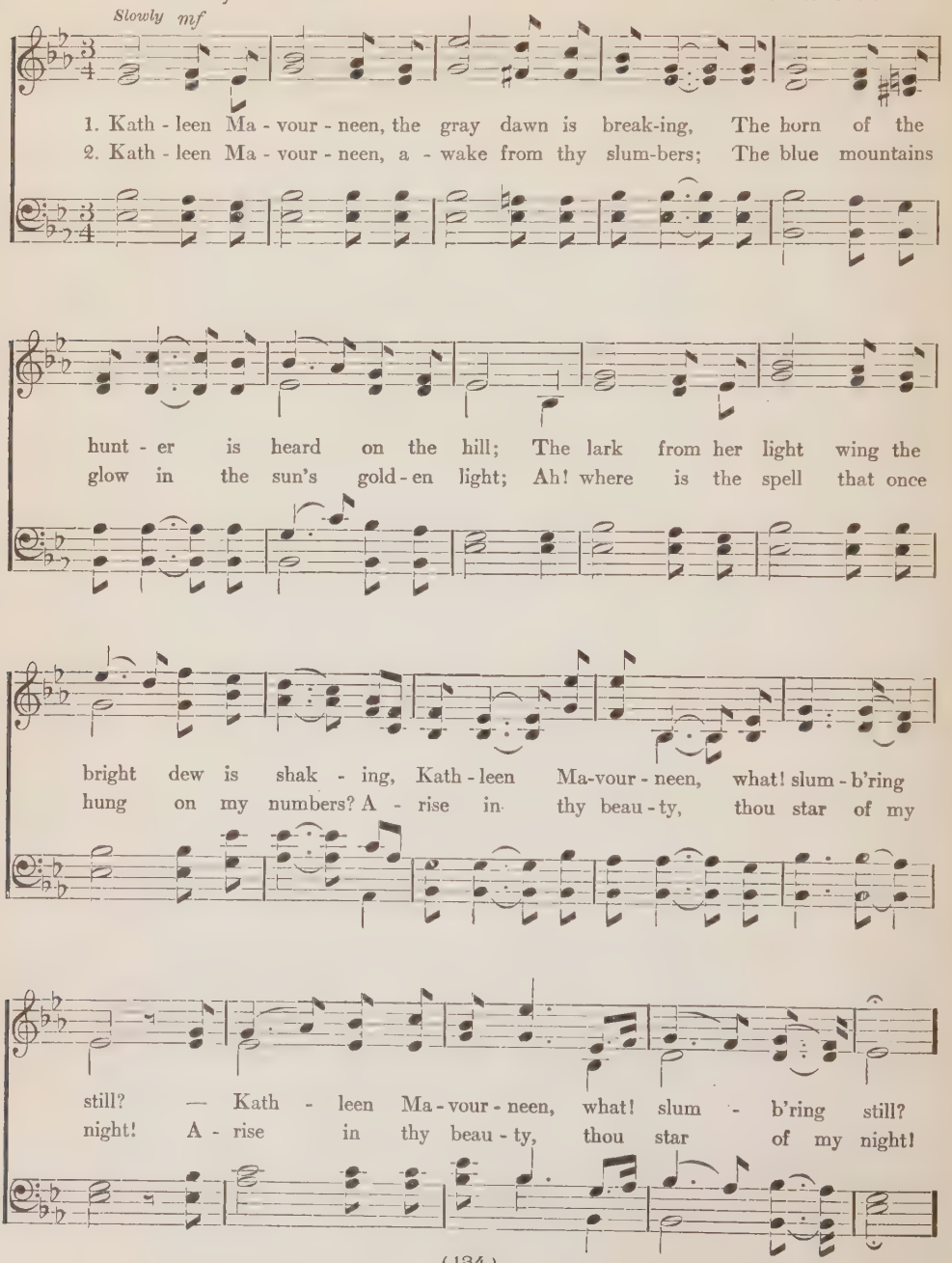

maid-ens clad in white, The clasp-ing of a thousand hands in ten-der - est de - light.
all who love be blest! The earth is wed-ded to the spring, and God, He knoweth best."

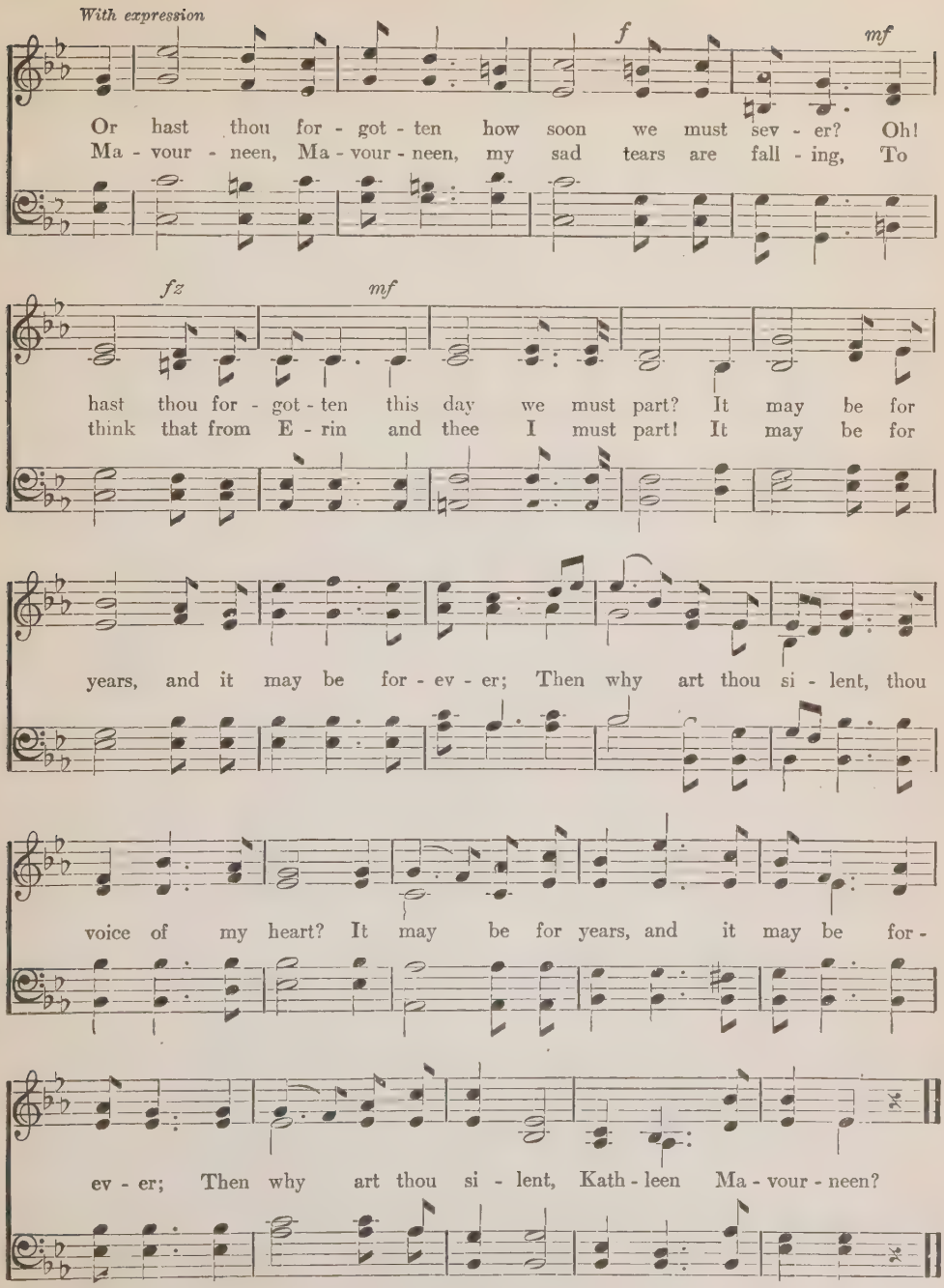
Sunshine and Cloud

J. E. Carpenter — Charles W. Glover


Gently
1. Sunshine and cloud, love, still there must be, Then if for oth-ers, oh! why not for me?
2. Sunshine and cloud, love, pleasure and care, Oth-ers must bow to, and I too must bear;
3. Sunshine and cloud, love! would there be flow'rs, Were not the sunshine oft mingled with show'rs?
Bid me be hap - py oft as ye may, Tho'ts will un-bid-den dark-en life's ray.
Thankful that o'er me still 'tis al - lowed, Sun-shine to min - gle when there's a cloud;
So o'er our path-way clouds have been cast, But shining thro' them, hope beamed at last!
Still when 'tis dark-est, light I can see, Thou art the sun-shine beam - ing for me!
That when 'tis darkest, light I can see, Thou art the sun-shine beam - ing for me!
So when 'twas darkest, light I could see, Thou wert the sun-shine beam - ing for me!

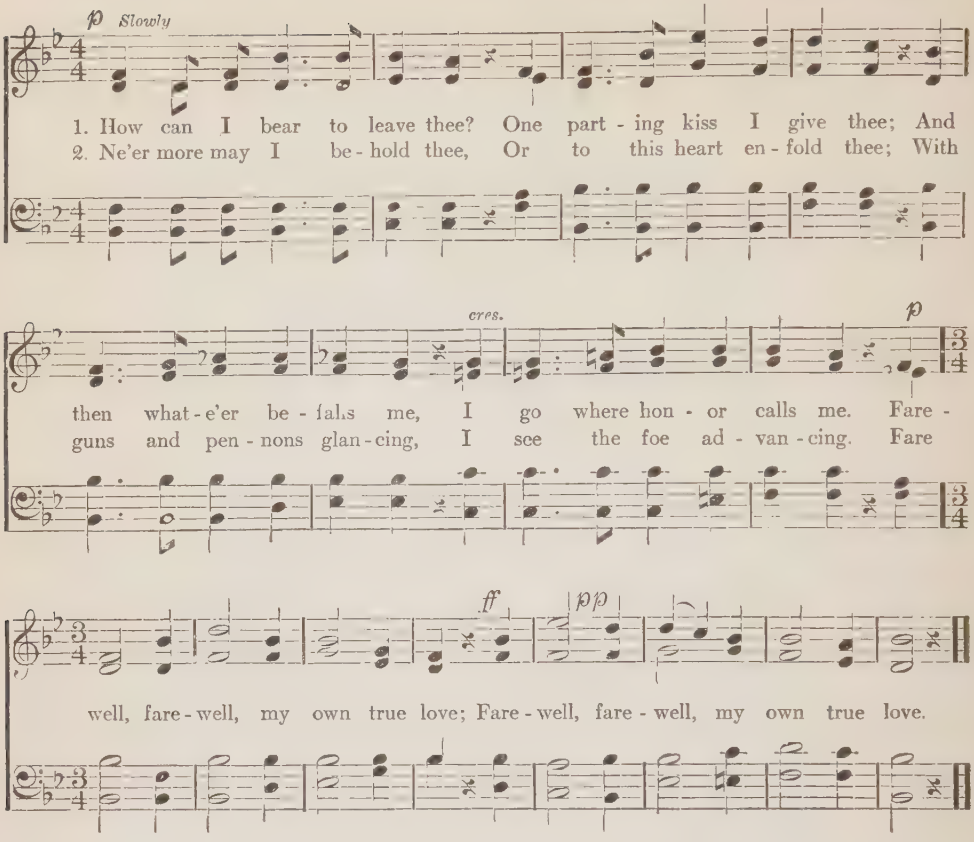
Kathleen Mavourneen

Mrs. Annie Barry Crawford — F. Nichols Crouch

Slowly mf
1. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen, the gray dawn is break-ing, The horn of the
2. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen, a - wake from thy slum-bers; The blue mountains
hunt - er is heard on the hill; The lark from her light wing the
glow in the sun's gold - en light; Ah! where is the spell that once
bright dew is shak - ing, Kath - leen Ma-vour - neen, what! slum - b'ring
hung on my numbers? A - rise in thy beau - ty, thou star of my
still? — Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen, what! slum - b'ring still?
night! A - rise in thy beau - ty, thou star of my night!

Kathleen Mavourneen

With expression
f
mf
Or hast thou for - got - ten how soon we must sev - er? Oh!
Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen, my sad tears are fall - ing, To
fz
mf
hast thou for - got - ten this day we must part? It may be for
think that from E - rin and thee I must part! It may be for
years, and it may be for - ev - er; Then why art thou si - lent, thou
voice of my heart? It may be for years, and it may be for -
ev - er; Then why art thou si - lent, Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen?

The Soldier's Farewell

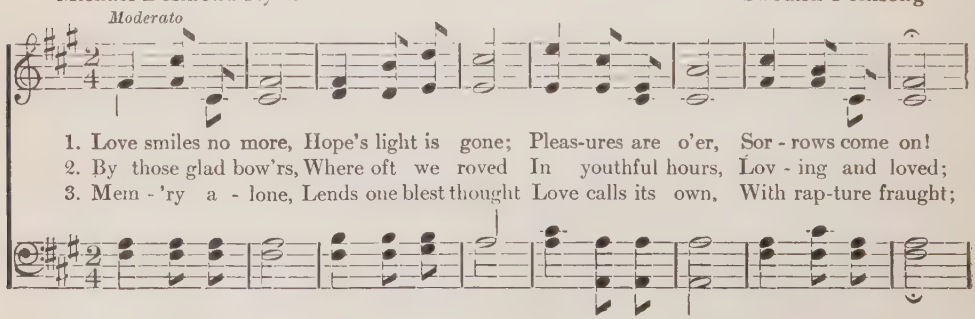
Johanna Kinkel


p Slowly
1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
cres.
p
then what - e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -
guns and pen - nons glan - cing, I see the foe ad - van - cing. Fare
ff
pp
well, fare - well, my own true love; Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

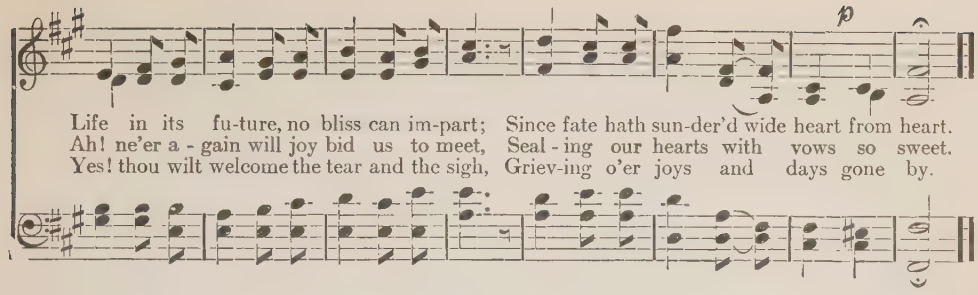
Love Smiles No More

Michael Desmond Ryan

Swedish Folksong


Moderato
1. Love smiles no more, Hope's light is gone; Pleas-ures are o'er, Sor - rows come on!
2. By those glad bow'rs, Where oft we roved In youthful hours, Lov - ing and loved;
3. Mem - 'ry a - lone, Lends one blest thought Love calls its own, With rap-ture fraught;

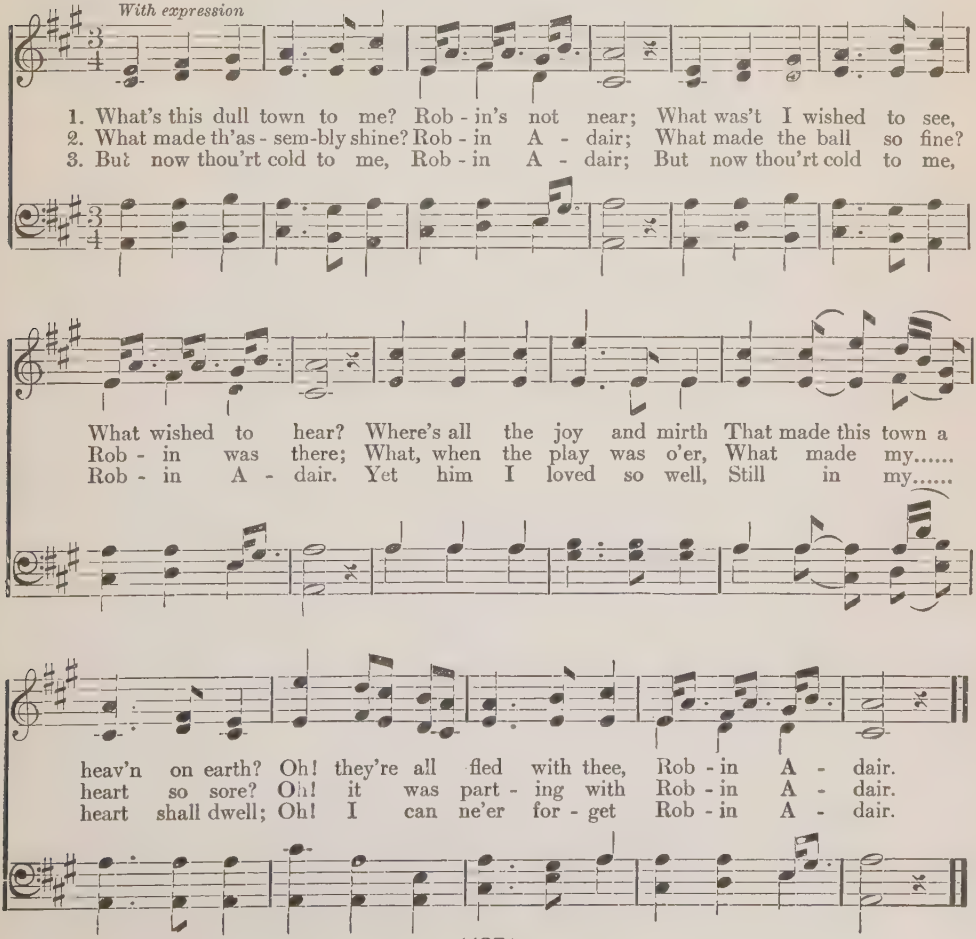
Love Smiles No More


Life in its fu-ture, no bliss can im-part; Since fate hath sun-der'd wide heart from heart.
Ah! ne'er a - gain will joy bid us to meet, Seal - ing our hearts with vows so sweet.
Yes! thou wilt welcome the tear and the sigh, Griev-ing o'er joys and days gone by.

Robin Adair

Lady Caroline Keppel — Irish Folksong

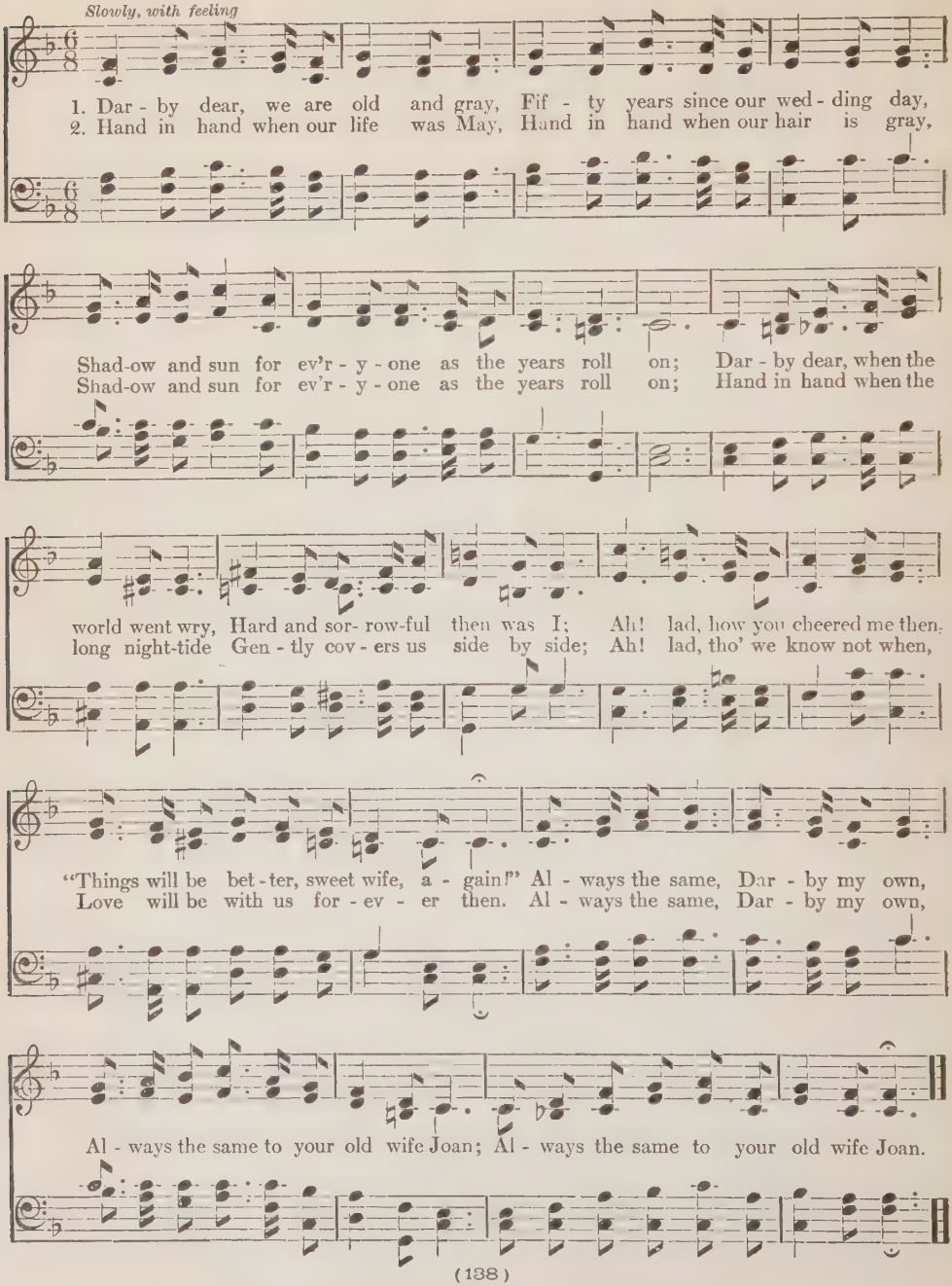
With expression


1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near; What was't I wished to see,
2. What made th'as - sem-bly shine? Rob - in A - dair; What made the ball so fine?
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair; But now thou'rt cold to me,
What wished to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth That made this town a
Rob - in was there; What, when the play was o'er, What made my.....
Rob - in A - dair. Yet him I loved so well, Still in my.....
heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.
heart so sore? Oh! it was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair.
heart shall dwell; Oh! I can ne'er for - get Rob - in A - dair.

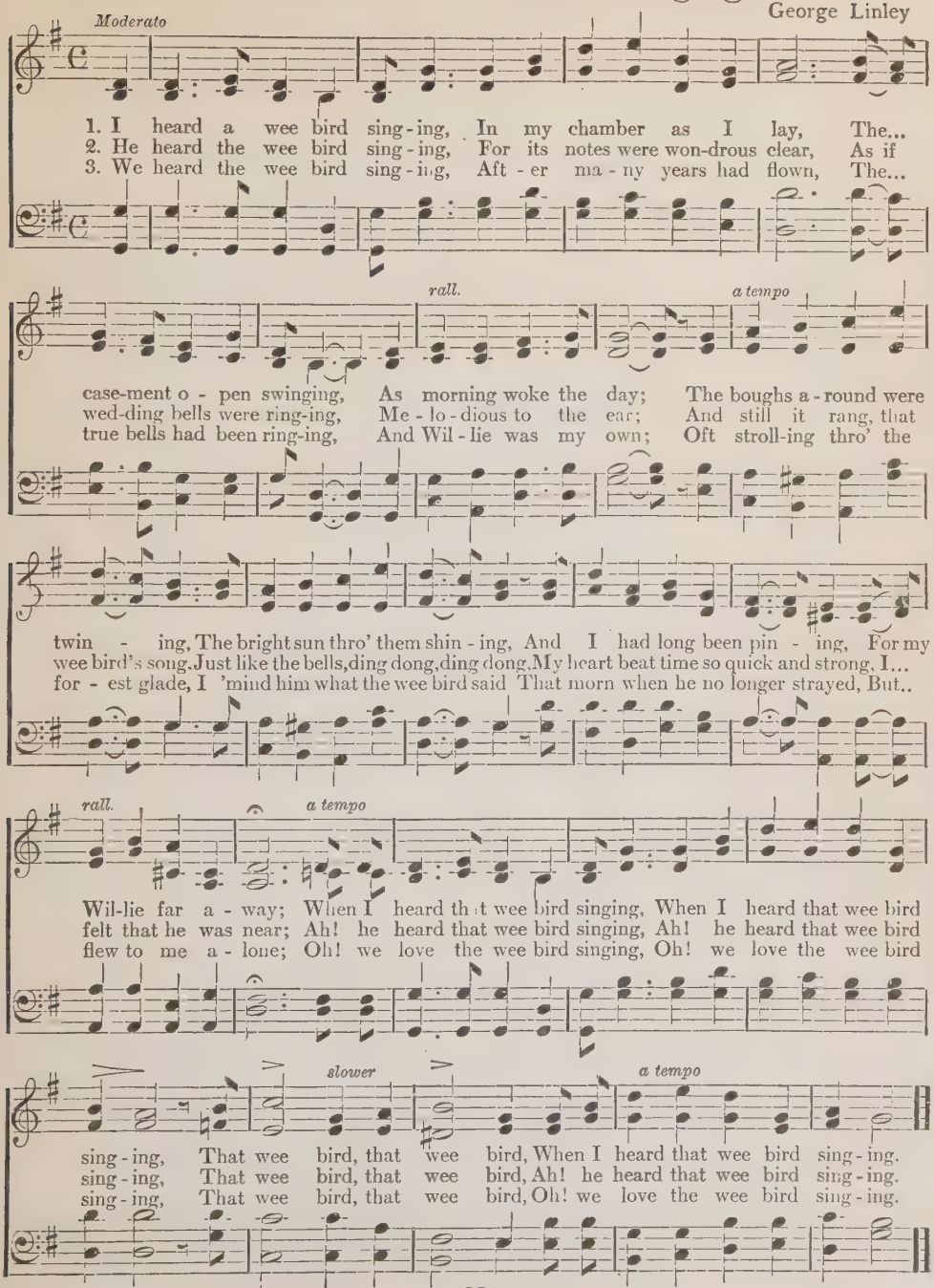
Darby and Joan

F. E. Weatherly

James L. Molloy

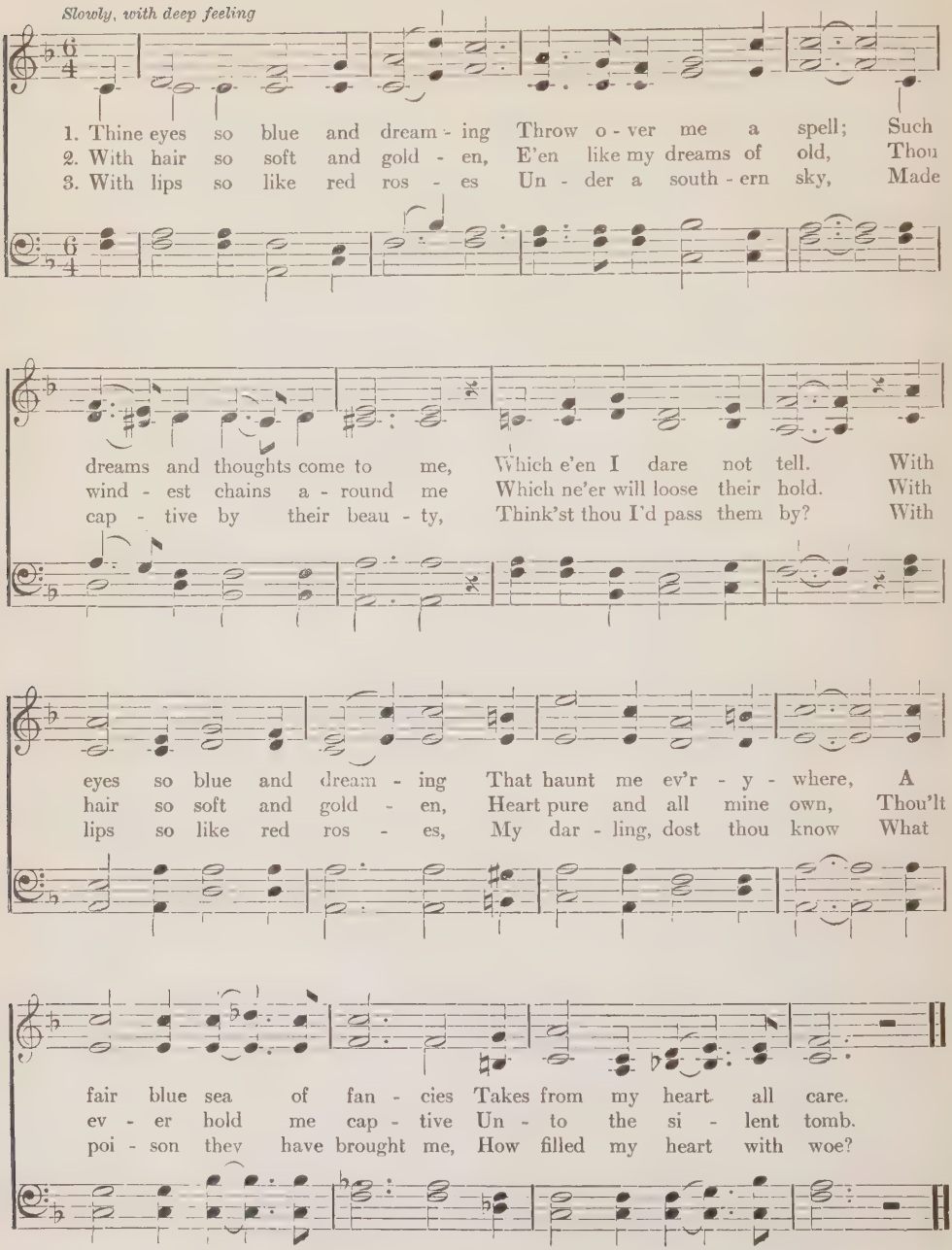
Slowly, with feeling

1. Dar - by dear, we are old and gray, Fif - ty years since our wed - ding day,
2. Hand in hand when our life was May, Hand in hand when our hair is gray,
Shad-ow and sun for ev'r - y - one as the years roll on; Dar - by dear, when the
Shad-ow and sun for ev'r - y - one as the years roll on; Hand in hand when the
world went wry, Hard and sor- row-ful then was I; Ah! lad, how you cheered me then.
long night-tide Gen - tly cov - ers us side by side; Ah! lad, tho' we know not when,
"Things will be bet - ter, sweet wife, a - gain!" Al - ways the same, Dar - by my own,
Love will be with us for - ev - er then. Al - ways the same, Dar - by my own,
Al - ways the same to your old wife Joan; Al - ways the same to your old wife Joan.

I Heard a Wee Bird Singing

George Linley

Moderato
1. I heard a wee bird sing-ing, In my chamber as I lay, The...
2. He heard the wee bird sing-ing, For its notes were won-drous clear, As if
3. We heard the wee bird sing-ing, Aft-er ma-ny years had flown, The...
rall.
a tempo
case-ment o-pen swinging, As morning woke the day; The boughs a-round were
wed-ding bells were ring-ing, Me-lo-dious to the ear; And still it rang, that
true bells had been ring-ing, And Wil-lie was my own; Oft stroll-ing thro' the
twin-ing, The bright sun thro' them shin-ing, And I had long been pin-ing, For my
wee bird's song, Just like the bells, ding dong, ding dong, My heart beat time so quick and strong, I...
for-est glade, I 'mind him what the wee bird said That morn when he no longer strayed, But..
rall.
a tempo
Wil-lie far a-way; When I heard that wee bird singing, When I heard that wee bird
felt that he was near; Ah! he heard that wee bird singing, Ah! he heard that wee bird
flew to me a-lone; Oh! we love the wee bird singing, Oh! we love the wee bird
slower
a tempo
sing-ing, That wee bird, that wee bird, When I heard that wee bird sing-ing.
sing-ing, That wee bird, that wee bird, Ah! he heard that wee bird sing-ing.
sing-ing, That wee bird, that wee bird, Oh! we love the wee bird sing-ing.

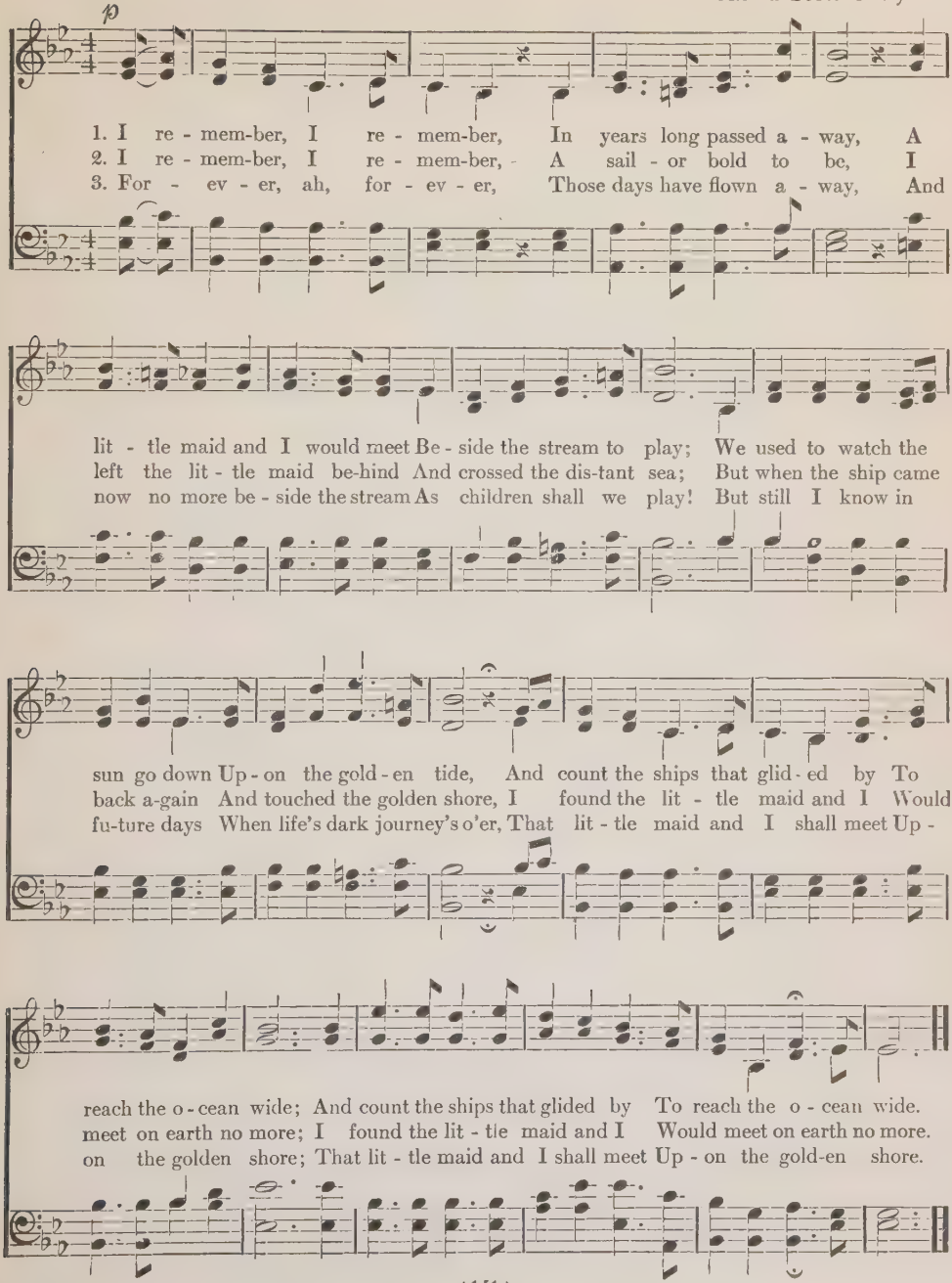
Thine Eyes so Blue

Edouard Lassen


Slowly, with deep feeling
1. Thine eyes so blue and dream - ing Throw o - ver me a spell; Such
2. With hair so soft and gold - en, E'en like my dreams of old, Thou
3. With lips so like red ros - es Un - der a south - ern sky, Made
dreams and thoughts come to me, Which e'en I dare not tell. With
wind - est chains a - round me Which ne'er will loose their hold. With
cap - tive by their beau - ty, Think'st thou I'd pass them by? With
eyes so blue and dream - ing That haunt me ev'r - y - where, A
hair so soft and gold - en, Heart pure and all mine own, Thou'lt
lips so like red ros - es, My dar - ling, dost thou know What
fair blue sea of fan - cies Takes from my heart all care.
ev - er hold me cap - tive Un - to the si - lent tomb.
poi - son they have brought me, How filled my heart with woe?

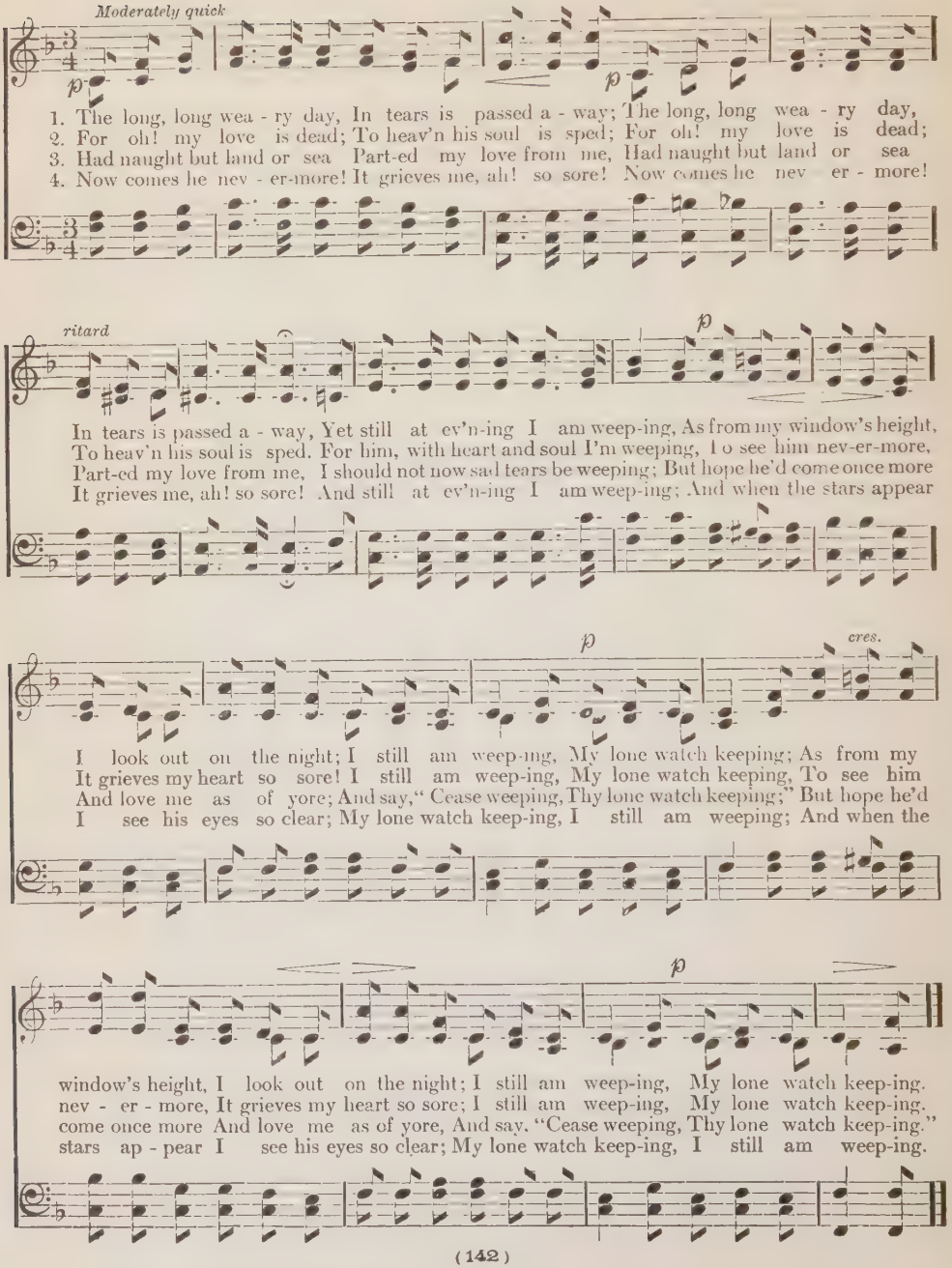
The Golden Shore

Alfred Scott Gatty

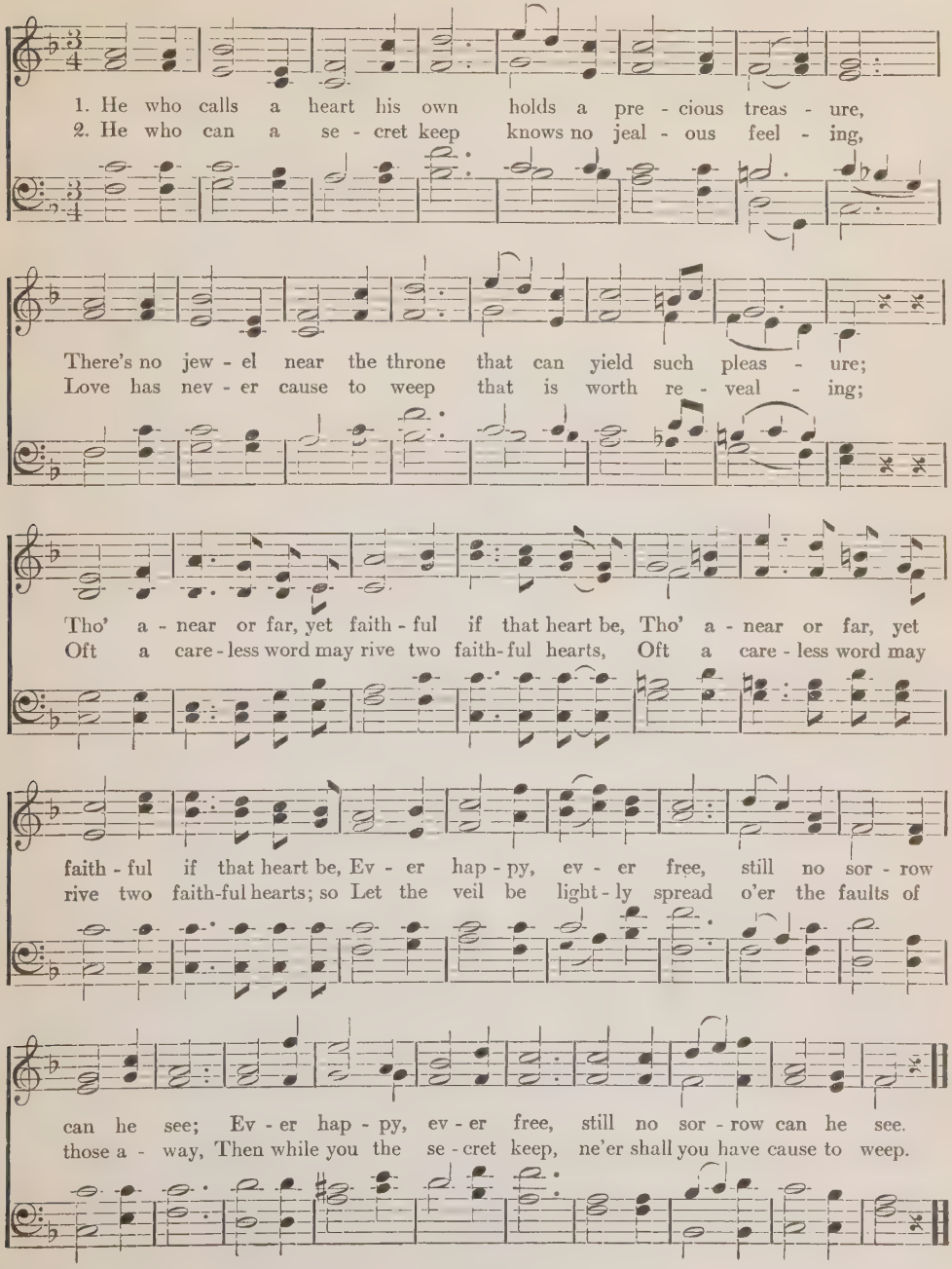

p
1. I re - mem-ber, I re - mem-ber, In years long passed a - way, A
2. I re - mem-ber, I re - mem-ber, - A sail - or bold to be, I
3. For - ev - er, ah, for - ev - er, Those days have flown a - way, And
lit - tle maid and I would meet Be - side the stream to play; We used to watch the
left the lit - tle maid be-hind And crossed the dis-tant sea; But when the ship came
now no more be - side the stream As children shall we play! But still I know in
sun go down Up - on the gold - en tide, And count the ships that glid - ed by To
back a-gain And touched the golden shore, I found the lit - tle maid and I Would
fu-ture days When life's dark journey's o'er, That lit - tle maid and I shall meet Up -
reach the o - cean wide; And count the ships that glided by To reach the o - cean wide.
meet on earth no more; I found the lit - tle maid and I Would meet on earth no more.
on the golden shore; That lit - tle maid and I shall meet Up - on the gold-en shore.

The Long Weary Day

Suabian Folksong

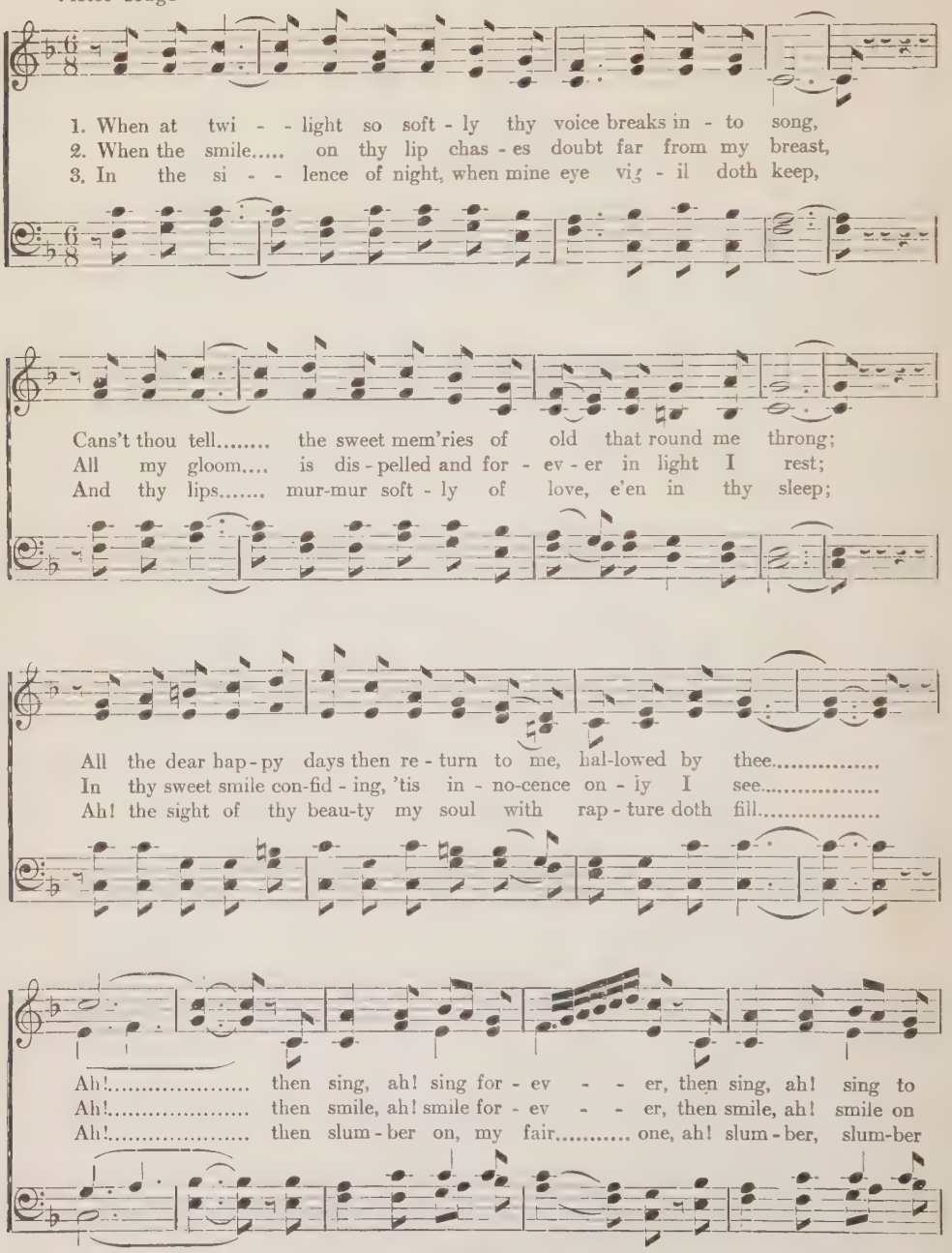

Moderately quick
p
1. The long, long wea - ry day, In tears is passed a - way; The long, long wea - ry day,
2. For oh! my love is dead; To heav'n his soul is sped; For oh! my love is dead;
3. Had naught but land or sea Part-ed my love from me, Had naught but land or sea
4. Now comes he nev - er-more! It grieves me, ah! so sore! Now comes he nev er - more!
ritard
p
In tears is passed a - way, Yet still at ev'n-ing I am weep-ing, As from my window's height,
To heav'n his soul is sped. For him, with heart and soul I'm weeping, To see him nev-er-more,
Part-ed my love from me, I should not now sad tears be weeping; But hope he'd come once more
It grieves me, ah! so sore! And still at ev'n-ing I am weep-ing; And when the stars appear
p
cres.
I look out on the night; I still am weep-ing, My lone watch keeping; As from my
It grieves my heart so sore! I still am weep-ing, My lone watch keeping, To see him
And love me as of yore; And say, "Cease weeping, Thy lone watch keeping;" But hope he'd
I see his eyes so clear; My lone watch keep-ing, I still am weeping; And when the
p
window's height, I look out on the night; I still am weep-ing, My lone watch keep-ing.
nev - er - more, It grieves my heart so sore; I still am weep-ing, My lone watch keep-ing.
come once more And love me as of yore, And say, "Cease weeping, Thy lone watch keep-ing."
stars ap - pear I see his eyes so clear; My lone watch keep-ing, I still am weep-ing.

A Faithful Heart

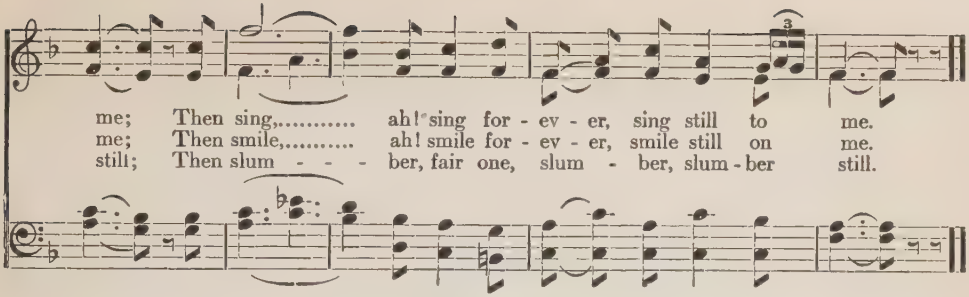
J. E. Carpenter — Franz Abt

1. He who calls a heart his own holds a pre - cious treas - ure,
2. He who can a se - cret keep knows no jeal - ous feel - ing,
There's no jew - el near the throne that can yield such pleas - ure;
Love has nev - er cause to weep that is worth re - veal - ing;
Tho' a - near or far, yet faith - ful if that heart be, Tho' a - near or far, yet
Oft a care - less word may rive two faith - ful hearts, Oft a care - less word may
faith - ful if that heart be, Ev - er hap - py, ev - er free, still no sor - row
rive two faith - ful hearts; so Let the veil be light - ly spread o'er the faults of
can he see; Ev - er hap - py, ev - er free, still no sor - row can he see.
those a - way, Then while you the se - cret keep, ne'er shall you have cause to weep.

Sing, Smile, Slumber

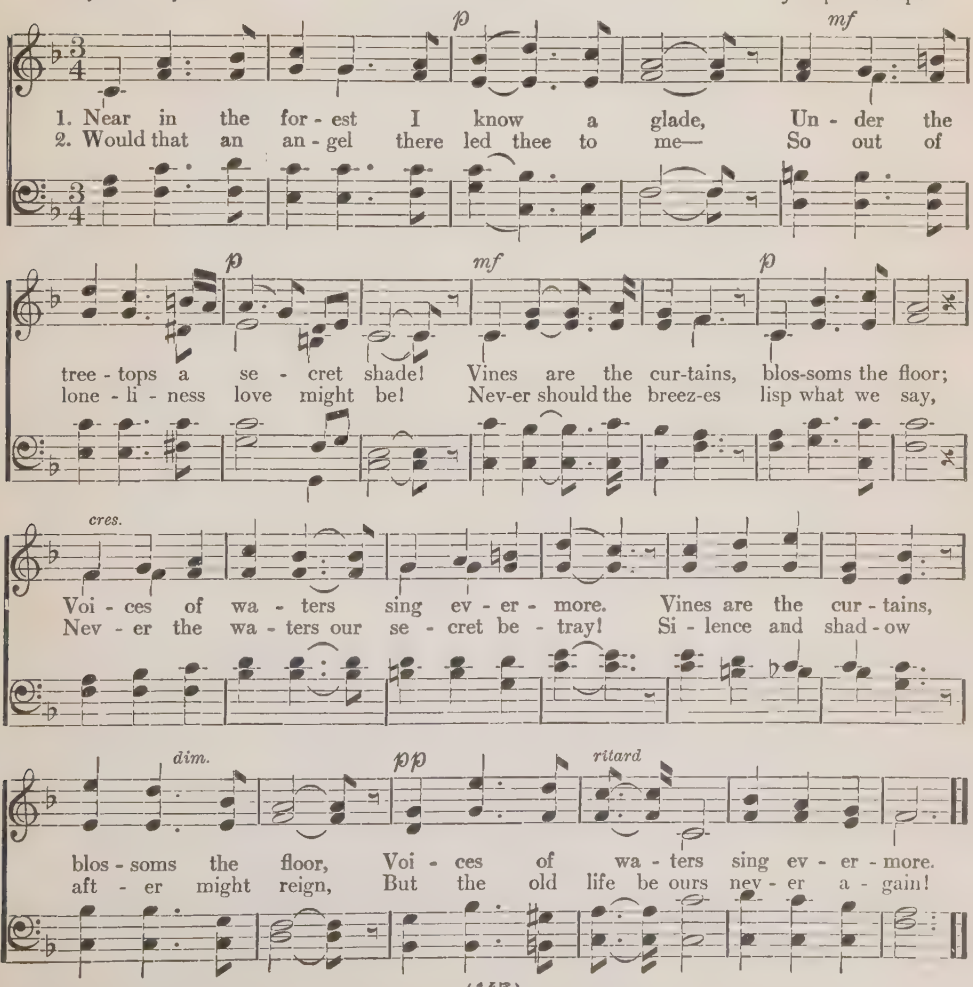
Victor Hugo — Charles Gounod


1. When at twi - - light so soft - ly thy voice breaks in - to song,
2. When the smile..... on thy lip chas - es doubt far from my breast,
3. In the si - - lence of night, when mine eye vig - il doth keep,
Cans't thou tell..... the sweet mem'ries of old that round me throng;
All my gloom.... is dis - pelled and for - ev - er in light I rest;
And thy lips..... mur-mur soft - ly of love, e'en in thy sleep;
All the dear hap - py days then re - turn to me, hal-lowed by thee.....
In thy sweet smile con-fid - ing, 'tis in - no-cence on - ly I see.....
Ah! the sight of thy beau-ty my soul with rap - ture doth fill.....
Ah!..... then sing, ah! sing for - ev - - er, then sing, ah! sing to
Ah!..... then smile, ah! smile for - ev - - er, then smile, ah! smile on
Ah!..... then slum - ber on, my fair..... one, ah! slum - ber, slum-ber

Sing, Smile, Slumber

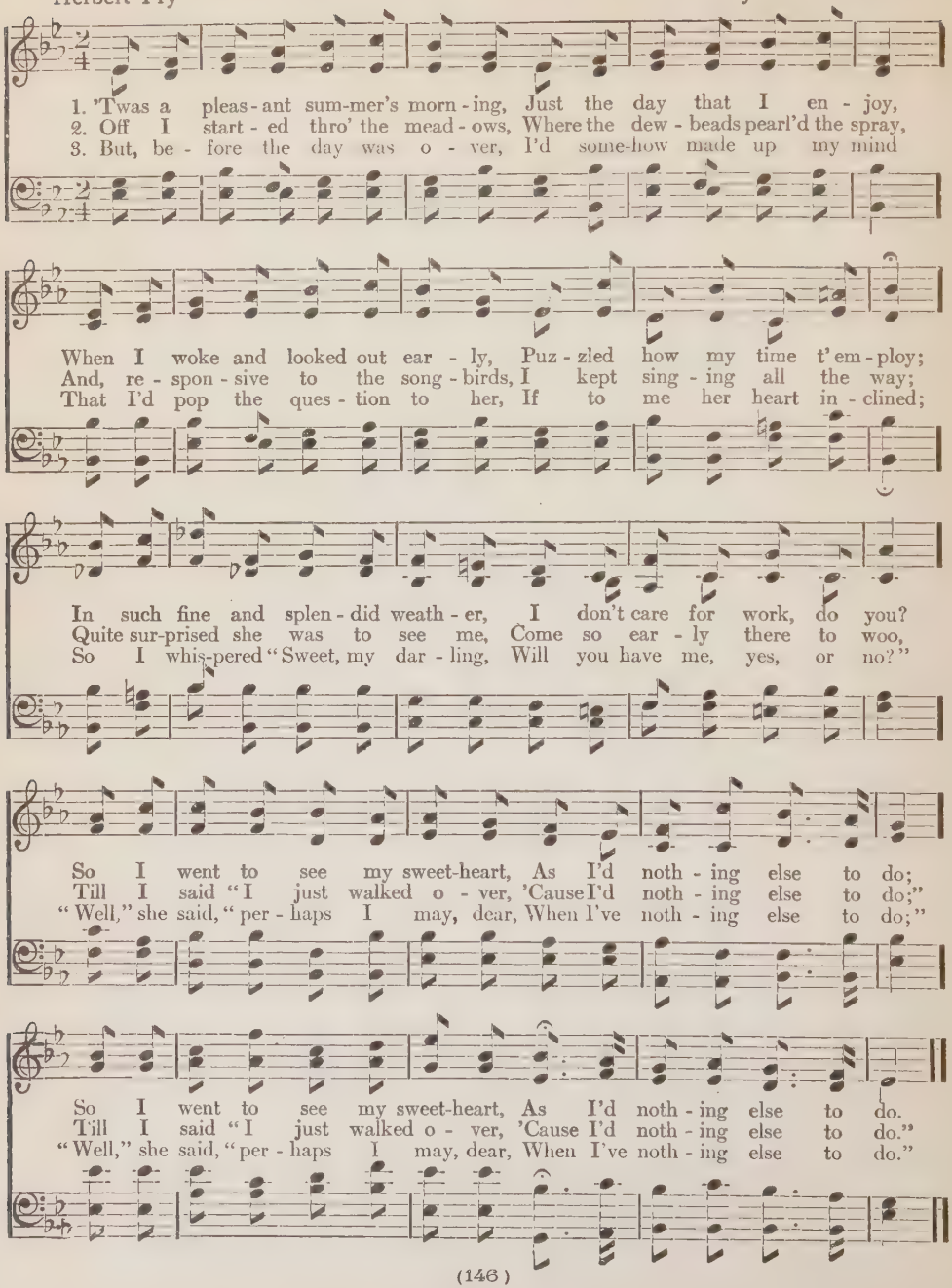

me; Then sing,..... ah! sing for - ev - er, sing still to me.
me; Then smile,..... ah! smile for - ev - er, smile still on me.
still; Then slum - - - ber, fair one, slum - ber, slum - ber still.

The Forest Glade

Bayard Taylor — Joseph Kreipl

p
mf
1. Near in the for - est I know a glade, Un - der the
2. Would that an an - gel there led thee to me— So out of
p
mf
p
tree - tops a se - cret shade! Vines are the cur-tains, blos-soms the floor;
lone - li - ness love might be! Nev-er should the breez-es lisp what we say,
cres.
Voi - ces of wa - ters sing ev - er - more. Vines are the cur - tains,
Nev - er the wa - ters our se - cret be - tray! Si - lence and shad - ow
dim.
pp
ritard
blos - soms the floor, Voi - ces of wa - ters sing ev - er - more.
aft - er might reign, But the old life be ours nev - er a - gain!

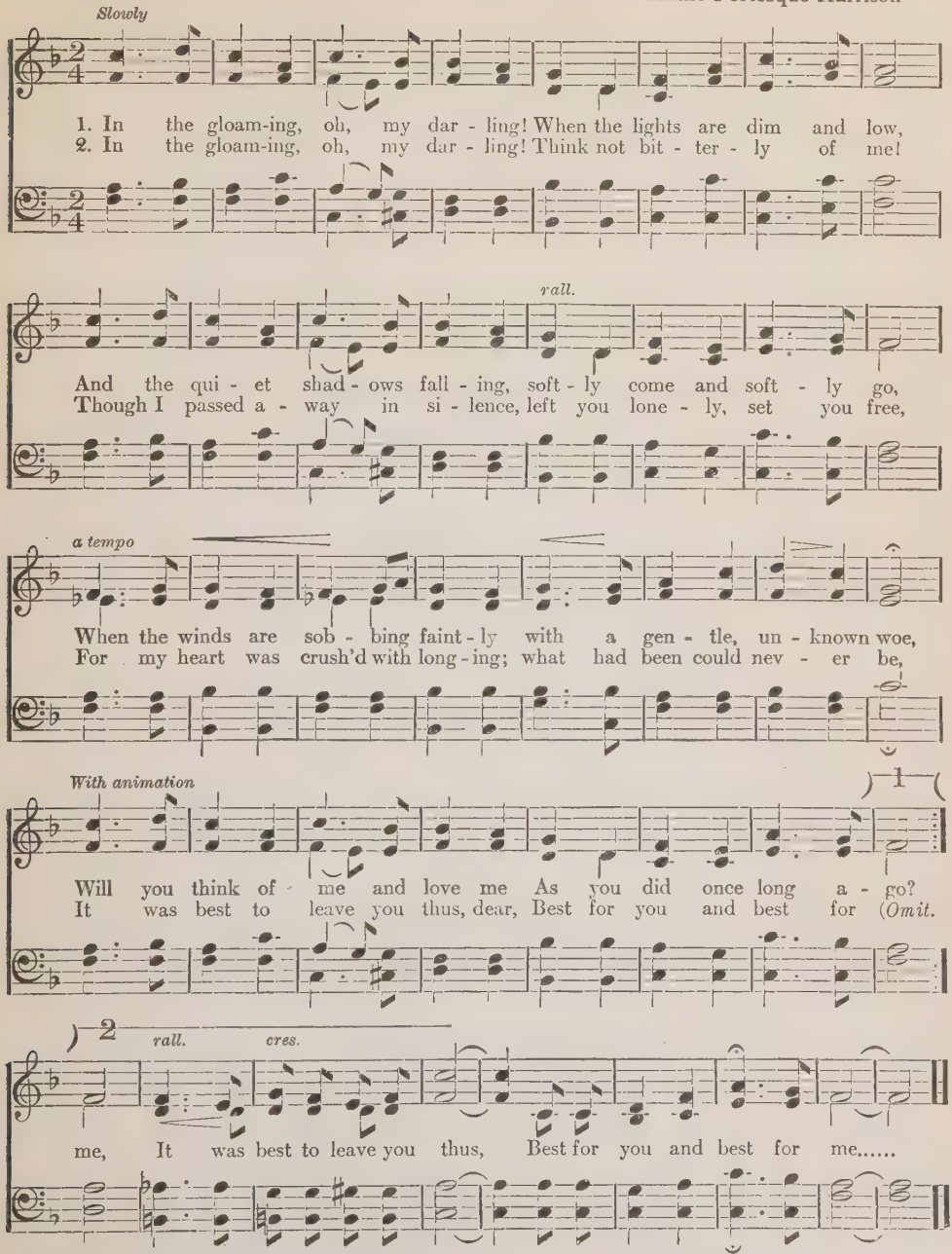
As I'd Nothing Else to Do

Herbert Fry

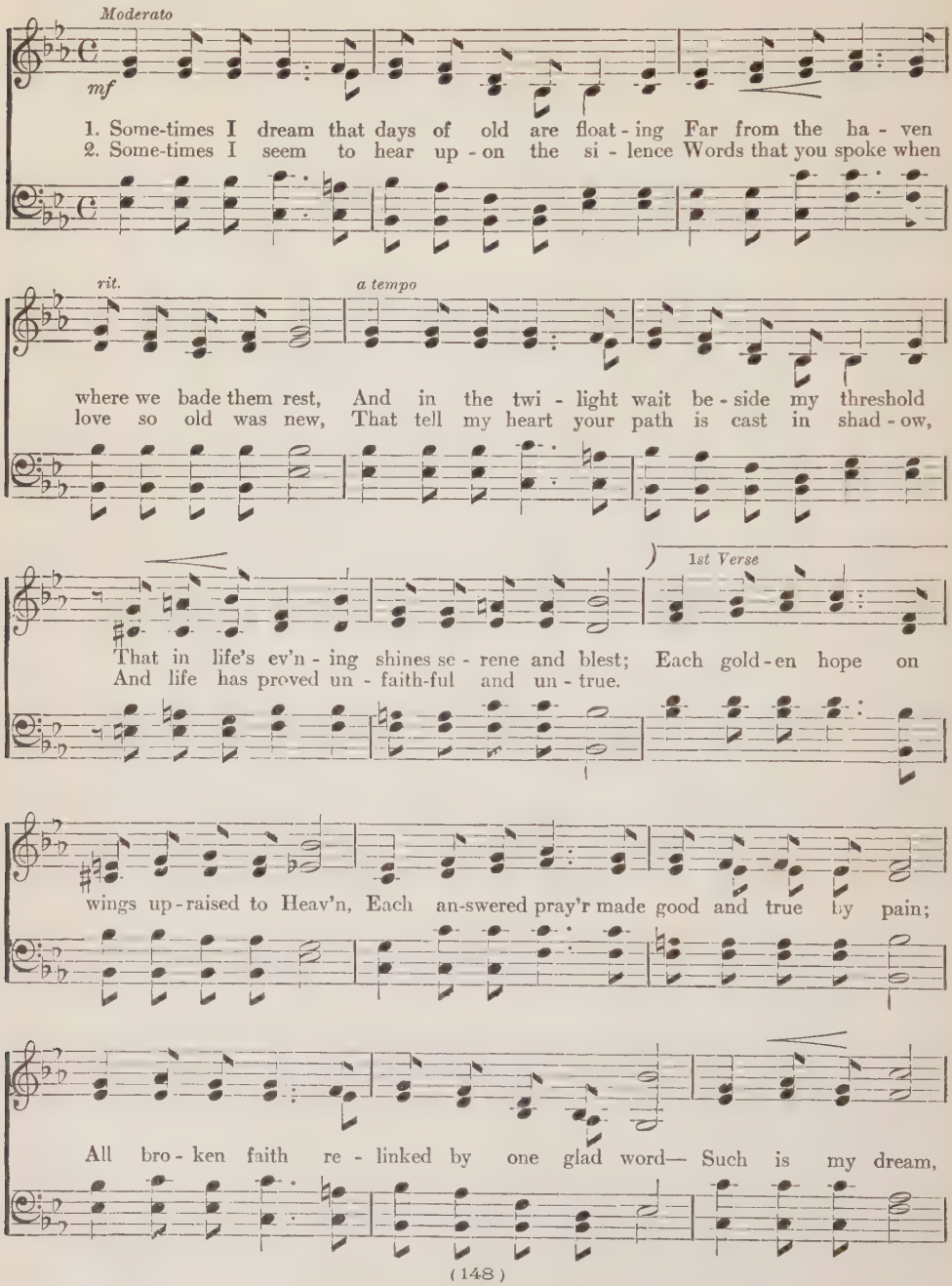
John L. Hatton

1. 'Twas a pleas - ant sum-mer's morn - ing, Just the day that I en - joy,
2. Off I start - ed thro' the mead - ows, Where the dew - beads pearl'd the spray,
3. But, be - fore the day was o - ver, I'd some-how made up my mind
When I woke and looked out ear - ly, Puz - zled how my time t'em - ploy;
And, re - spon - sive to the song - birds, I kept sing - ing all the way;
That I'd pop the ques - tion to her, If to me her heart in - clined;
In such fine and splen - did weath - er, I don't care for work, do you?
Quite sur-prised she was to see me, Come so ear - ly there to woo,
So I whis-pered "Sweet, my dar - ling, Will you have me, yes, or no?"
So I went to see my sweet-heart, As I'd noth - ing else to do;
Till I said "I just walked o - ver, 'Cause I'd noth - ing else to do;"
"Well," she said, "per - haps I may, dear, When I've noth - ing else to do;"
So I went to see my sweet-heart, As I'd noth - ing else to do.
Till I said "I just walked o - ver, 'Cause I'd noth - ing else to do."
"Well," she said, "per - haps I may, dear, When I've noth - ing else to do."

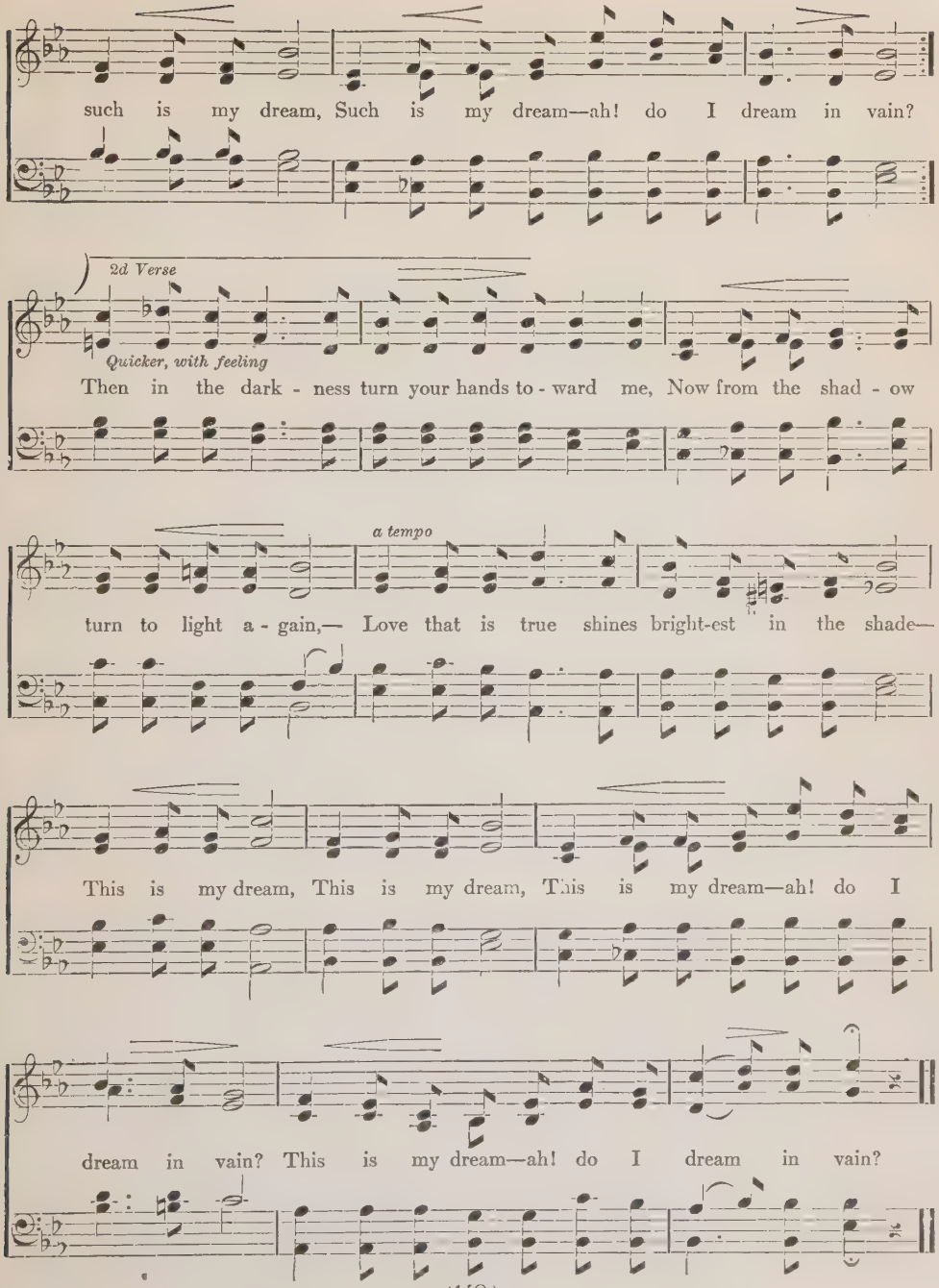
In the Gloaming

Meta Orred

Annie Fortesque Harrison

Slowly
1. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar - ling! When the lights are dim and low,
2. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar - ling! Think not bit - ter - ly of me!
rall.
And the qui - et shad - ows fall - ing, soft - ly come and soft - ly go,
Though I passed a - way in si - lence, left you lone - ly, set you free,
a tempo
When the winds are sob - bing faint - ly with a gen - tle, un - known woe,
For my heart was crush'd with long - ing; what had been could nev - er be,
With animation
1
Will you think of me and love me As you did once long a - go?
It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and best for (Omit.
2
rall.
cres.
me, It was best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.....

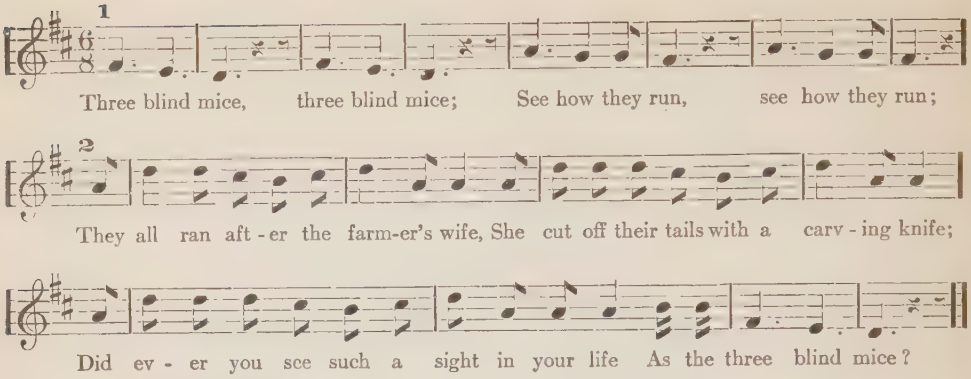
This Is My Dream

Mary Mark-Lemon — Milton Wellings

Moderato
mf
1. Some-times I dream that days of old are float - ing Far from the ha - ven
2. Some-times I seem to hear up - on the si - lence Words that you spoke when
rit.
a tempo
where we bade them rest, And in the twi - light wait be - side my threshold
love so old was new, That tell my heart your path is cast in shad - ow,
1st Verse
That in life's ev'n - ing shines se - rene and blest; Each gold - en hope on
And life has proved un - faith-ful and un - true.
wings up - raised to Heav'n, Each an-swered pray'r made good and true by pain;
All bro - ken faith re - linked by one glad word— Such is my dream,

This Is My Dream

such is my dream, Such is my dream—ah! do I dream in vain?
2d Verse
Quicker, with feeling
Then in the dark - ness turn your hands to - ward me, Now from the shad - ow
a tempo
turn to light a - gain,— Love that is true shines bright-est in the shade—
This is my dream, This is my dream, This is my dream—ah! do I
dream in vain? This is my dream—ah! do I dream in vain?

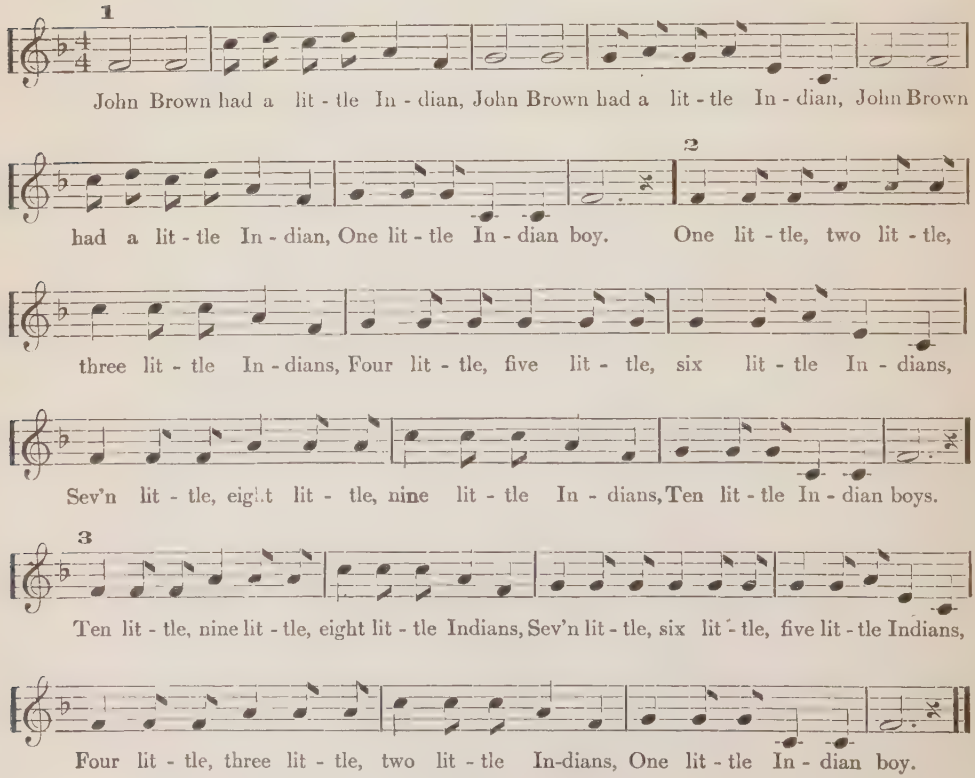
The Three Blind Mice

(Two-part Round)


1
Three blind mice, three blind mice; See how they run, see how they run;
2
They all ran aft - er the farm-er's wife, She cut off their tails with a carv - ing knife;
Did ev - er you see such a sight in your life As the three blind mice?

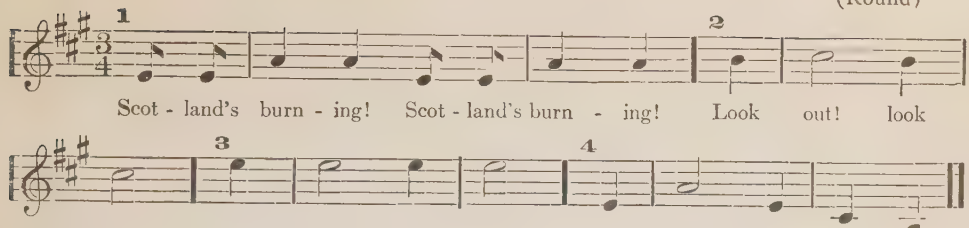
John Brown's Little Indian

(Round)


1
John Brown had a lit - tle In - dian, John Brown had a lit - tle In - dian, John Brown
2
had a lit - tle In - dian, One lit - tle In - dian boy. One lit - tle, two lit - tle,
three lit - tle In - dians, Four lit - tle, five lit - tle, six lit - tle In - dians,
Sev'n lit - tle, eight lit - tle, nine lit - tle In - dians, Ten lit - tle In - dian boys.
3
Ten lit - tle, nine lit - tle, eight lit - tle Indians, Sev'n lit - tle, six lit - tle, five lit - tle Indians,
Four lit - tle, three lit - tle, two lit - tle In-dians, One lit - tle In - dian boy.

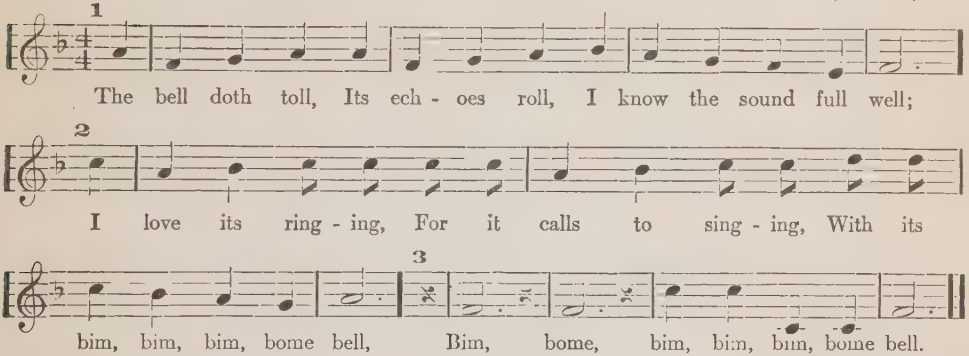
Scotland's Burning

(Round)



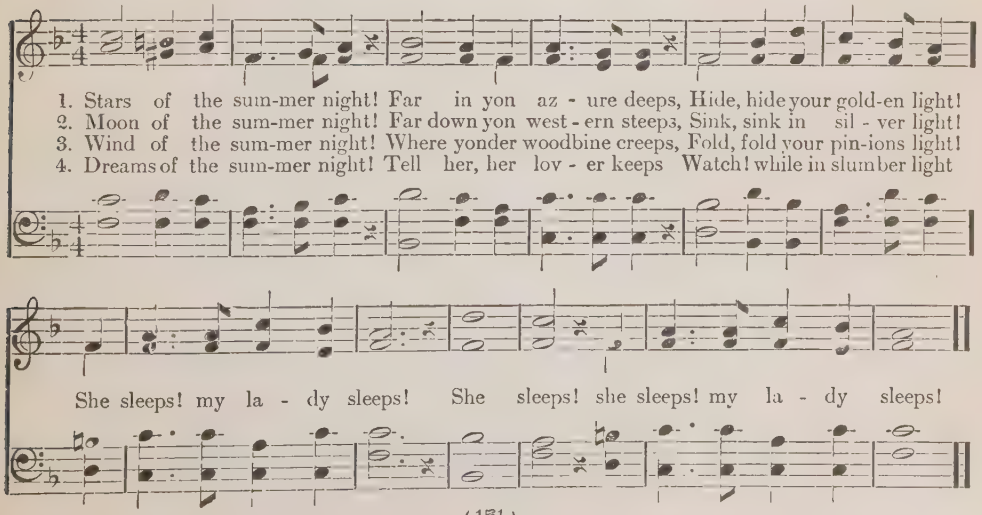
The Bell doth Toll

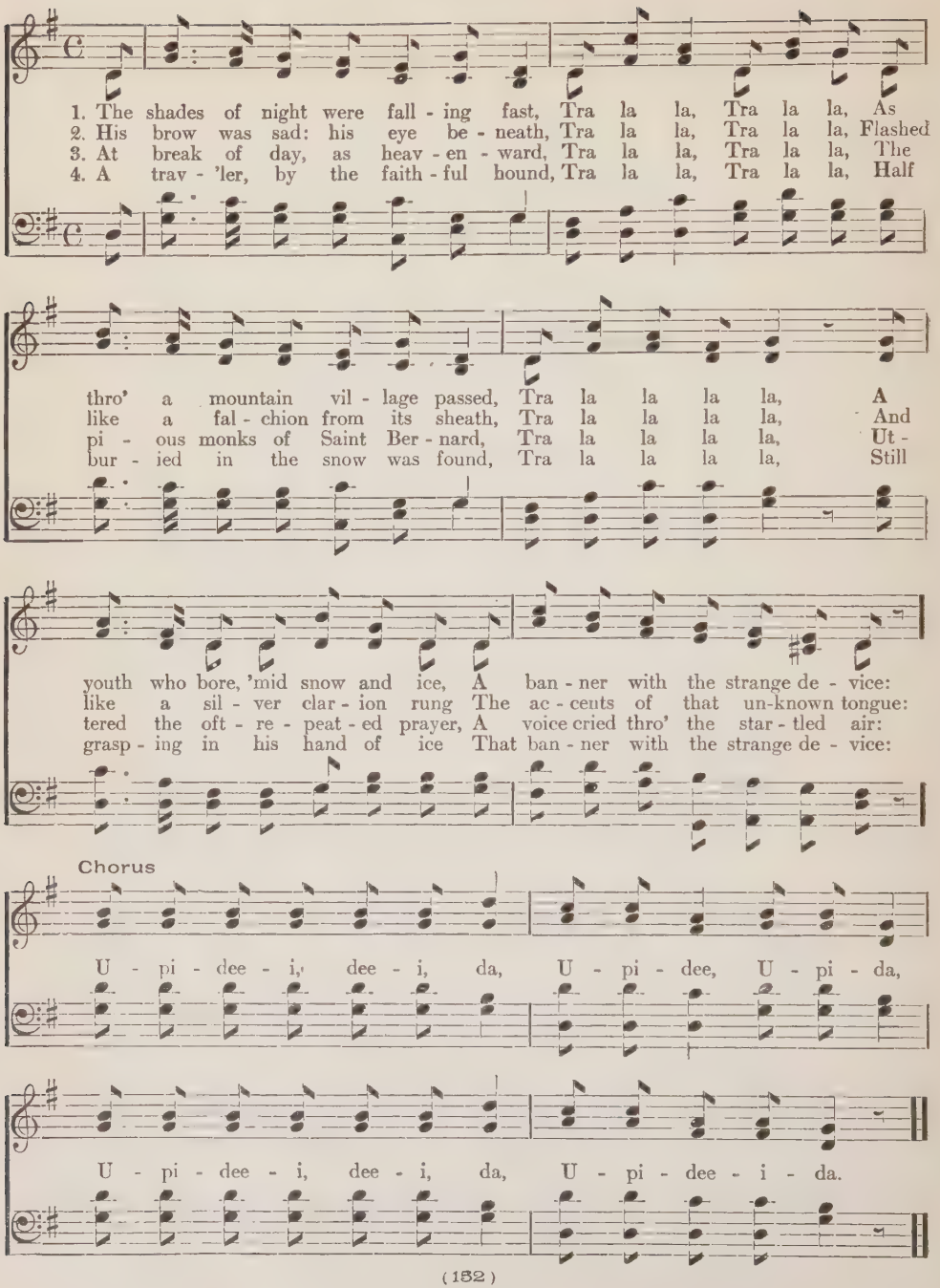
(Round)


1
The bell doth toll, Its ech - oes roll, I know the sound full well;
2
I love its ring - ing, For it calls to sing - ing, With its
3
bim, bim, bim, bome bell, Bim, bome, bim, bim, bim, bome bell.

Stars of the Summer Night

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow — Isaac B. Woodbury


1. Stars of the sum-mer night! Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your gold-en light!
2. Moon of the sum-mer night! Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in sil - ver light!
3. Wind of the sum-mer night! Where yonder woodbine creeps, Fold, fold your pin-ions light!
4. Dreams of the sum-mer night! Tell her, her lov - er keeps Watch! while in slum-ber light
She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps! She sleeps! she sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!

Upidee

1. The shades of night were fall - ing fast, Tra la la, Tra la la, As
2. His brow was sad: his eye be - neath, Tra la la, Tra la la, Flashed
3. At break of day, as heav - en - ward, Tra la la, Tra la la, The
4. A trav - 'ler, by the faith - ful hound, Tra la la, Tra la la, Half
thro' a mountain vil - lage passed, Tra la la la la, A
like a fal - chion from its sheath, Tra la la la la, And
pi - ous monks of Saint Ber - nard, Tra la la la la, Ut -
bur - ied in the snow was found, Tra la la la la, Still
youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A ban - ner with the strange de - vice:
like a sil - ver clar - ion rung The ac - cents of that un-known tongue:
tered the oft - re - peat - ed prayer, A voice cried thro' the star - tled air:
grasp - ing in his hand of ice That ban - ner with the strange de - vice:
Chorus
U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da,
U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da, U - pi - dee - i - da.

Upidee

The song on the preceding page is a parody of Longfellow's "Excelsior." Another variation of the theme that is sung to the same tune is the following:

1 The shades of night were a-comin' down swift,
And snow was a-heapin' up drift on drift;
Thro' a Yankee village a youth did go,
Carryin' a flag with this mot-to—
Upidee!

2 O'er his high forehead curled copious hair,
He'd a Roman nose and complexion fair;
He'd a bright blue eye and an auburn lash,
And he ever kept a-shoutin' thro' his moustache—
Upidee!

3 "Oh, don't go up," said an old man, "stop!
It's blowin' gales up there on top;
You'll tumble off on t'other side:"
But the hurrying stranger still replied—
Upidee!

4 "Oh, don't go up such a shocking bad night,
Pray rest by my side!" said a maiden bright;
A tear on his Roman nose did come,
But still he remarked as he upward clumb—
Upidee!

5 "Look out for the branch of the sycamore tree;
Dodge the rolling stones, if any you see!"
So saying the farmer went to bed,
But that singular voice replied, overhead—
Upidee!

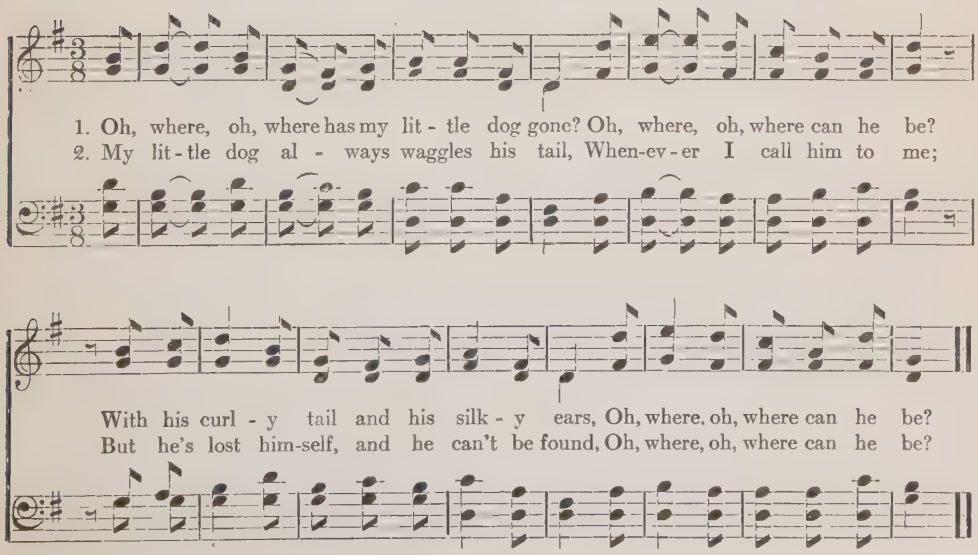
6 He saw thro' the windows, as he kept a-gettin' [upper,
A number of families sitting at supper;
He eyed those slippery rocks very keen,
But fled as he cried, and cried while a-fleein'—
Upidee!

7 About a quarter past six the next forenoon,
A man accidentally going up soon,
Heard spoken above him, as much as twice,
These very same words in a very weak voice—
Upidee!

8 Not far, I believe, from a quarter of seven,
He was slow getting there, the road being uneven,
He found, buried up in the snow and ice,
The boy and the flag with the strange device—
Upidee!

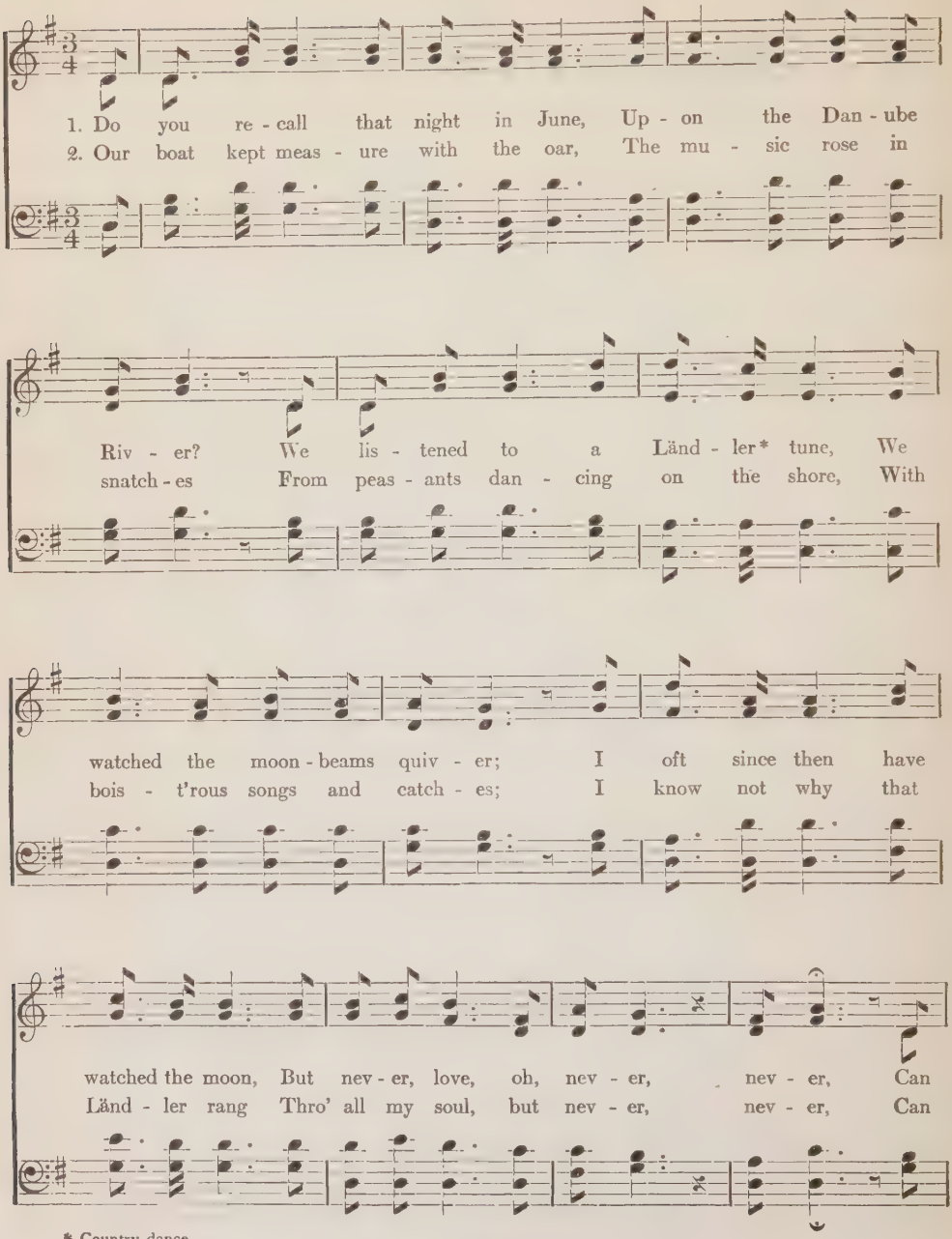
9 He was dead, defunct, without any doubt,
The lamp of his life entirely gone out;
On the drear hill-side the youth was a-layin',
And there was no more use for him to be a-sayin'—
Upidee!

Where has my Little Dog Gone?


1. Oh, where, oh, where has my lit - tle dog gone? Oh, where, oh, where can he be?
2. My lit - tle dog al - ways waggles his tail, When-ev - er I call him to me;
With his curl - y tail and his silk - y ears, Oh, where, oh, where can he be?
But he's lost him-self, and he can't be found, Oh, where, oh, where can he be?

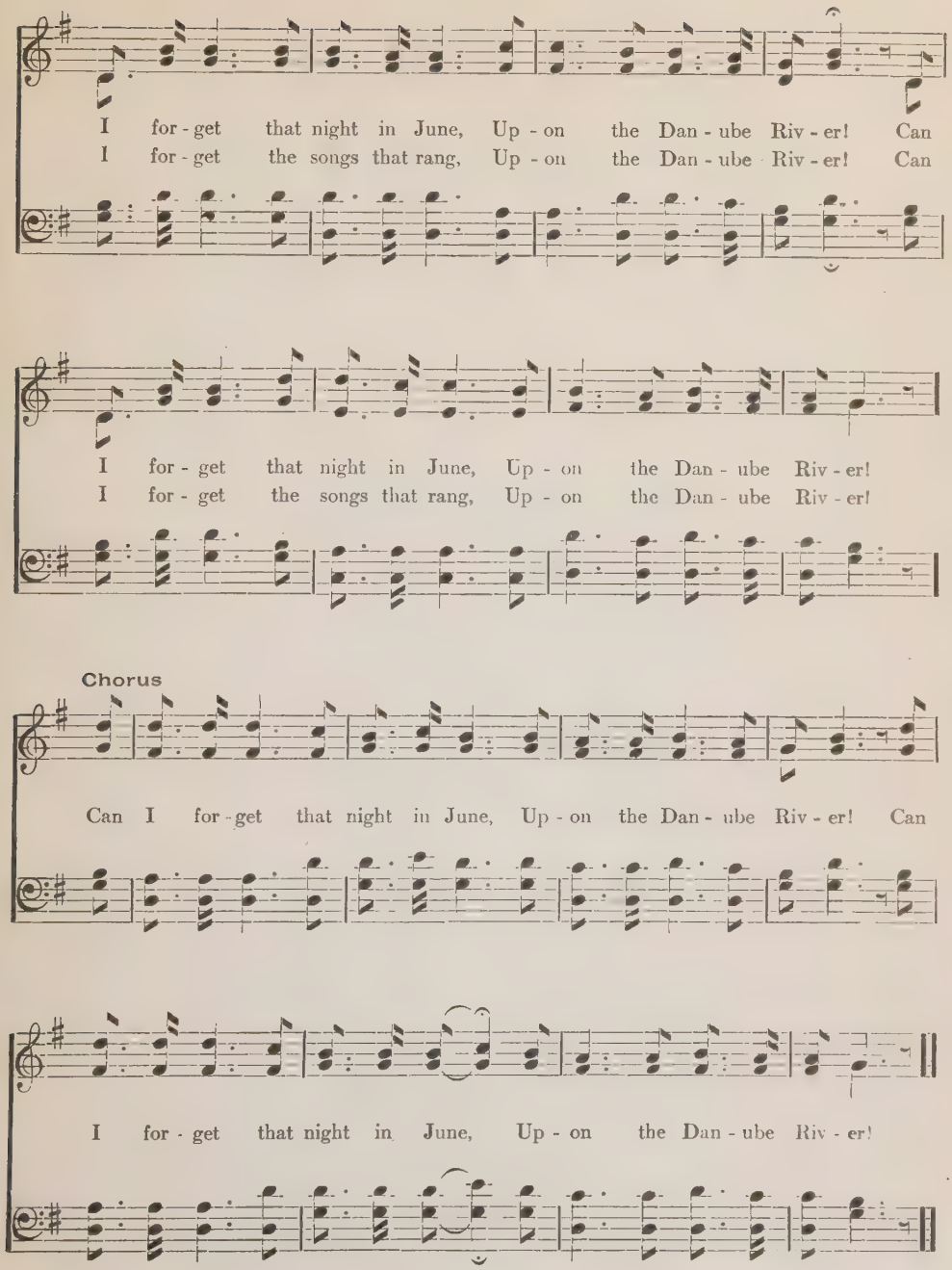
The Danube River

Hamilton Aidé

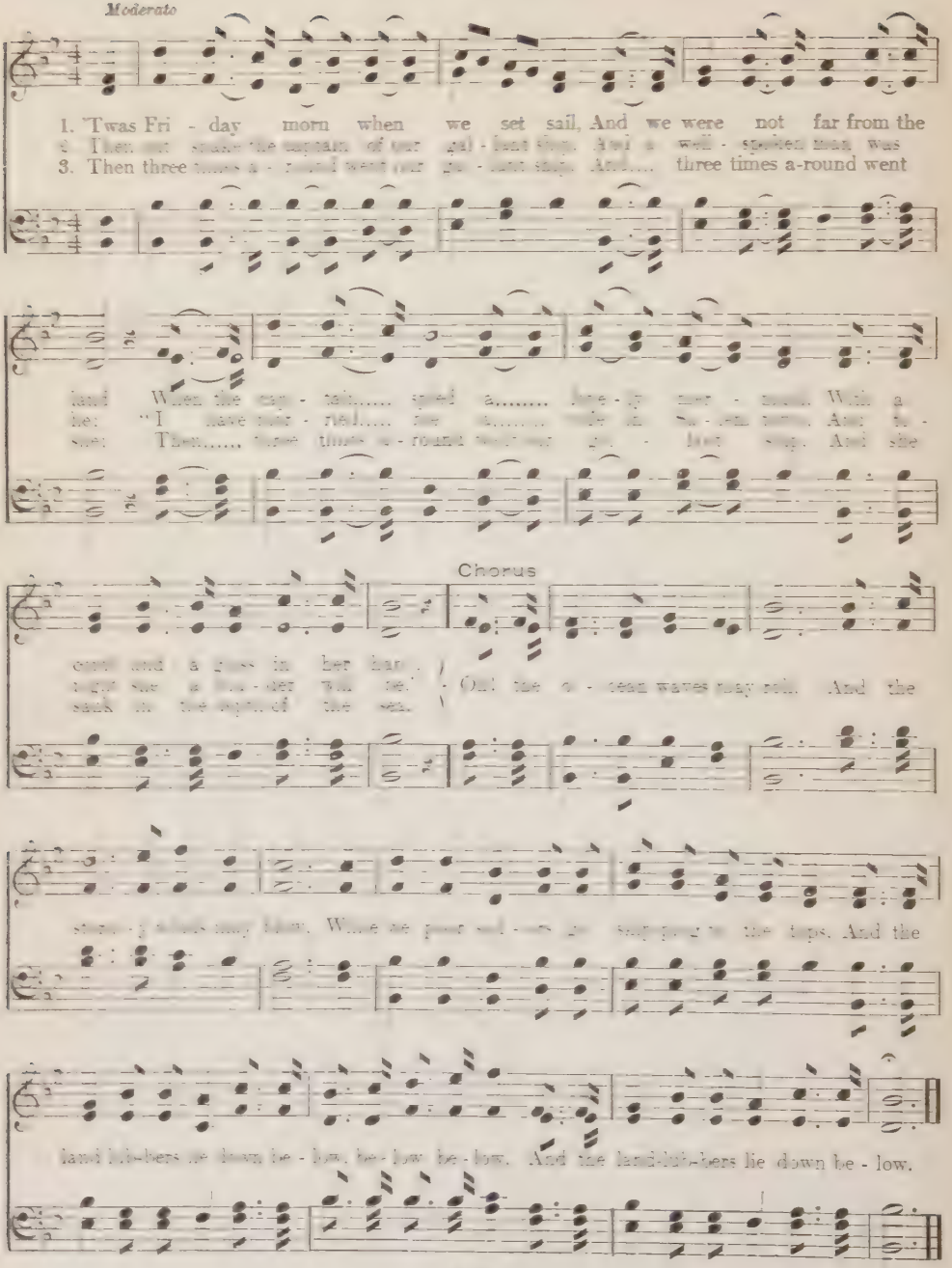

1. Do you re - call that night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube
2. Our boat kept meas - ure with the oar, The mu - sic rose in
Riv - er? We lis - tened to a Länd - ler* tune, We
snatch - es From peas - ants dan - cing on the shore, With
watched the moon - beams quiv - er; I oft since then have
bois - t'rous songs and catch - es; I know not why that
watched the moon, But nev - er, love, oh, nev - er, nev - er, Can
Länd - ler rang Thro' all my soul, but nev - er, nev - er, Can

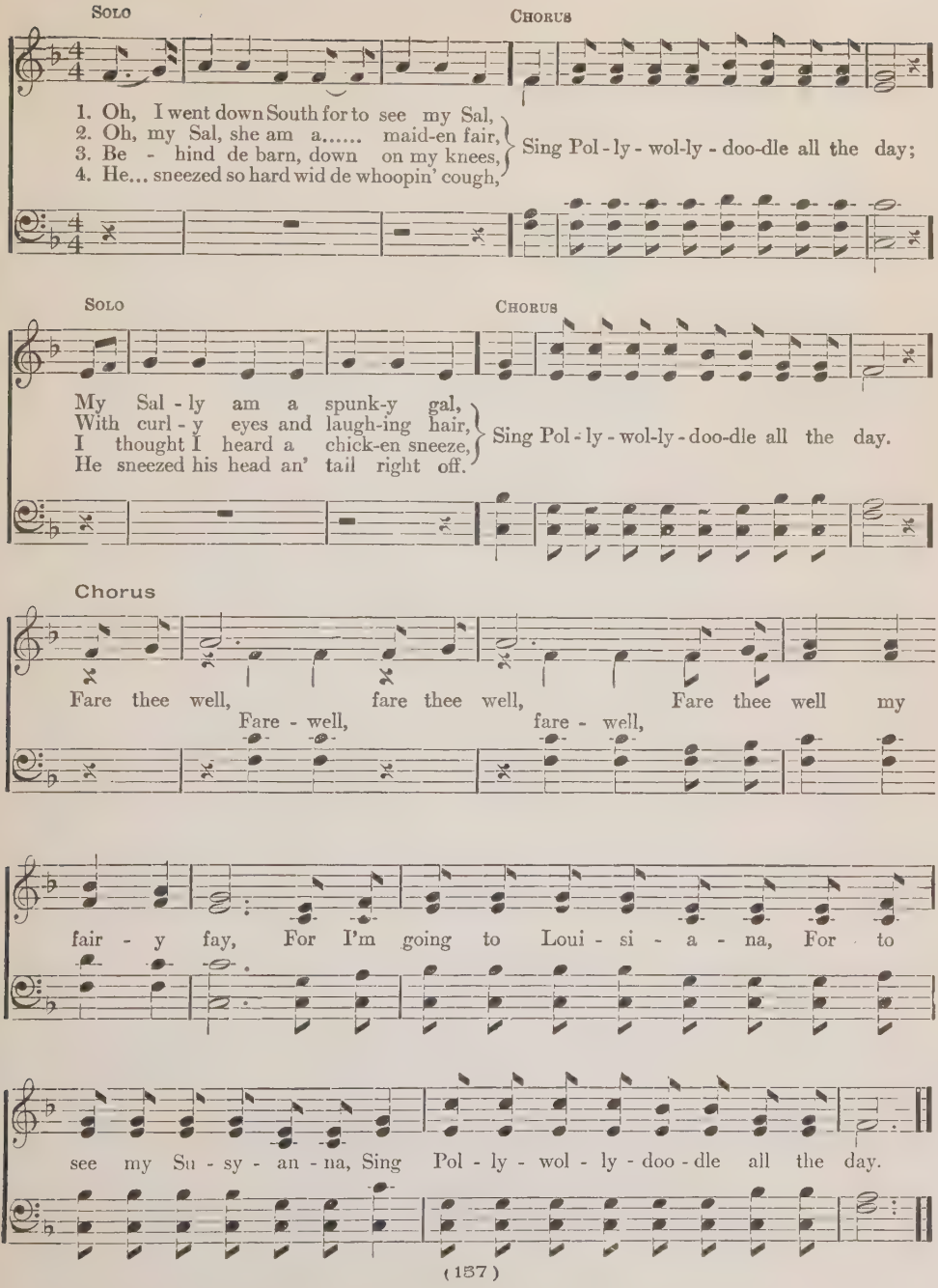
* Country dance.

The Danube River

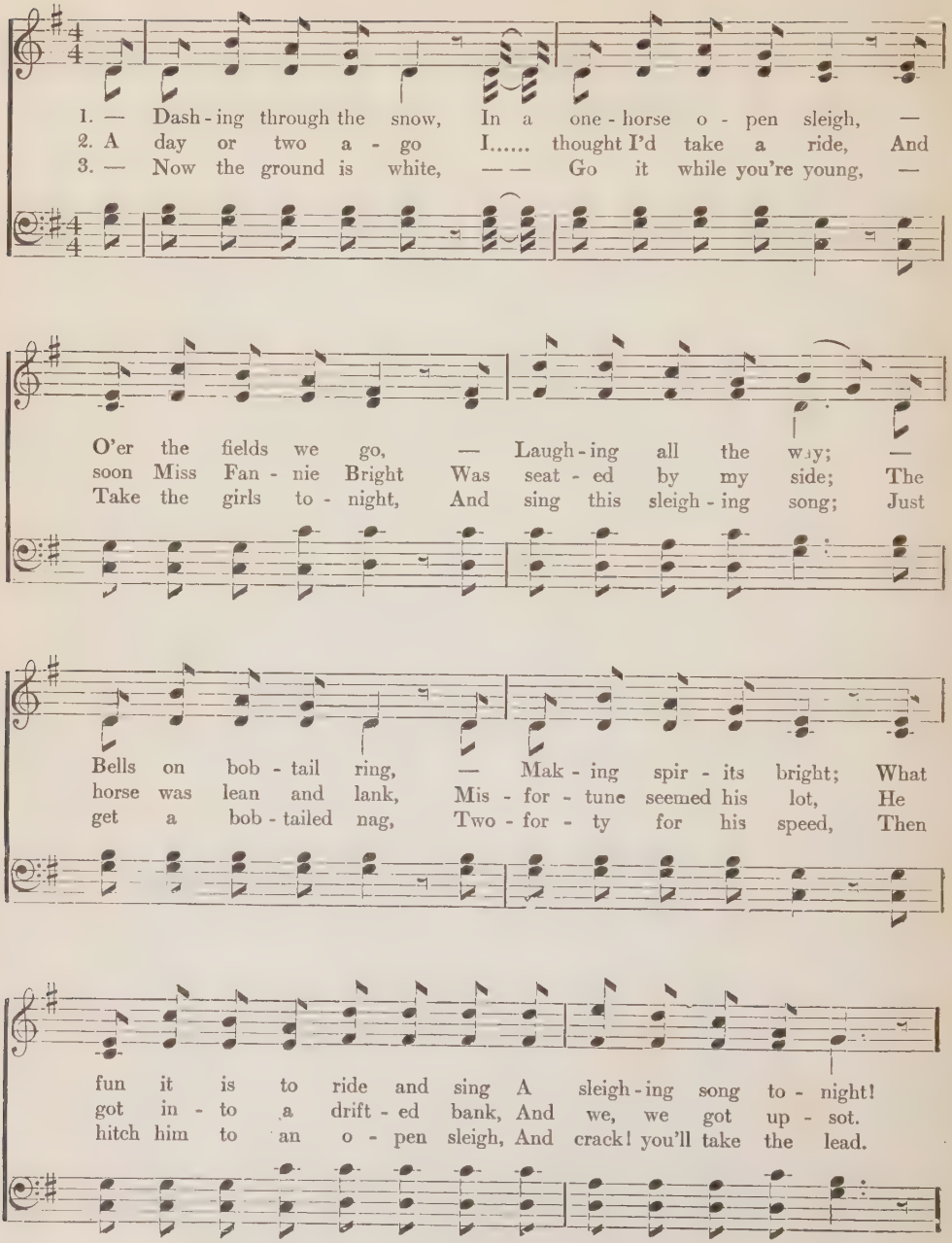

I for - get that night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube Riv - er! Can
I for - get the songs that rang, Up - on the Dan - ube Riv - er! Can
I for - get that night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube Riv - er!
I for - get the songs that rang, Up - on the Dan - ube Riv - er!
Chorus
Can I for - get that night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube Riv - er! Can
I for - get that night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube Riv - er!

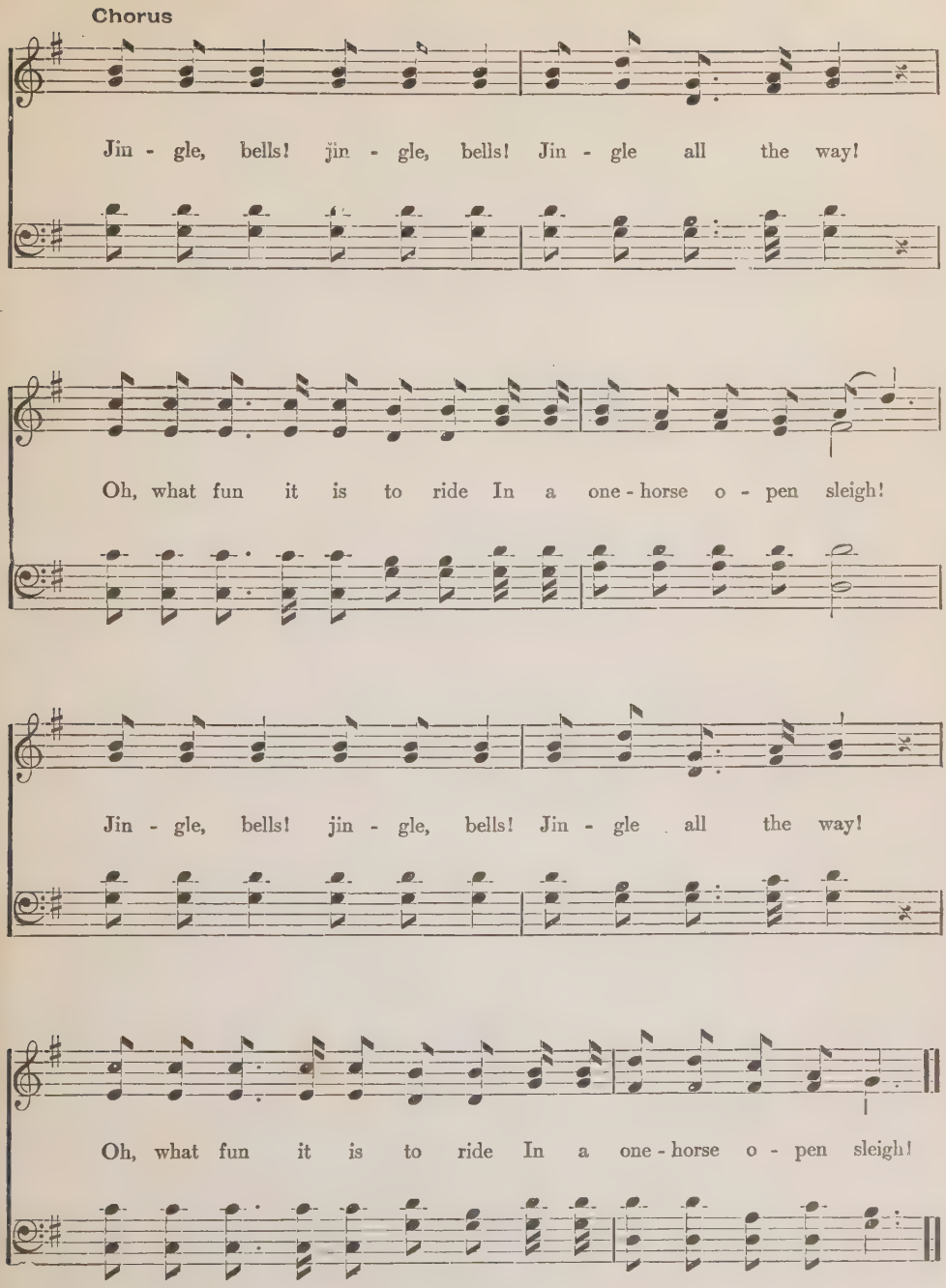
The Mermaid

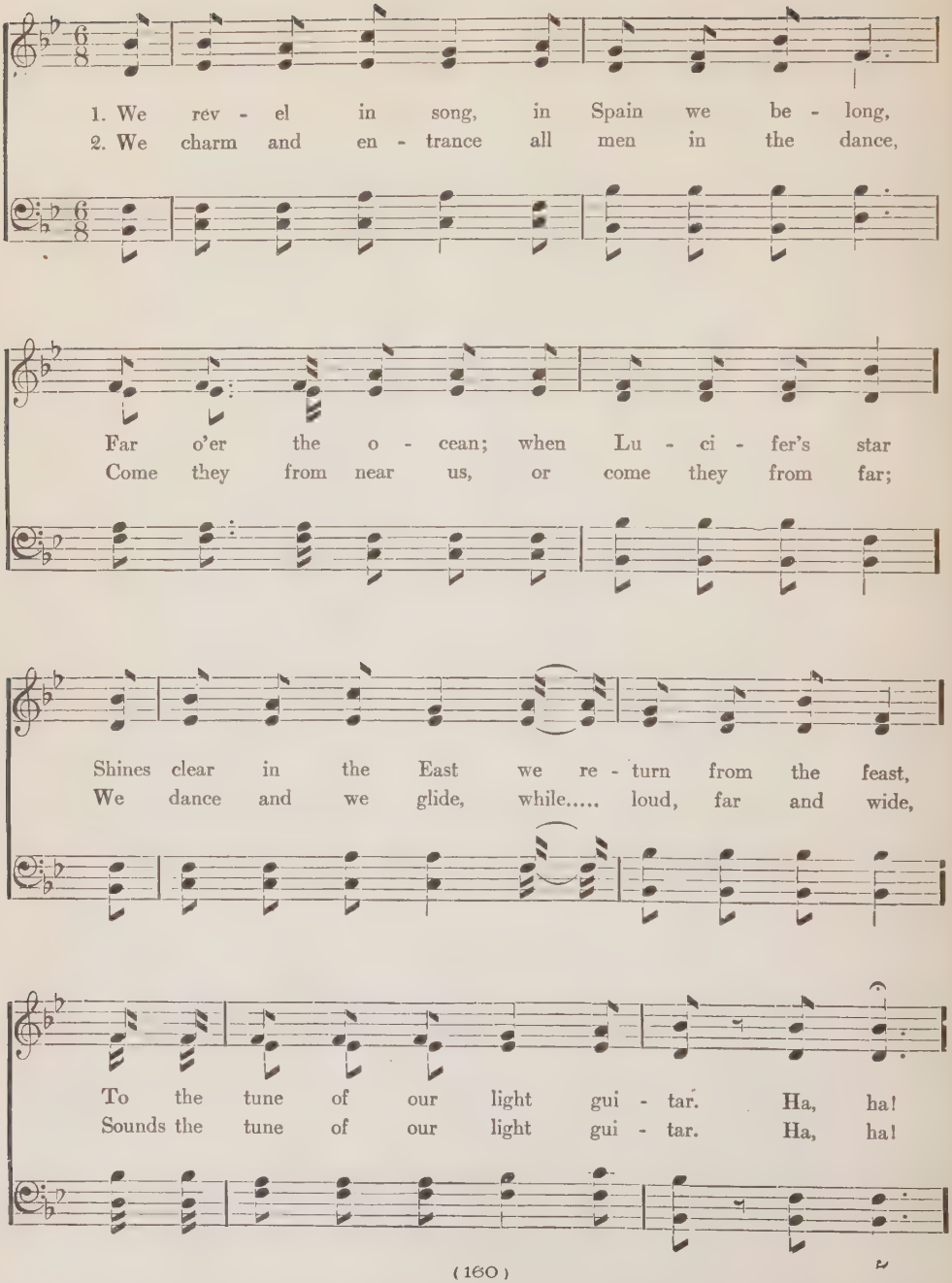

Moderate
1. 'Twas Fri - day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the
2. Then out spake the captain of our gal - lant ship, And a well - spoken man was
3. Then three times a - round went our gal - lant ship, And three times a-round went
land When the cap - tain spied a lee - ie mer - maid With a
he: "I have mer - ri - ne - ie in the sea - sea mere, And
she: Then three times a - round went our gal - lant ship, And she
Chorus
comb and a glass in her hand, And the o - cean waves may roll, And the
sank in the depth of the sea.
storm - y winds may blow, While we poor sail - ors go skipping to the tops, And the
land lub-bers lie down be - low, be - low be - low, And the land-lub-bers lie down be - low.

Polly - wolly - doodle

Solo
Chorus
1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal,
2. Oh, my Sal, she am a..... maid-en fair,
3. Be - hind de barn, down on my knees,
4. He... sneezed so hard wid de whoopin' cough,
Sing Pol - ly - wol-ly - doo-dle all the day;
Solo
Chorus
My Sal - ly am a spunk-y gal,
With curl - y eyes and laugh-ing hair,
I thought I heard a chick-en sneeze,
He sneezed his head an' tail right off.
Sing Pol - ly - wol-ly - doo-dle all the day.
Chorus
Fare thee well, fare thee well, Fare thee well my fair - y fay, For I'm going to Loui - si - a - na, For to see my Su - sy - an - na, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly - doo - dle all the day.
Fare - well, fare - well,

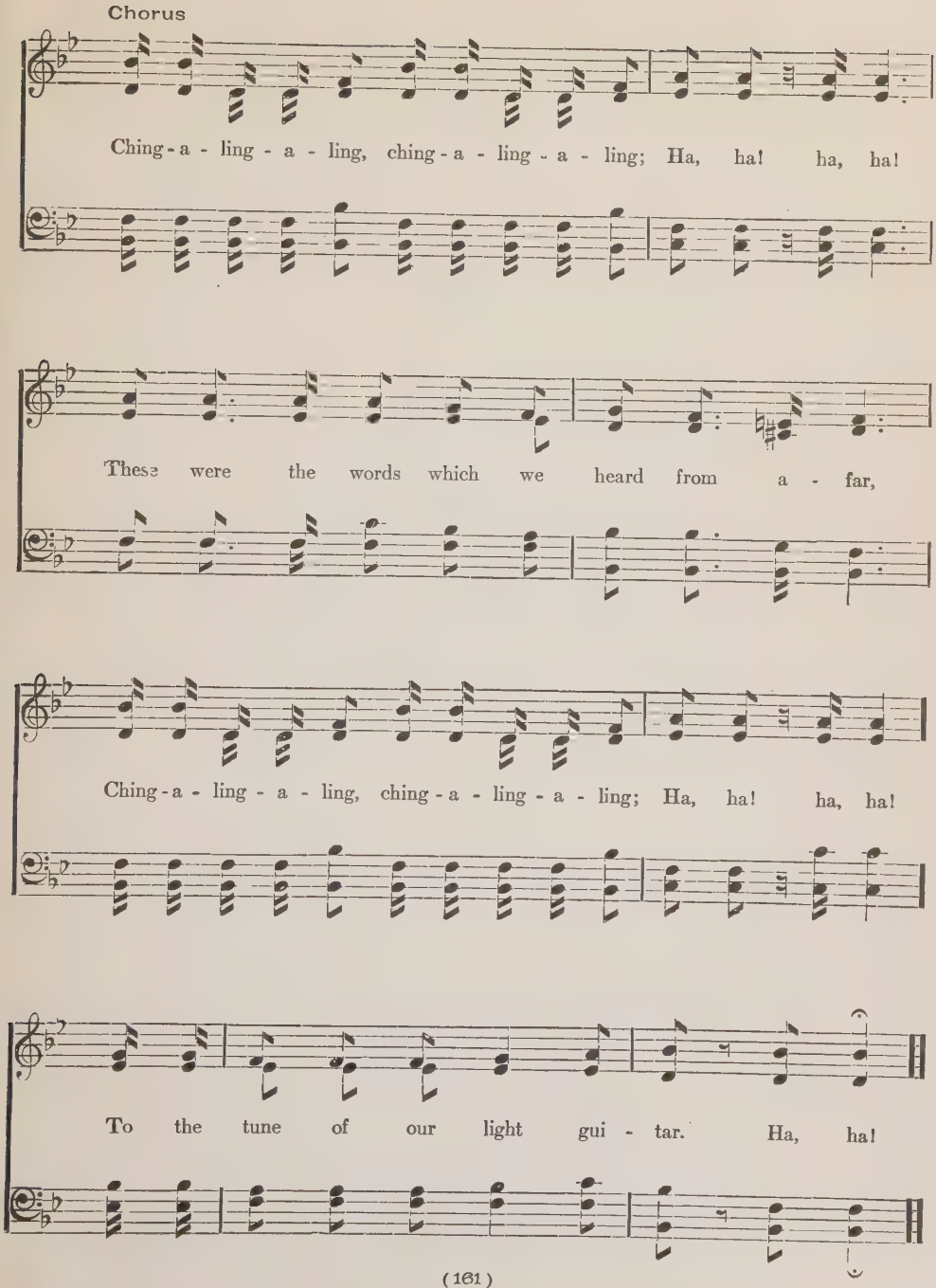
Jingle, Bells

J. Pierpont

1. — Dash - ing through the snow, In a one - horse o - pen sleigh, —
2. A day or two a - go I..... thought I'd take a ride, And
3. — Now the ground is white, — — Go it while you're young, —
O'er the fields we go, — Laugh - ing all the way; —
soon Miss Fan - nie Bright Was seat - ed by my side; The
Take the girls to - night, And sing this sleigh - ing song; Just
Bells on bob - tail ring, — Mak - ing spir - its bright; What
horse was lean and lank, Mis - for - tune seemed his lot, He
get a bob - tailed nag, Two - for - ty for his speed, Then
fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh - ing song to - night!
got in - to a drift - ed bank, And we, we got up - sot.
hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

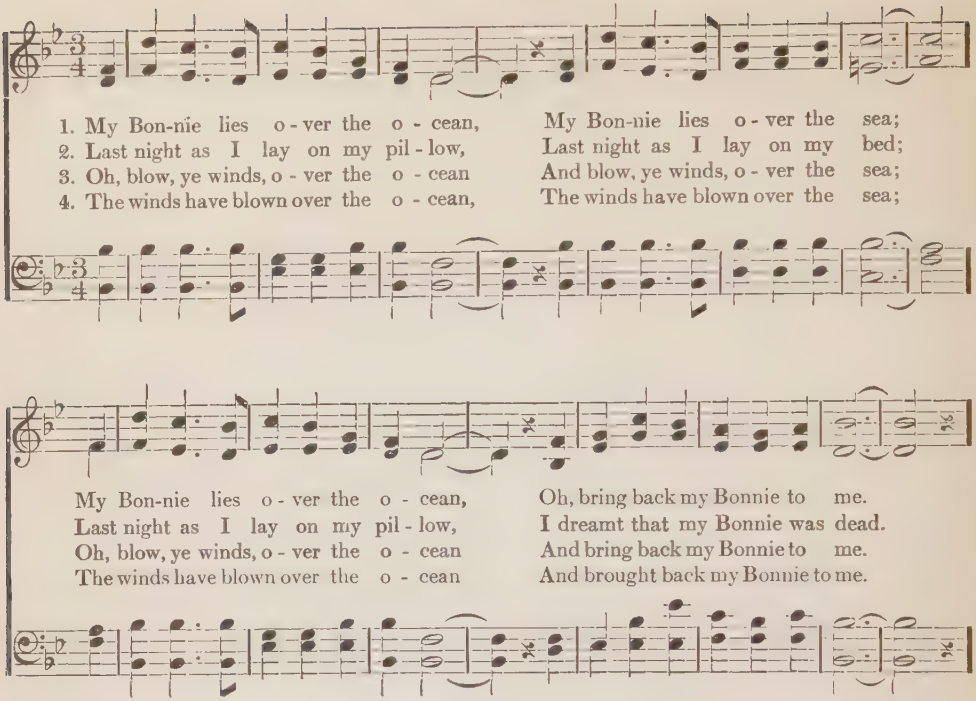
Jingle, Bells

Chorus
Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells! Jin - gle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride In a one - horse o - pen sleigh!
Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells! Jin - gle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride In a one - horse o - pen sleigh!

Ching-a-ling

1. We rev - el in song, in Spain we be - long,
2. We charm and en - trance all men in the dance,
Far o'er the o - cean; when Lu - ci - fer's star
Come they from near us, or come they from far;
Shines clear in the East we re - turn from the feast,
We dance and we glide, while..... loud, far and wide,
To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha, ha!
Sounds the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha, ha!

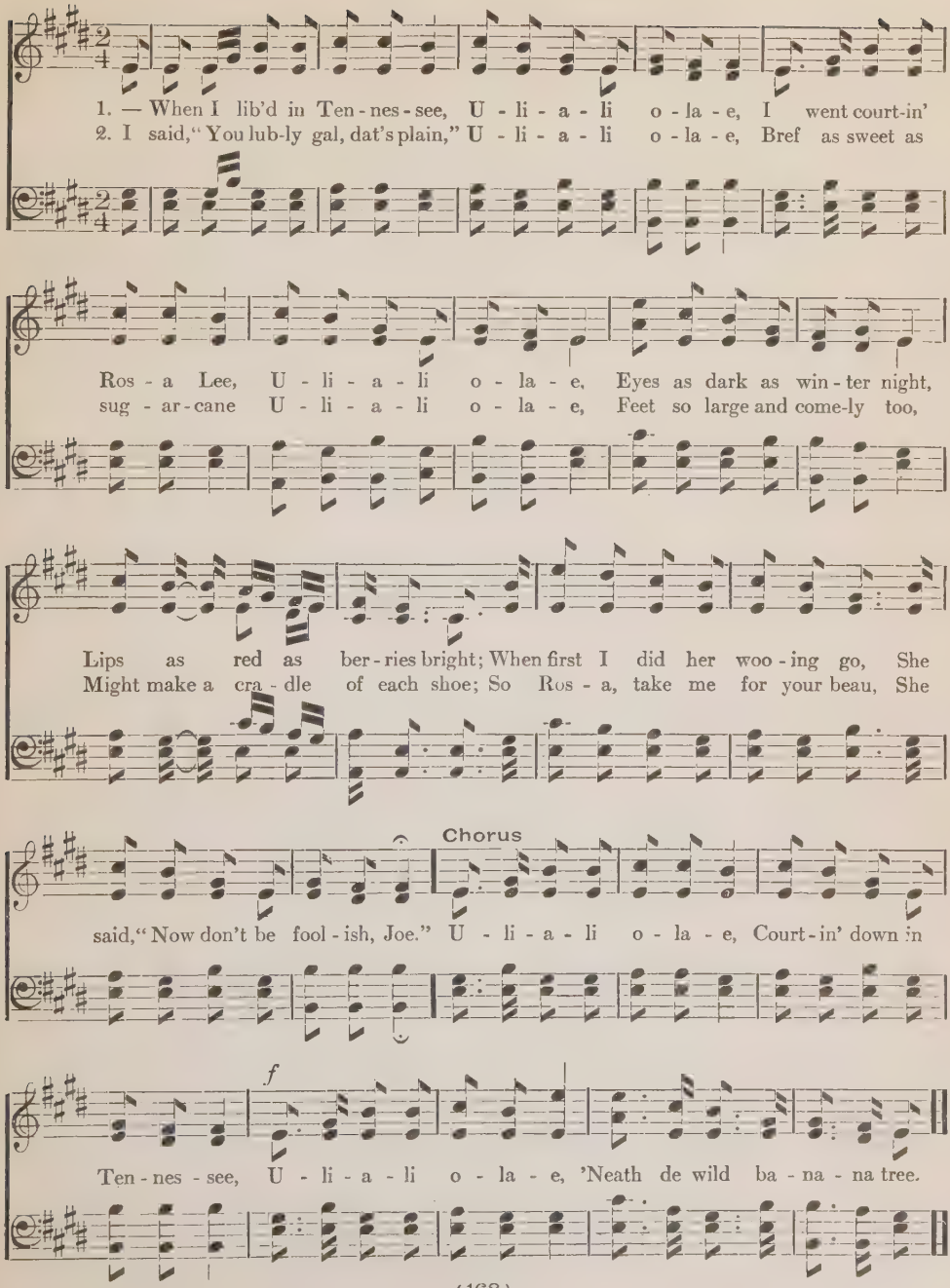
Ching-a-ling


Chorus
Ching-a-ling-a-ling, ching-a-ling-a-ling; Ha, ha! ha, ha!
These were the words which we heard from a-far,
Ching-a-ling-a-ling, ching-a-ling-a-ling; Ha, ha! ha, ha!
To the tune of our light gui-tar. Ha, ha!

My Bonnie

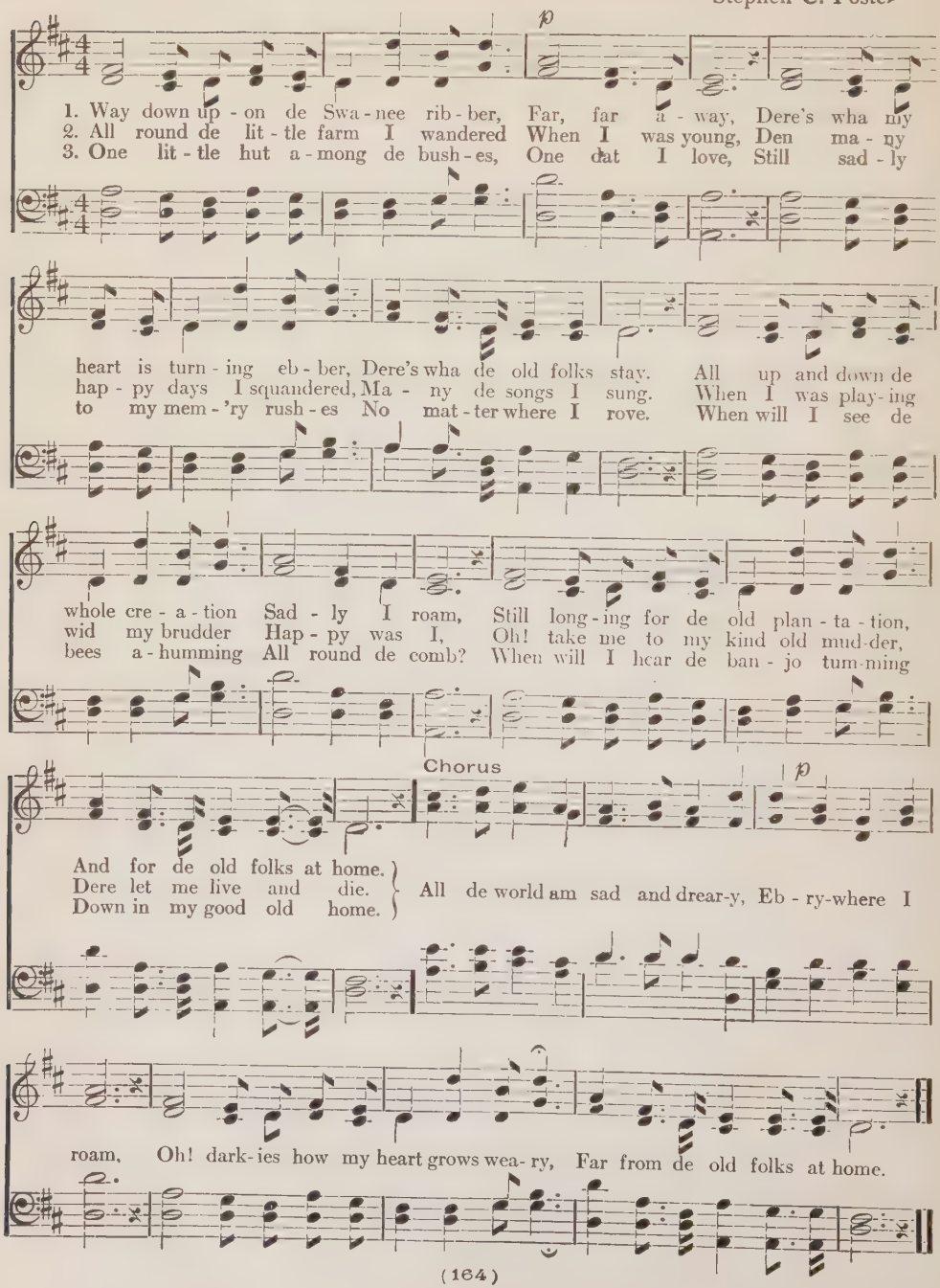

1. My Bon-nie lies o - ver the o - cean, My Bon-nie lies o - ver the sea;
2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, Last night as I lay on my bed;
3. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean And blow, ye winds, o - ver the sea;
4. The winds have blown over the o - cean, The winds have blown over the sea;
My Bon-nie lies o - ver the o - cean, Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.
Last night as I lay on my pil - low, I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.
Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean And bring back my Bonnie to me.
The winds have blown over the o - cean And brought back my Bonnie to me.
Chorus
Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me;
Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me.....

Rosa Lee


1. — When I lib'd in Ten-nes-see, U-li-a-li o-la-e, I went court-in'
2. I said, "You lub-ly gal, dat's plain," U-li-a-li o-la-e, Bref as sweet as
Ros-a Lee, U-li-a-li o-la-e, Eyes as dark as win-ter night,
sug-ar-cane U-li-a-li o-la-e, Feet so large and come-ly too,
Lips as red as ber-ries bright; When first I did her woo-ing go, She
Might make a cra-dle of each shoe; So Ros-a, take me for your beau, She
Chorus
said, "Now don't be fool-ish, Joe." U-li-a-li o-la-e, Court-in' down in
f
Ten-nes-see, U-li-a-li o-la-e, 'Neath de wild ba-na-na tree.

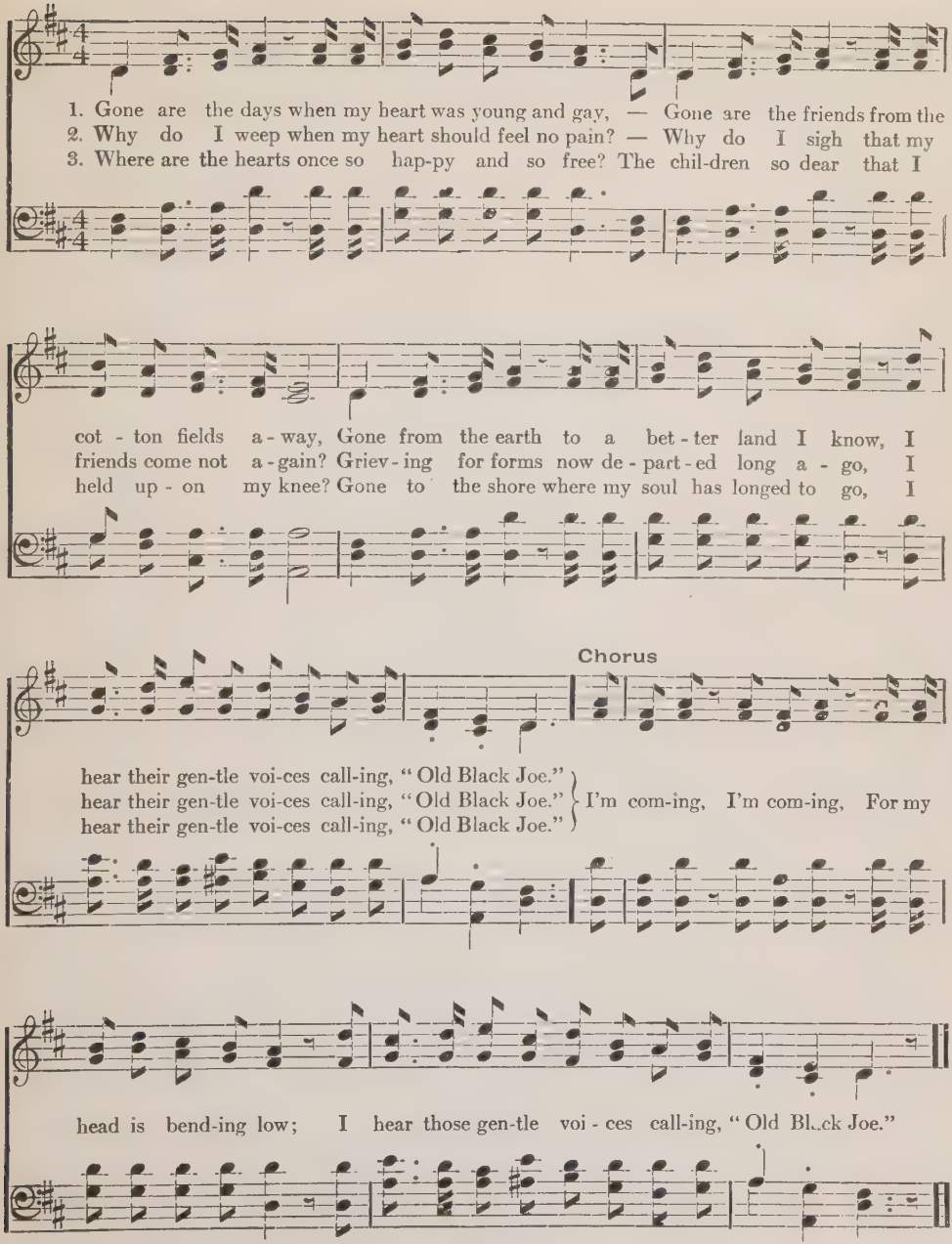
The Old Folks at Home

Stephen C. Foster


p
1. Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way, Dere's wha my
2. All round de lit - tle farm I wandered When I was young, Den ma - ny
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love, Still sad - ly
heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay. All up and down de
hap - py days I squandered, Ma - ny de songs I sung. When I was play - ing
to my mem - 'ry rush - es No mat - ter where I rove. When will I see de
whole cre - a - tion Sad - ly I roam, Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion,
wid my brudder Hap - py was I, Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der,
bees a - humming All round de comb? When will I hear de ban - jo tum - ming
Chorus
p
And for de old folks at home.
Dere let me live and die.
Down in my good old home.
All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - ry - where I
roam, Oh! dark - ies how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

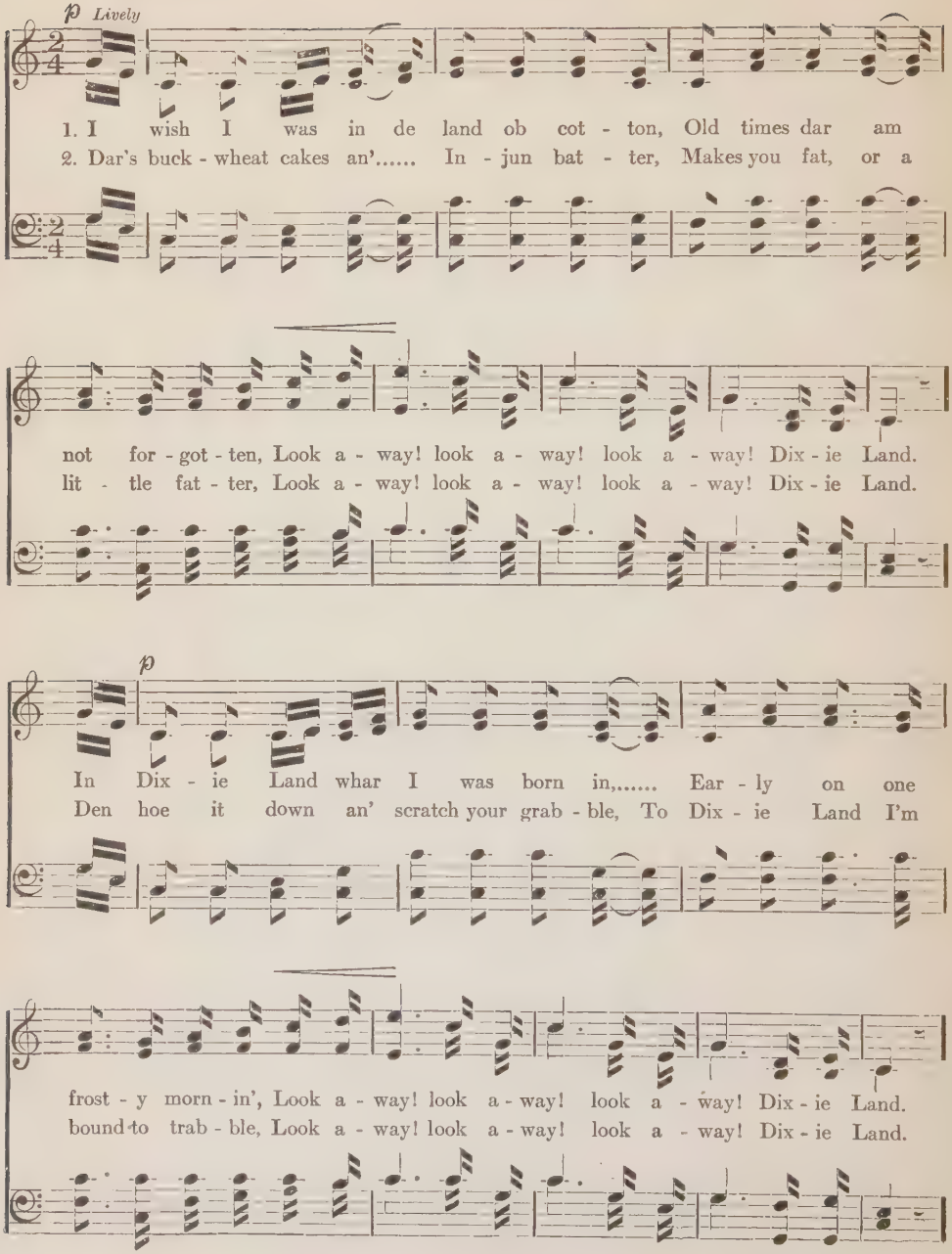
Old Black Joe

Stephen C. Foster

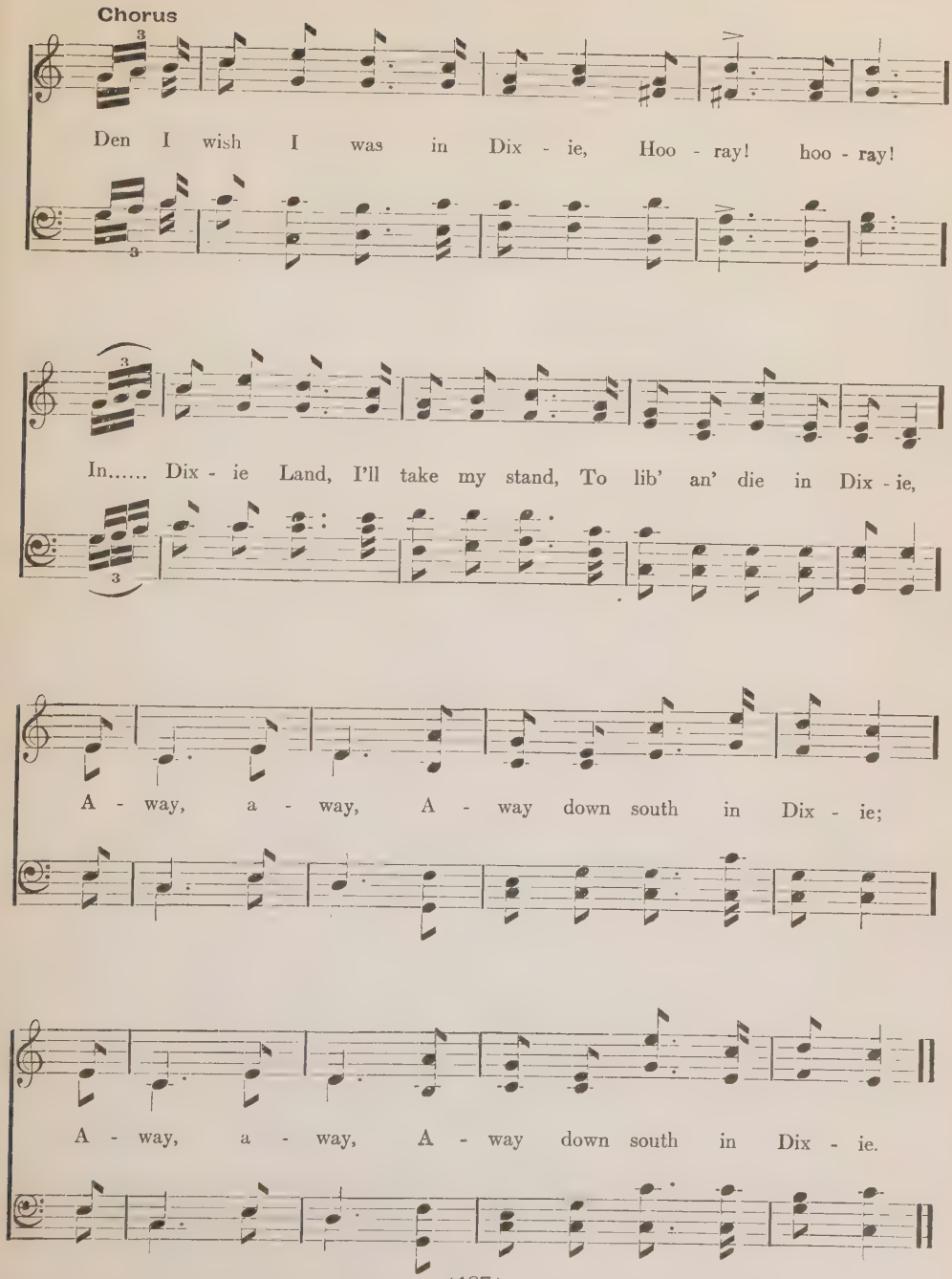

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, — Gone are the friends from the
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? — Why do I sigh that my
3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren so dear that I
cot - ton fields a - way, Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know, I
friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go, I
held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go, I
Chorus
hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."
hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."
hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."
I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my
head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi - ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."

Dixie Land

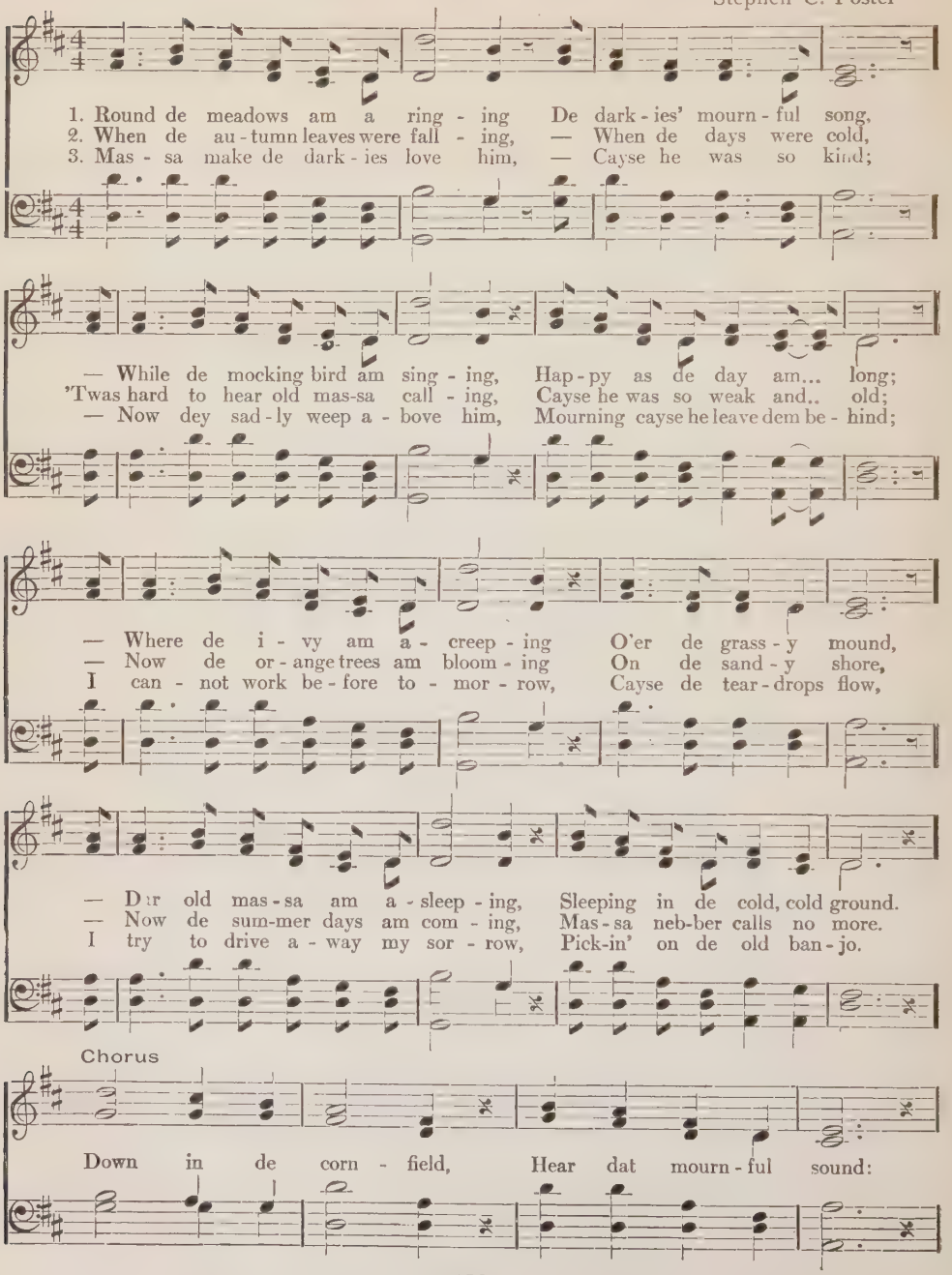
Daniel Emmett


p Lively
1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am
2. Dar's buck - wheat cakes an'..... In - jun bat - ter, Makes you fat, or a
not for - got - ten, Look a - way! look a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
lit - tle fat - ter, Look a - way! look a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
p
In Dix - ie Land whar I was born in,..... Ear - ly on one
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grab - ble, To Dix - ie Land I'm
frost - y morn - in', Look a - way! look a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
bound to trab - ble, Look a - way! look a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land.

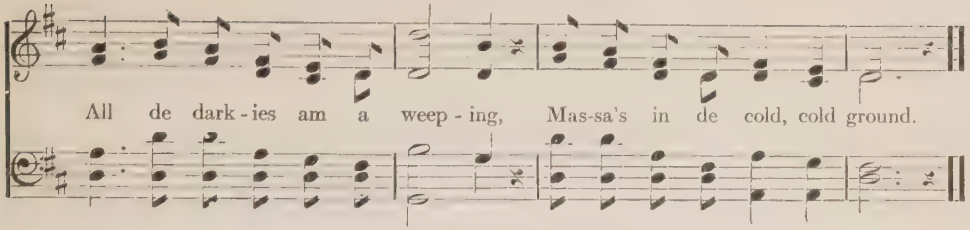
Dixie Land


Chorus
Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! hoo - ray!
In..... Dix - ie Land, I'll take my stand, To lib' an' die in Dix - ie,
A - way, a - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie;
A - way, a - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.

Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground

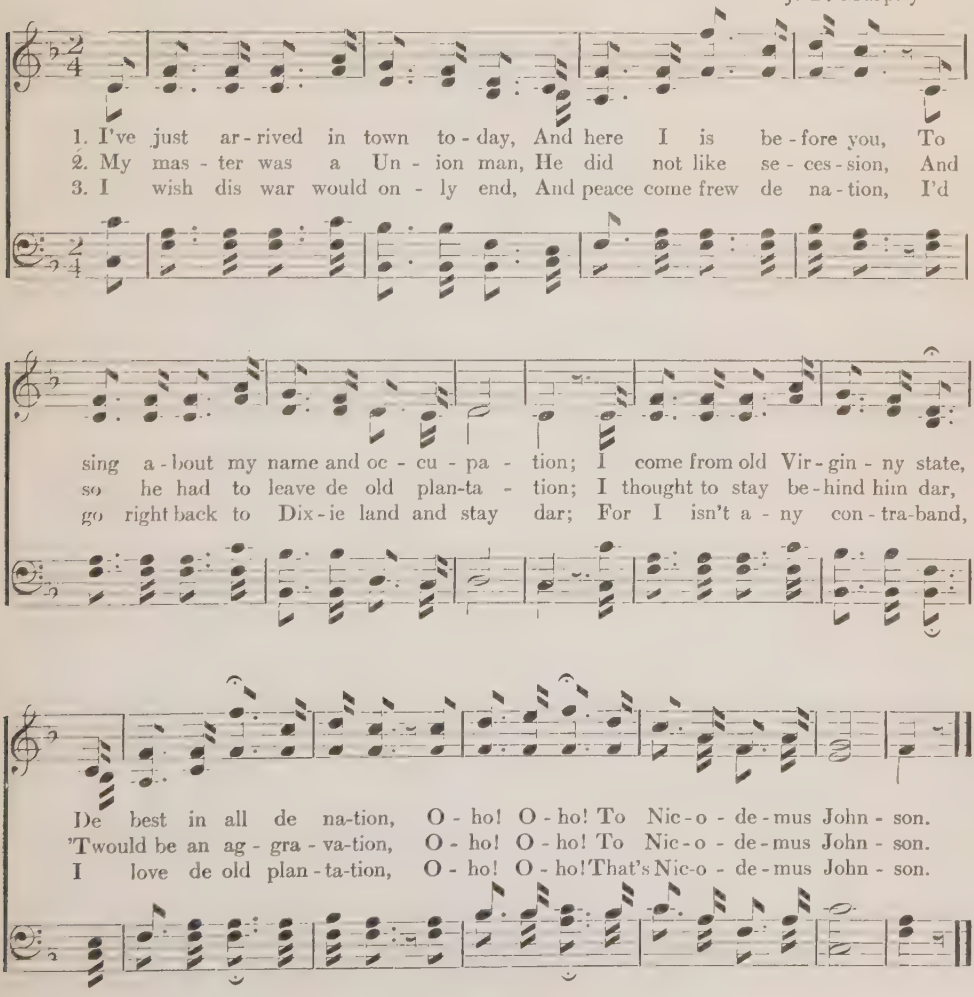
Stephen C. Foster

1. Round de meadows am a ring - ing De dark - ies' mourn - ful song,
2. When de au - tumn leaves were fall - ing, — When de days were cold,
3. Mas - sa make de dark - ies love him, — Cayse he was so kind;
— While de mocking bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am... long;
'Twas hard to hear old mas-sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and.. old;
— Now dey sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem be - hind;
— Where de i - vy am a - creep - ing O'er de grass - y mound,
— Now de or - ange trees am bloom - ing On de sand - y shore,
I can - not work be - fore to - mor - row, Cayse de tear - drops flow,
— Dar old mas - sa am a - sleep - ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.
— Now de sum-mer days am com - ing, Mas - sa neb-ber calls no more.
I try to drive a - way my sor - row, Pick-in' on de old ban - jo.
Chorus
Down in de corn - field, Hear dat mourn - ful sound:

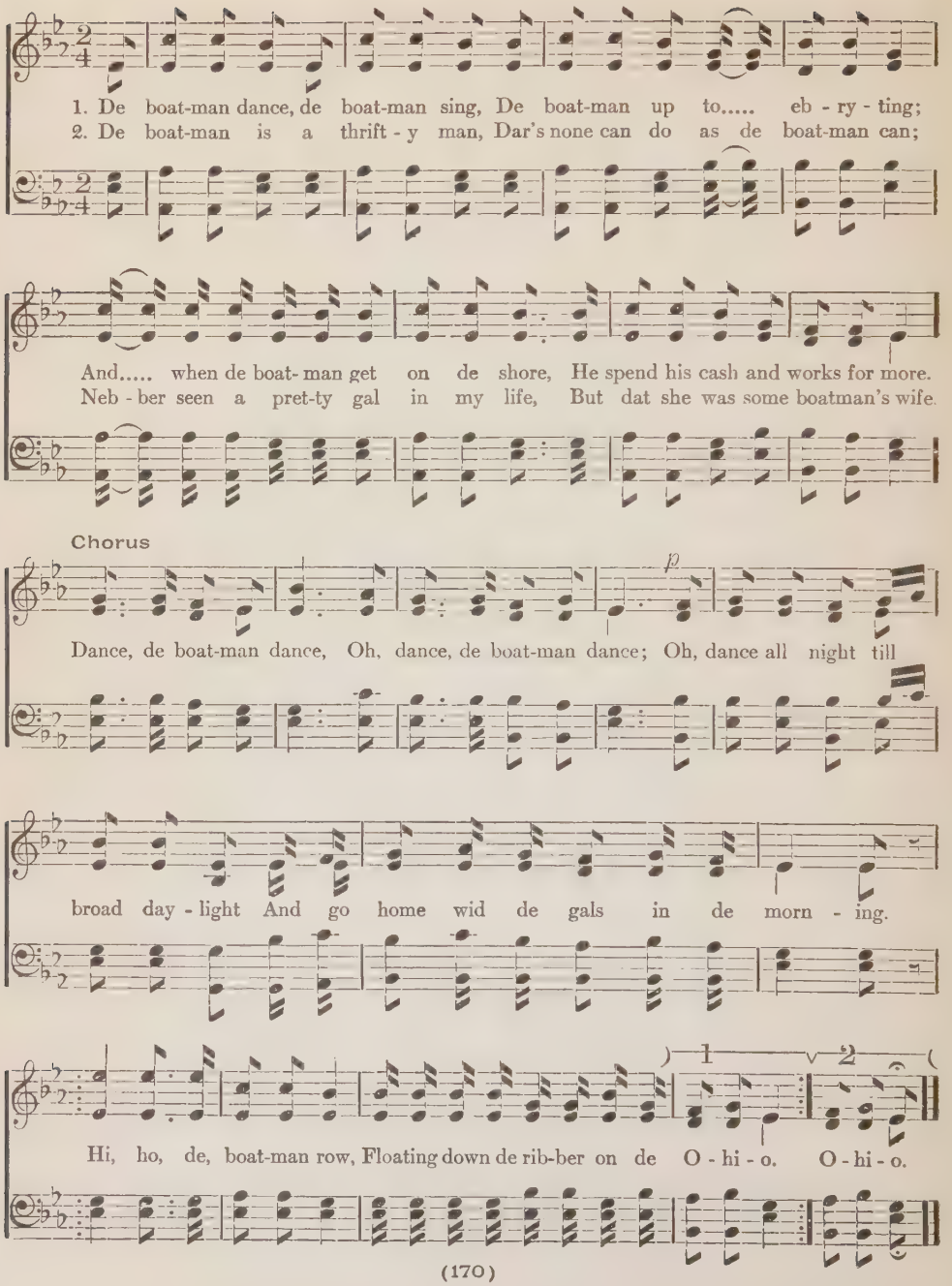
Massa's in de Cold Ground



Nicodemus Johnson

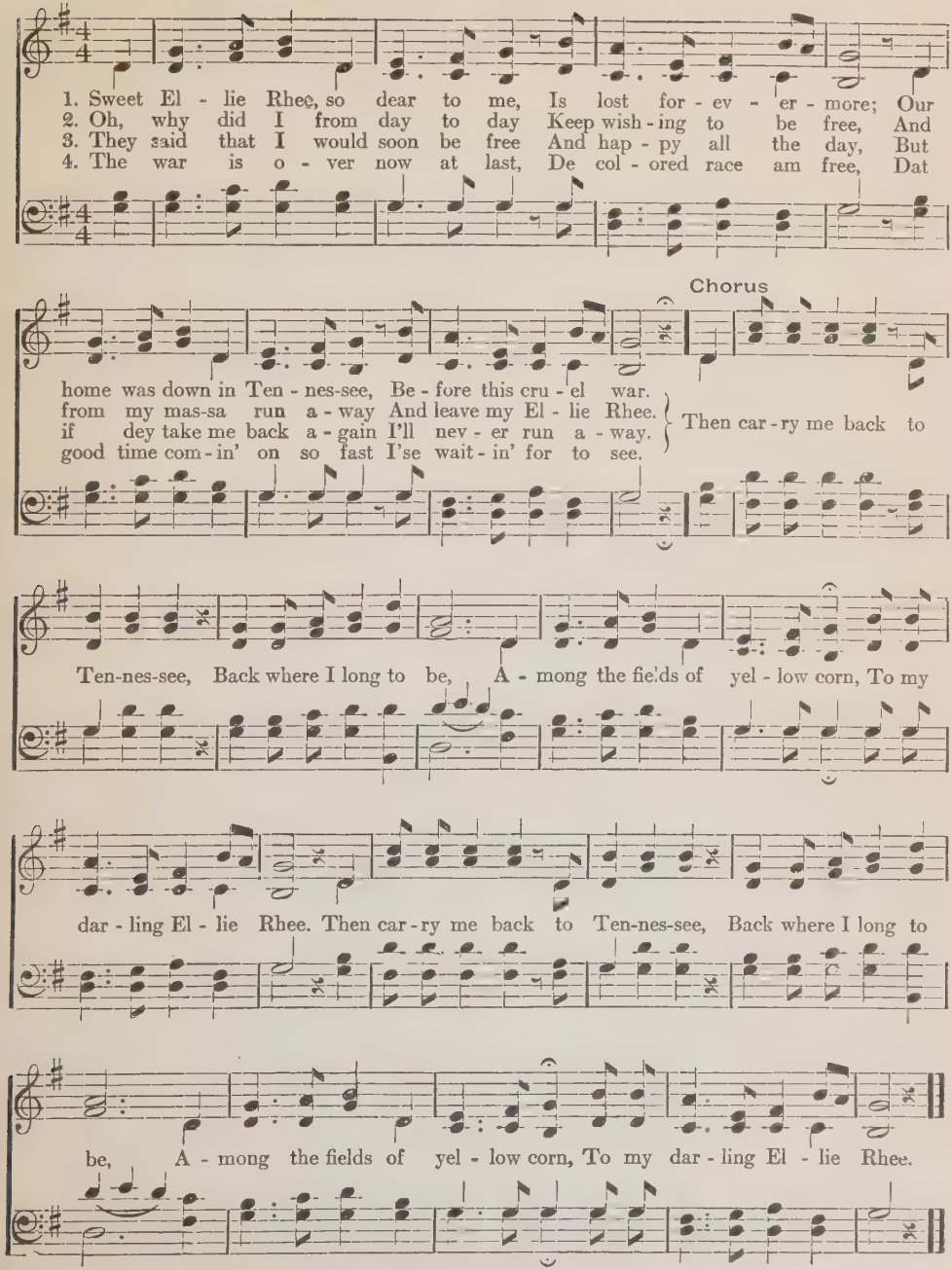
J. B. Murphy


1. I've just ar-rived in town to-day, And here I is be-fore you, To
2. My mas-ter was a Un-ion man, He did not like se-ces-sion, And
3. I wish dis war would on-ly end, And peace come frew de na-tion, I'd
sing a-bout my name and oc-cu-pa-tion; I come from old Vir-gin-ny state,
so he had to leave de old plan-ta-tion; I thought to stay be-hind him dar,
go right back to Dix-ie land and stay dar; For I isn't a-ny con-tra-band,
De best in all de na-tion, O-ho! O-ho! To Nic-o-de-mus John-son.
'Twould be an ag-gra-va-tion, O-ho! O-ho! To Nic-o-de-mus John-son.
I love de old plan-ta-tion, O-ho! O-ho! That's Nic-o-de-mus John-son.

De Boatman Dance

1. De boat-man dance, de boat-man sing, De boat-man up to..... eb - ry - ting;
2. De boat-man is a thrift - y man, Dar's none can do as de boat-man can;
And..... when de boat- man get on de shore, He spend his cash and works for more.
Neb - ber seen a pret-ty gal in my life, But dat she was some boatman's wife.
Chorus
p
Dance, de boat-man dance, Oh, dance, de boat-man dance; Oh, dance all night till
broad day - light And go home wid de gals in de morn - ing.
1
2
Hi, ho, de, boat-man row, Floating down de rib-ber on de O - hi - o. O - hi - o.

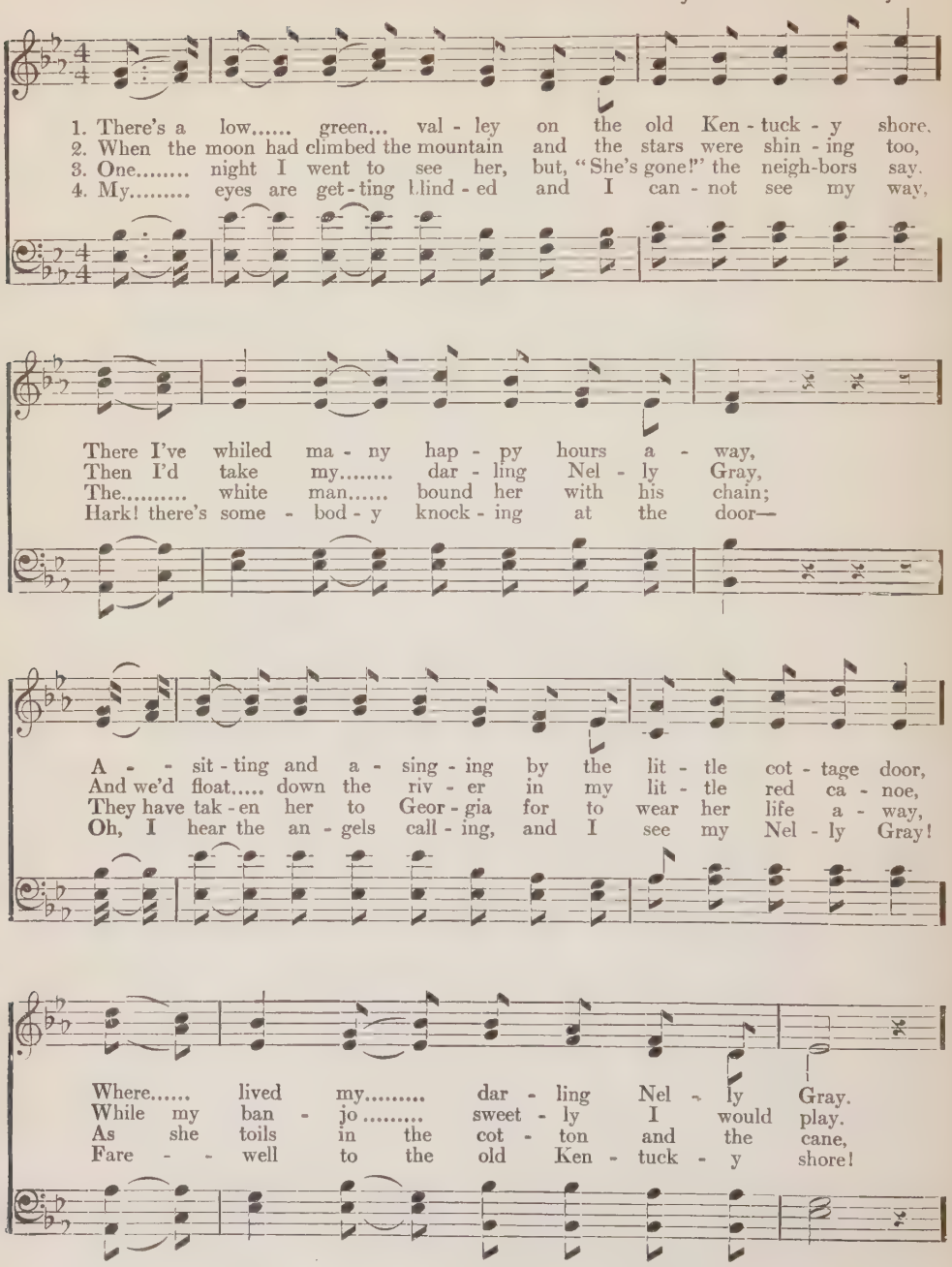
Ellie Rhee

Septimus Winner

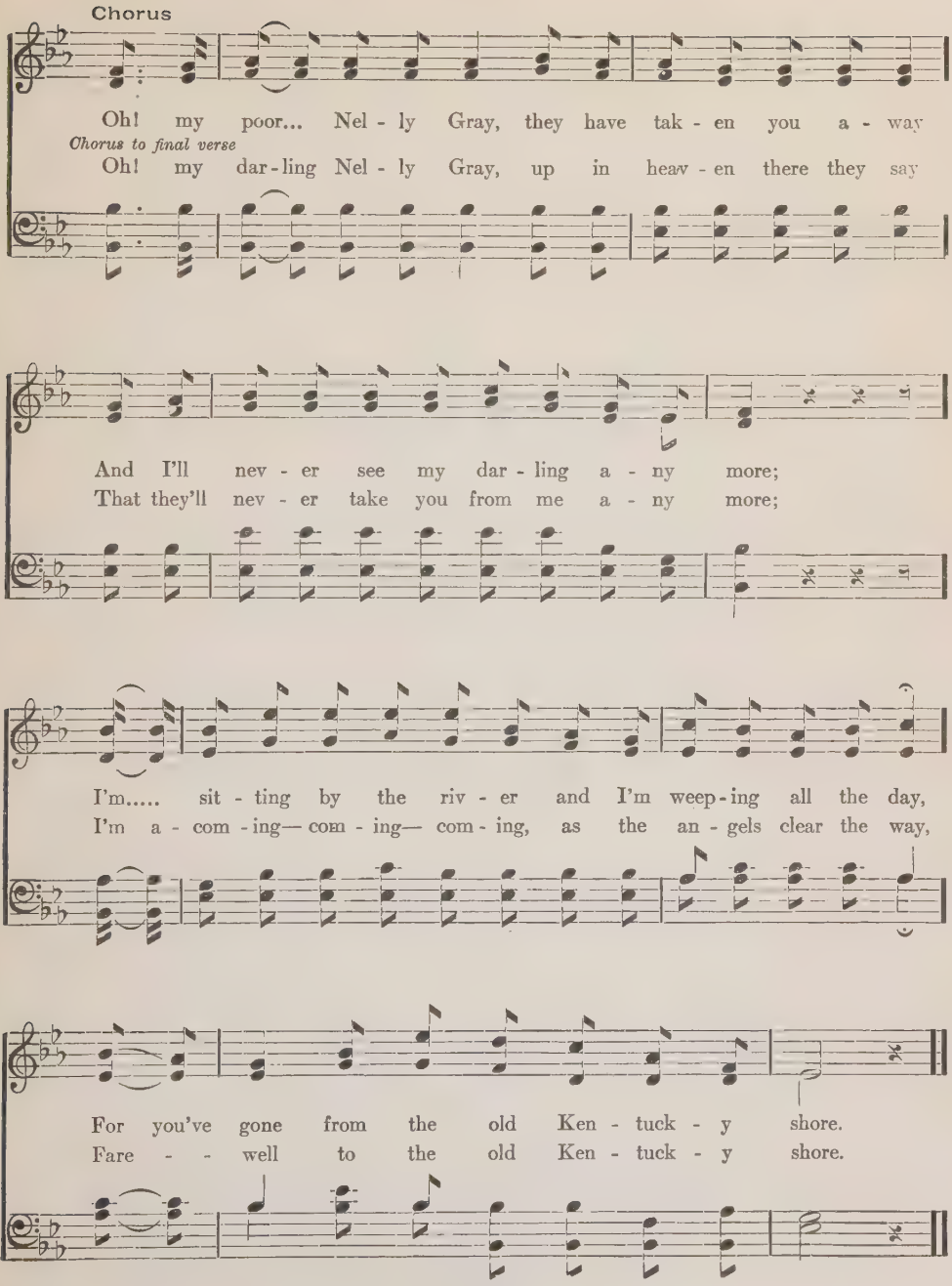

1. Sweet El - lie Rhee, so dear to me, Is lost for - ev - er - more; Our
2. Oh, why did I from day to day Keep wish - ing to be free, And
3. They said that I would soon be free And hap - py all the day, But
4. The war is o - ver now at last, De col - ored race am free, Dat
Chorus
home was down in Ten - nes-see, Be - fore this cru - el war.
from my mas-sa run a - way And leave my El - lie Rhee.
if dey take me back a - gain I'll nev - er run a - way.
good time com - in' on so fast I'se wait - in' for to see.
Then car - ry me back to
Ten-nes-see, Back where I long to be, A - mong the fields of yel - low corn, To my
dar - ling El - lie Rhee. Then car - ry me back to Ten-nes-see, Back where I long to
be, A - mong the fields of yel - low corn, To my dar - ling El - lie Rhee.

Darling Nelly Gray

Benjamin Russell Hanby

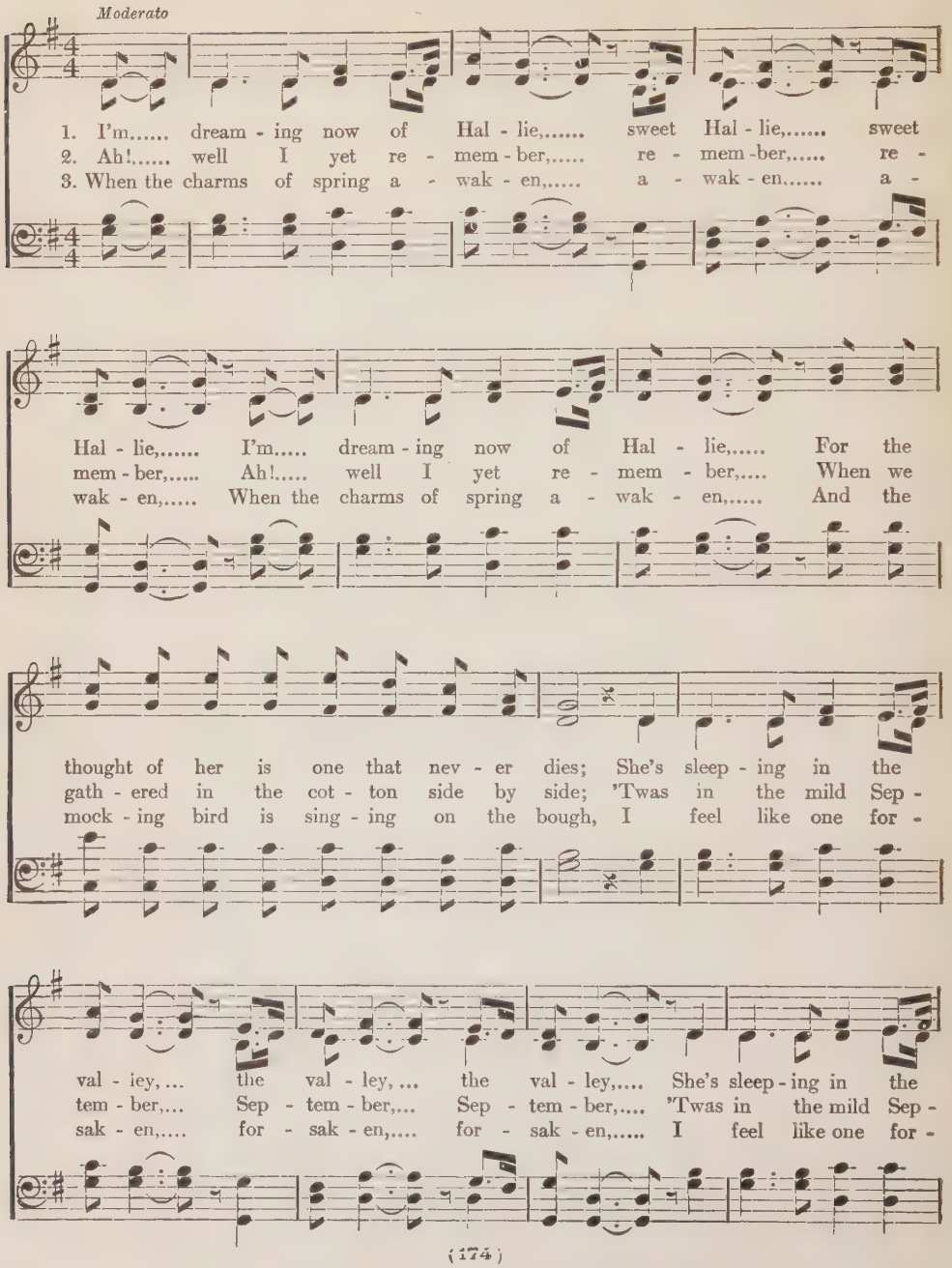

1. There's a low..... green... val - ley on the old Ken - tuck - y shore.
2. When the moon had climbed the mountain and the stars were shin - ing too,
3. One..... night I went to see her, but, "She's gone!" the neigh-bors say.
4. My..... eyes are get-ting blind - ed and I can - not see my way,
There I've whiled ma - ny hap - py hours a - way,
Then I'd take my..... dar - ling Nel - ly Gray,
The..... white man..... bound her with his chain;
Hark! there's some - bod - y knock - ing at the door—
A - - sit - ting and a - sing - ing by the lit - tle cot - tage door,
And we'd float..... down the riv - er in my lit - tle red ca - noe,
They have tak - en her to Geor - gia for to wear her life a - way,
Oh, I hear the an - gels call - ing, and I see my Nel - ly Gray!
Where..... lived my..... dar - ling Nel - ly Gray.
While my ban - jo ..... sweet - ly I would play.
As she toils in the cot - ton and the cane,
Fare - - well to the old Ken - tuck - y shore!

Darling Nelly Gray

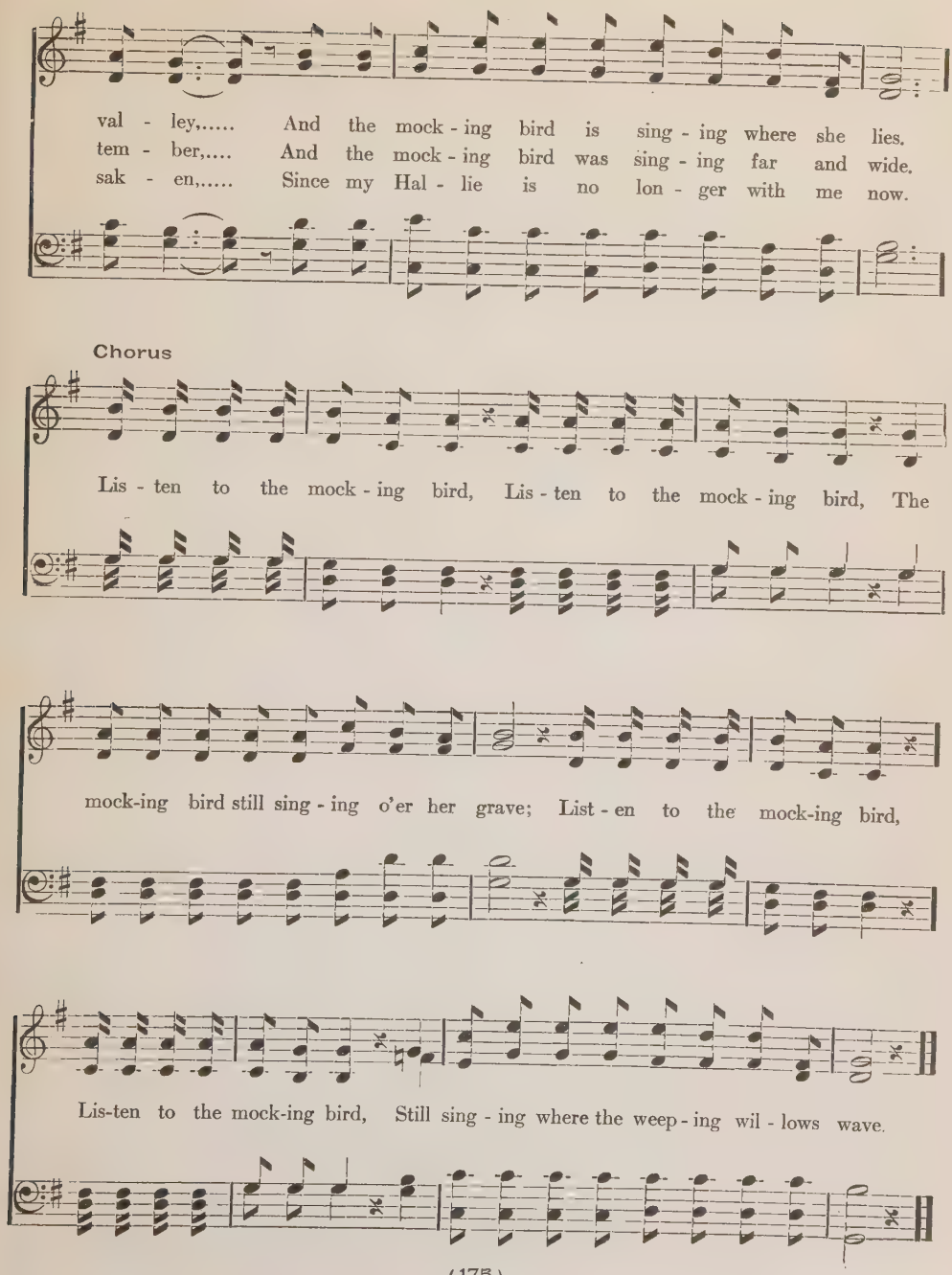

Chorus
Oh! my poor... Nel - ly Gray, they have tak - en you a - way
Chorus to final verse
Oh! my dar - ling Nel - ly Gray, up in heav - en there they say
And I'll nev - er see my dar - ling a - ny more;
That they'll nev - er take you from me a - ny more;
I'm..... sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm weep - ing all the day,
I'm a - com - ing— com - ing— com - ing, as the an - gels clear the way,
For you've gone from the old Ken - tuck - y shore.
Fare - - well to the old Ken - tuck - y shore.

Listen to the Mocking Bird

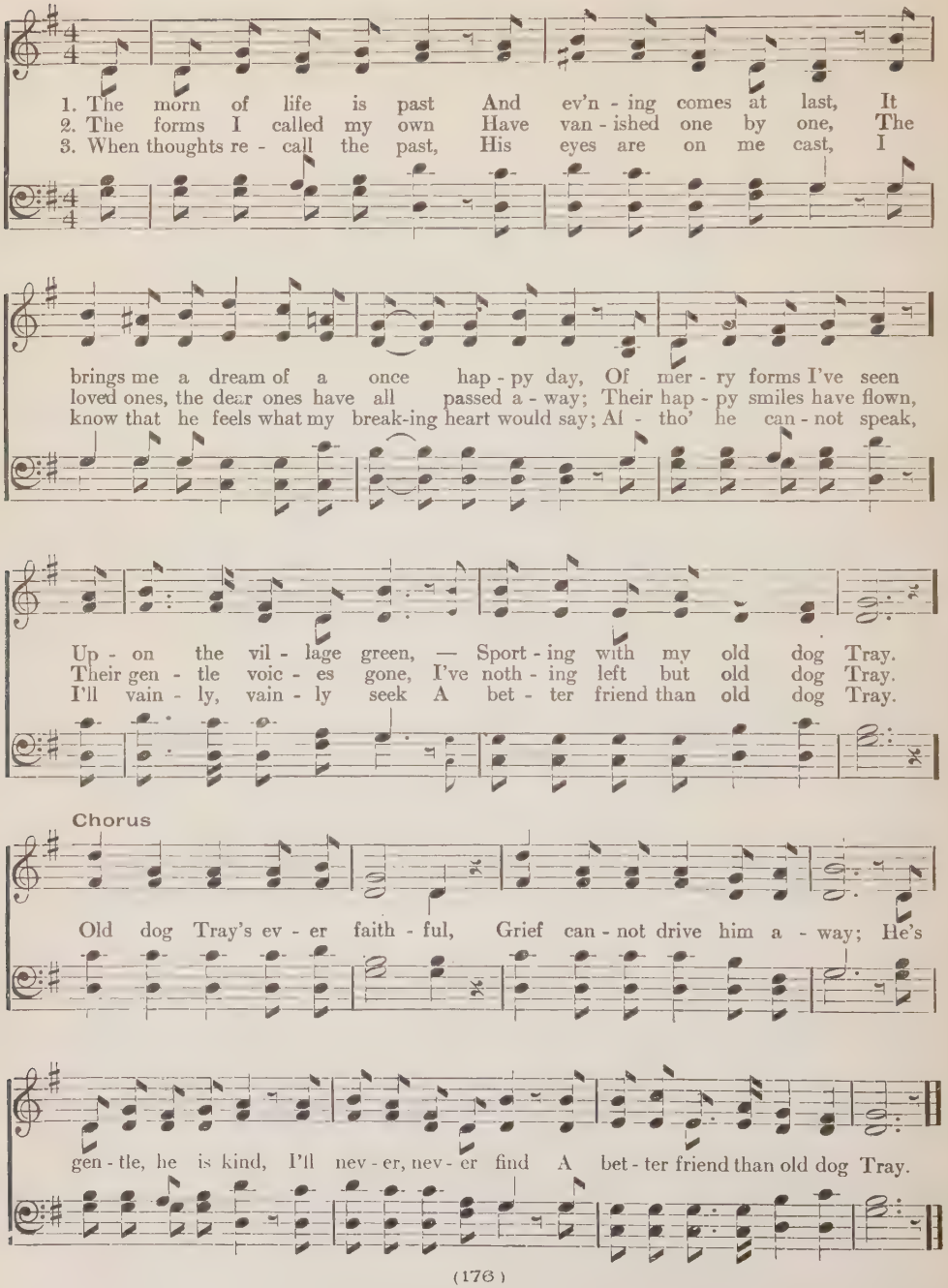
Septimus Winner


Moderato
1. I'm..... dream - ing now of Hal - lie,..... sweet Hal - lie,..... sweet
2. Ah!..... well I yet re - mem - ber,..... re - mem - ber,..... re -
3. When the charms of spring a - wak - en,..... a - wak - en..... a -
Hal - lie,..... I'm..... dream - ing now of Hal - lie,..... For the
mem - ber,..... Ah!..... well I yet re - mem - ber,..... When we
wak - en,..... When the charms of spring a - wak - en,..... And the
thought of her is one that nev - er dies; She's sleep - ing in the
gath - ered in the cot - ton side by side; 'Twas in the mild Sep -
mock - ing bird is sing - ing on the bough, I feel like one for -
val - ley,... the val - ley,... the val - ley,.... She's sleep - ing in the
tem - ber,... Sep - tem - ber,... Sep - tem - ber,.... 'Twas in the mild Sep -
sak - en,.... for - sak - en,.... for - sak - en,..... I feel like one for -

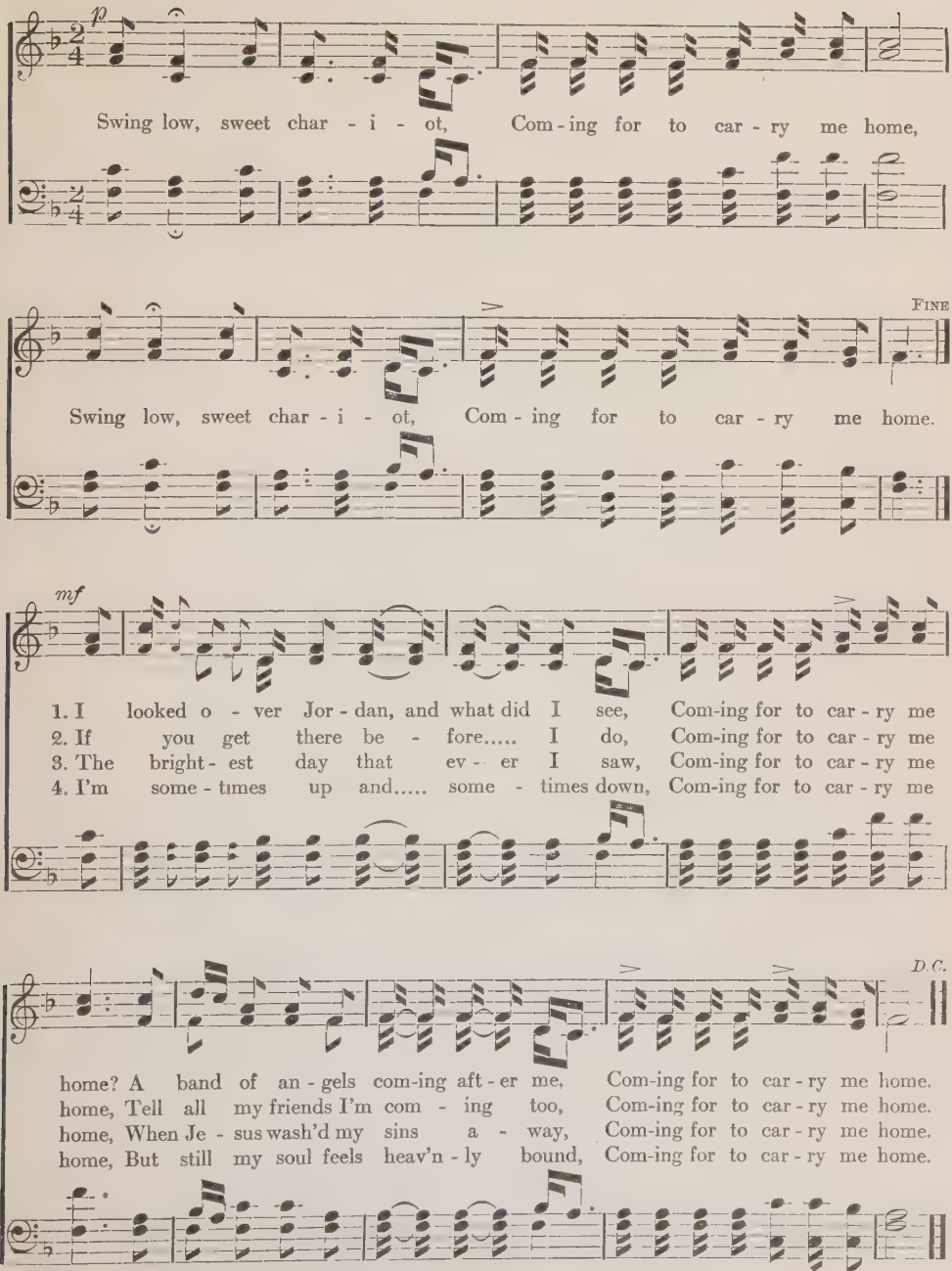
Listen to the Mocking Bird


val - ley,..... And the mock - ing bird is sing - ing where she lies.
tem - ber,.... And the mock - ing bird was sing - ing far and wide.
sak - en,..... Since my Hal - lie is no lon - ger with me now.
Chorus
Lis - ten to the mock - ing bird, Lis - ten to the mock - ing bird, The
mock-ing bird still sing - ing o'er her grave; List - en to the mock-ing bird,
Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, Still sing - ing where the weep - ing wil - lows wave.

Old Dog Tray

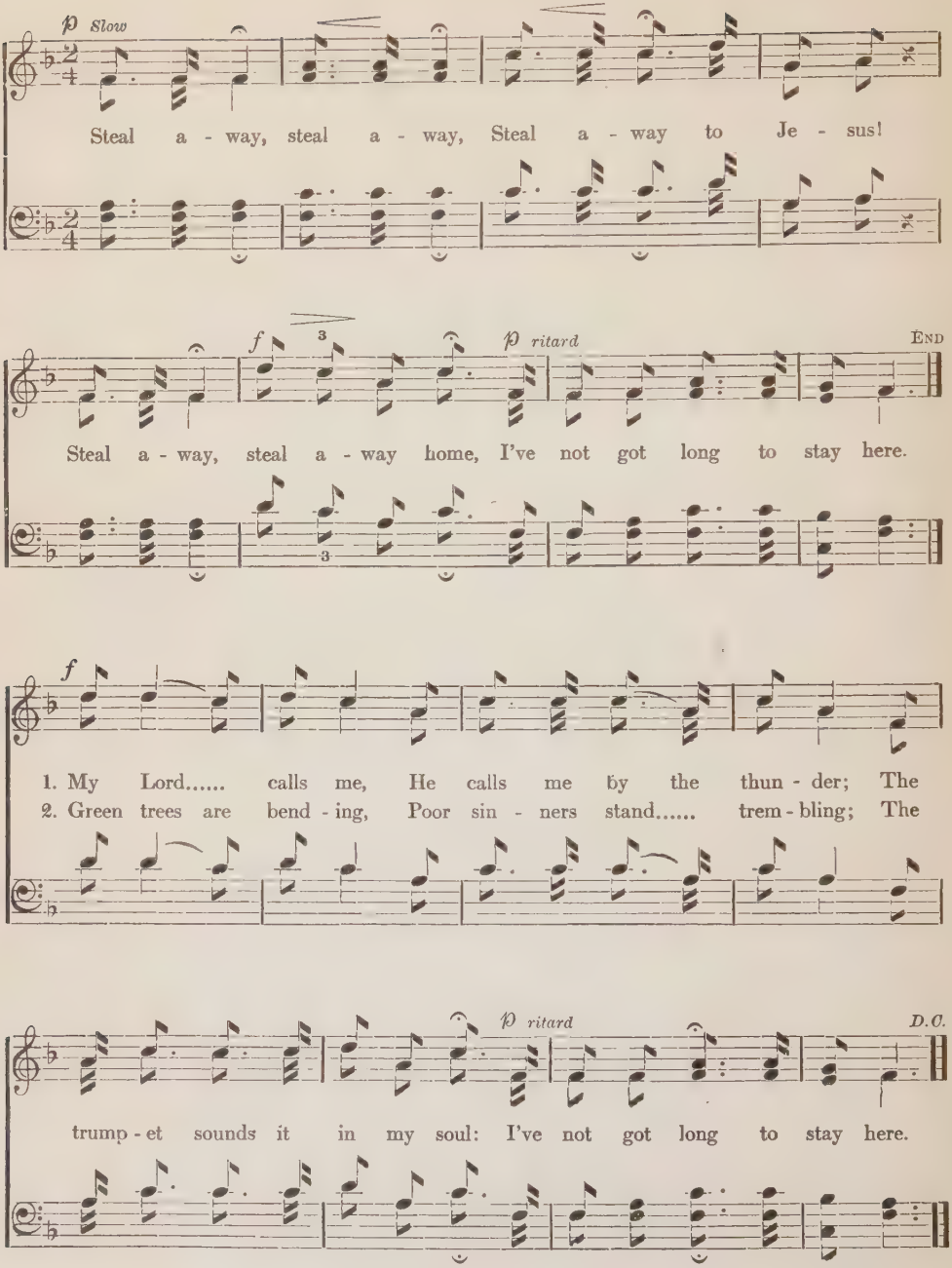
Stephen C. Foster

1. The morn of life is past And ev'n - ing comes at last, It
2. The forms I called my own Have van - ished one by one, The
3. When thoughts re - call the past, His eyes are on me cast, I
brings me a dream of a once hap - py day, Of mer - ry forms I've seen
loved ones, the dear ones have all passed a - way; Their hap - py smiles have flown,
know that he feels what my break-ing heart would say; Al - tho' he can - not speak,
Up - on the vil - lage green, — Sport - ing with my old dog Tray.
Their gen - tle voic - es gone, I've noth - ing left but old dog Tray.
I'll vain - ly, vain - ly seek A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.
Chorus
Old dog Tray's ev - er faith - ful, Grief can - not drive him a - way; He's
gen - tle, he is kind, I'll nev - er, nev - er find A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*

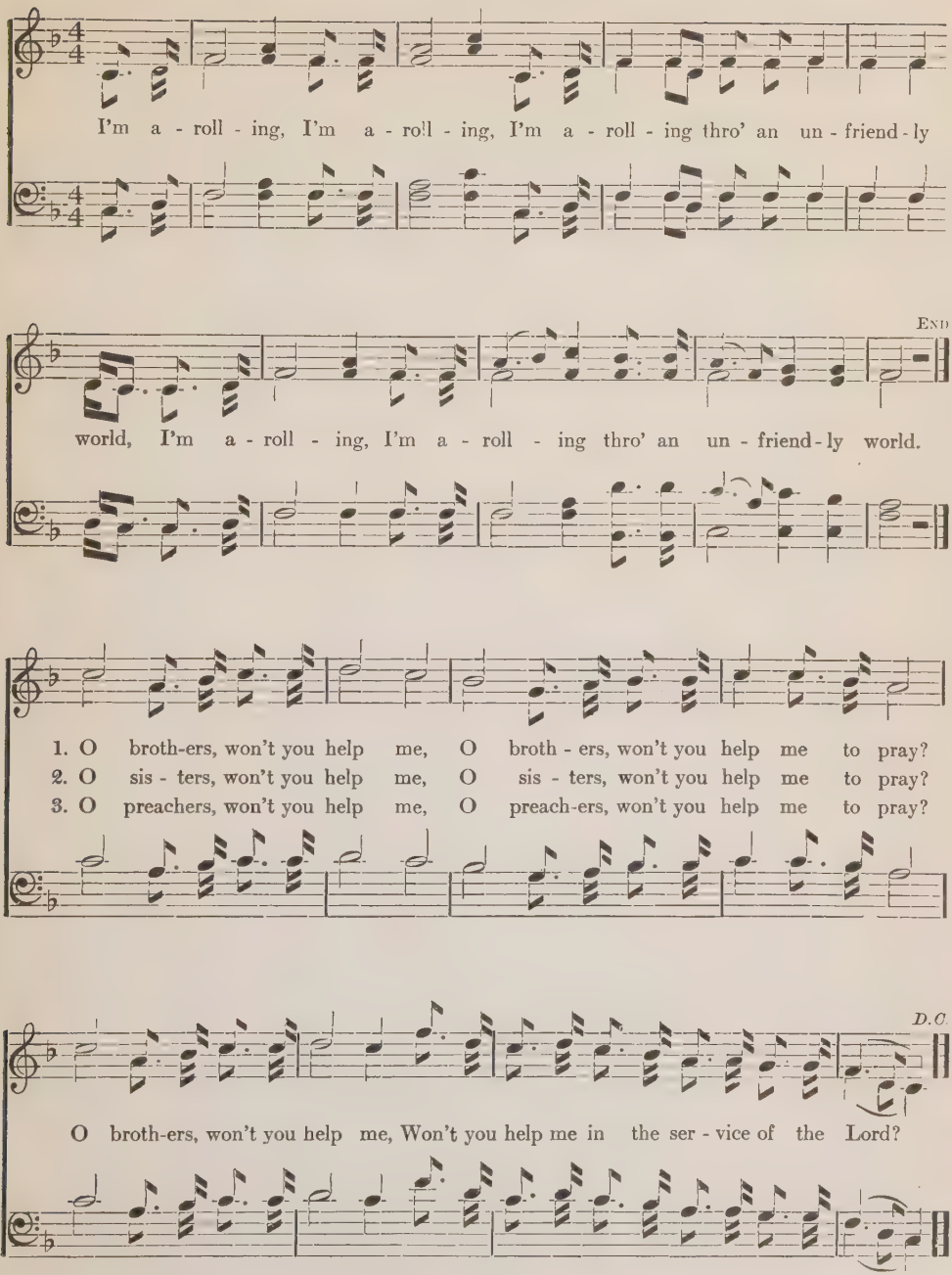

p
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home,
FINE
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
mf
1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see, Com-ing for to car - ry me
2. If you get there be - fore..... I do, Com-ing for to car - ry me
3. The bright - est day that ev - er I saw, Com-ing for to car - ry me
4. I'm some - times up and..... some - times down, Com-ing for to car - ry me
D.C.
home? A band of an - gels com-ing aft - er me, Com-ing for to car - ry me home.
home, Tell all my friends I'm com - ing too, Com-ing for to car - ry me home.
home, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way, Com-ing for to car - ry me home.
home, But still my soul feels heav'n - ly bound, Com-ing for to car - ry me home.

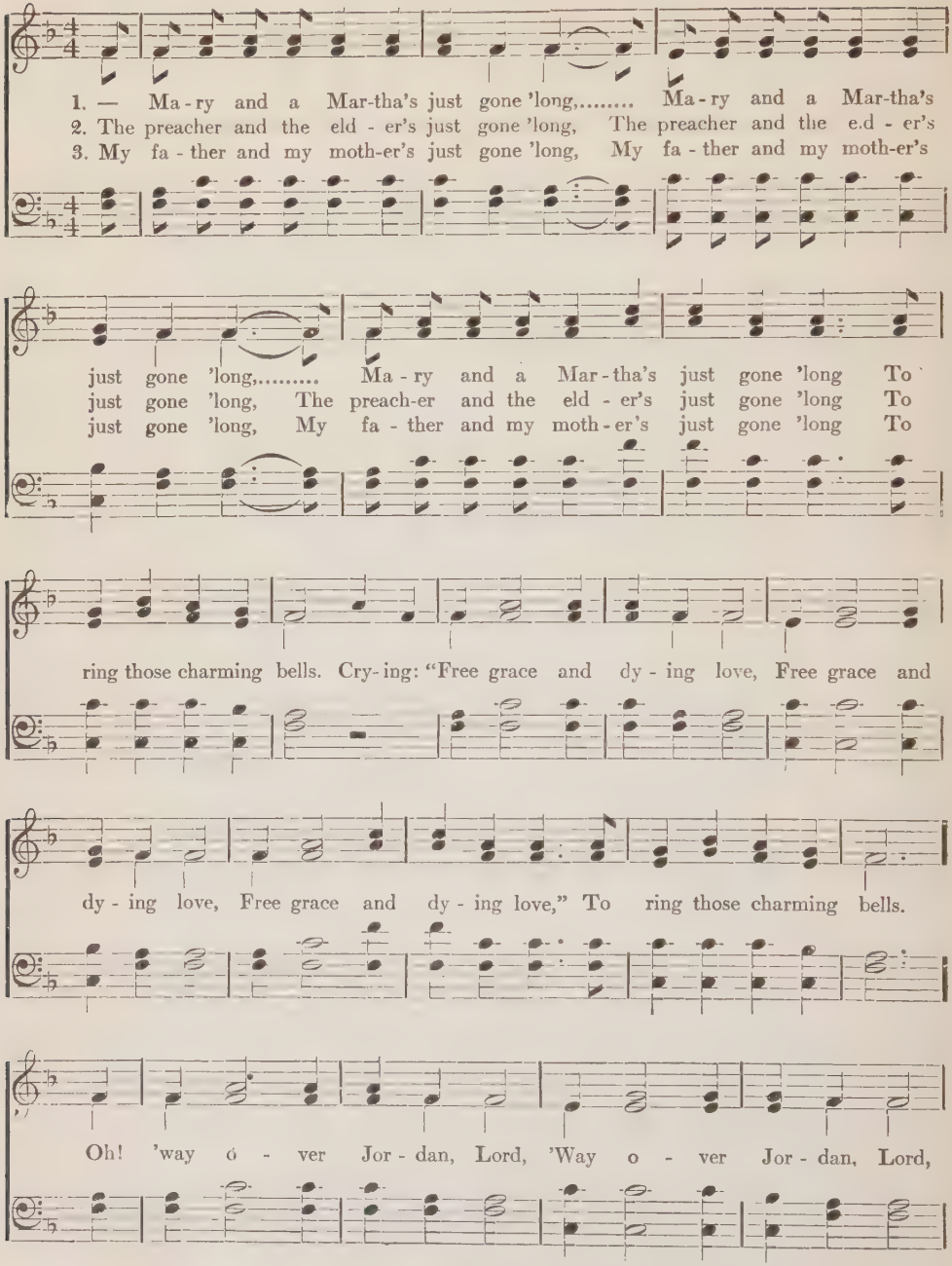
*This and several songs following, are slave hymns.

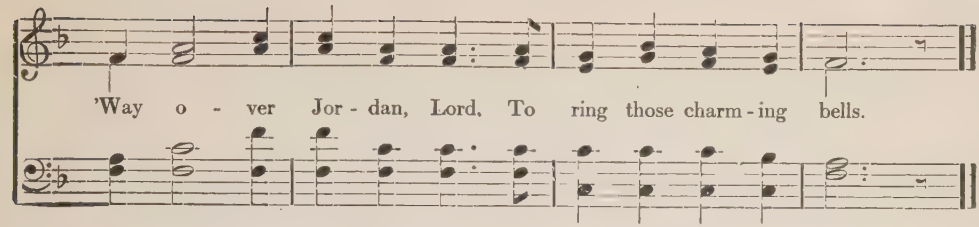
Steal Away

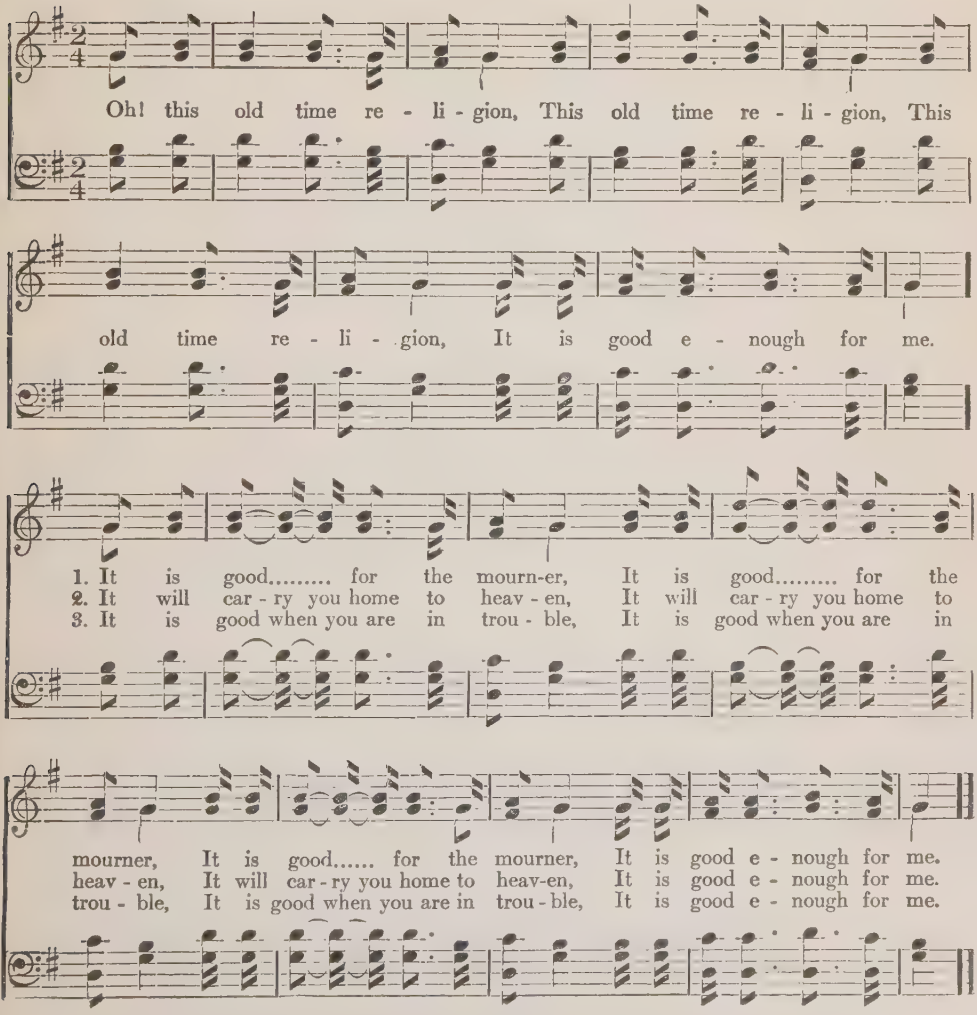

p Slow
Steal a - way, steal a - way, Steal a - way to Je - sus!
f
p ritard
END
Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I've not got long to stay here.
f
1. My Lord..... calls me, He calls me by the thun - der; The
2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand..... trem - bling; The
p ritard
D.C.
trump - et sounds it in my soul: I've not got long to stay here.

I'm a-Rolling

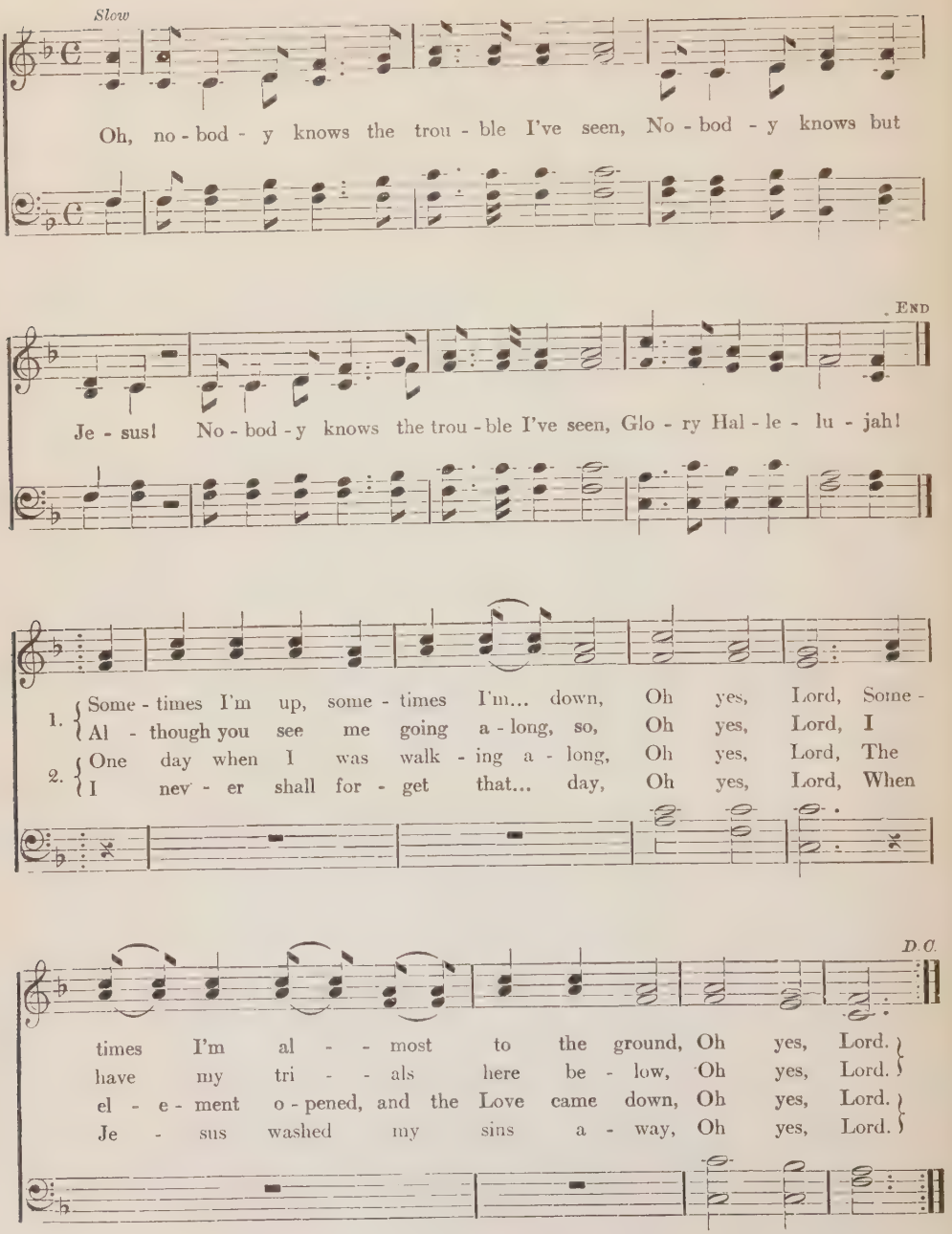

I'm a - roll - ing, I'm a - roll - ing, I'm a - roll - ing thro' an un - friend - ly
End
world, I'm a - roll - ing, I'm a - roll - ing thro' an un - friend - ly world.
1. O broth-ers, won't you help me, O broth - ers, won't you help me to pray?
2. O sis - ters, won't you help me, O sis - ters, won't you help me to pray?
3. O preachers, won't you help me, O preach-ers, won't you help me to pray?
D.C.
O broth-ers, won't you help me, Won't you help me in the ser - vice of the Lord?

Mary and Martha

1. — Ma - ry and a Mar-tha's just gone 'long,..... Ma - ry and a Mar-tha's
2. The preacher and the eld - er's just gone 'long, The preacher and the e.d - er's
3. My fa - ther and my moth-er's just gone 'long, My fa - ther and my moth-er's
just gone 'long,..... Ma - ry and a Mar - tha's just gone 'long To
just gone 'long, The preach-er and the eld - er's just gone 'long To
just gone 'long, My fa - ther and my moth - er's just gone 'long To
ring those charming bells. Cry - ing: "Free grace and dy - ing love, Free grace and
dy - ing love, Free grace and dy - ing love," To ring those charming bells.
Oh! 'way o - ver Jor - dan, Lord, 'Way o - ver Jor - dan, Lord,

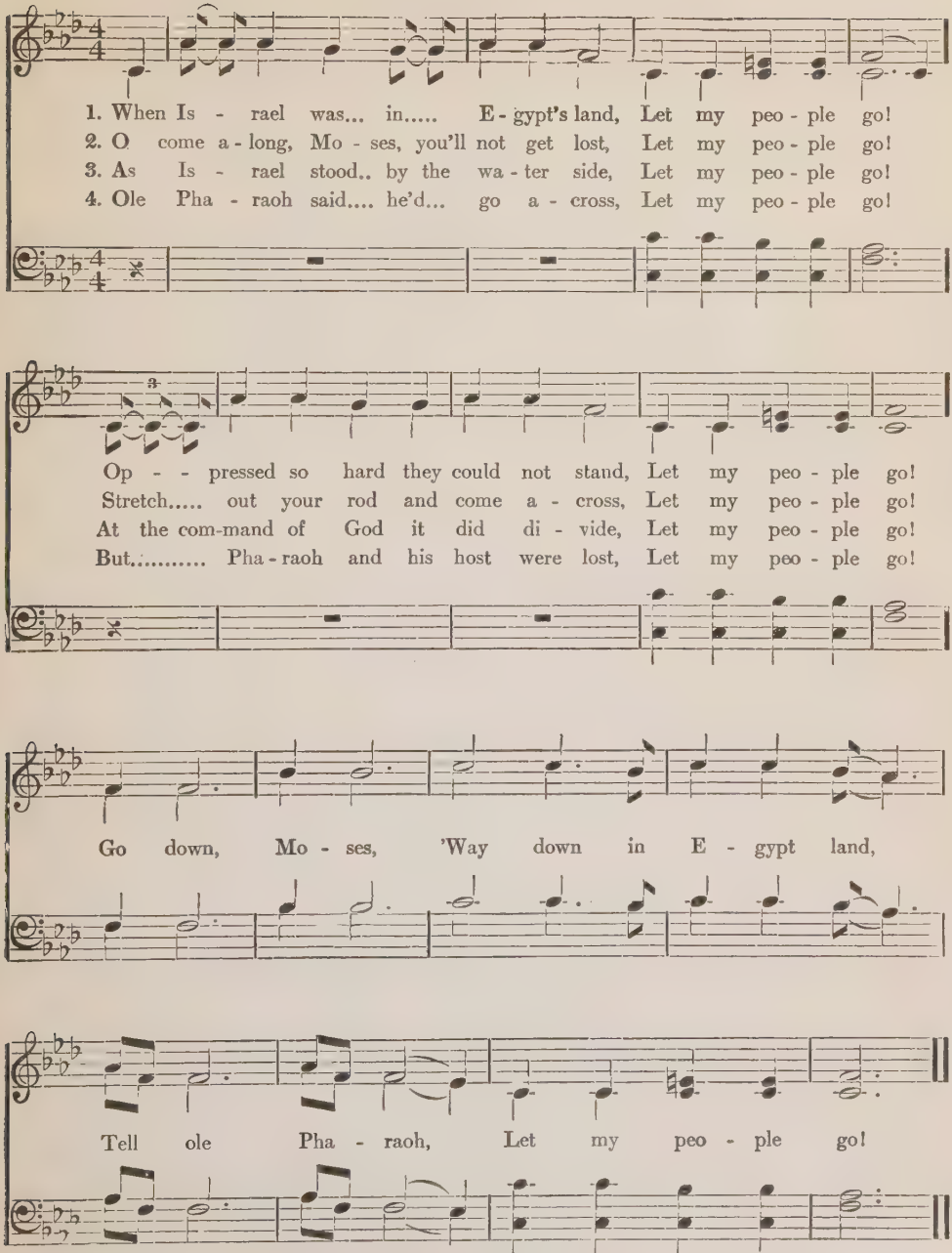
Mary and Martha

This Old Time Religion


Oh! this old time re - li - gion, This old time re - li - gion, This
old time re - li - gion, It is good e - nough for me.
1. It is good..... for the mourn-er, It is good..... for the
2. It will car - ry you home to heav - en, It will car - ry you home to
3. It is good when you are in trou - ble, It is good when you are in
mourner, It is good..... for the mourner, It is good e - nough for me.
heav - en, It will car - ry you home to heav-en, It is good e - nough for me.
trou - ble, It is good when you are in trou - ble, It is good e - nough for me.

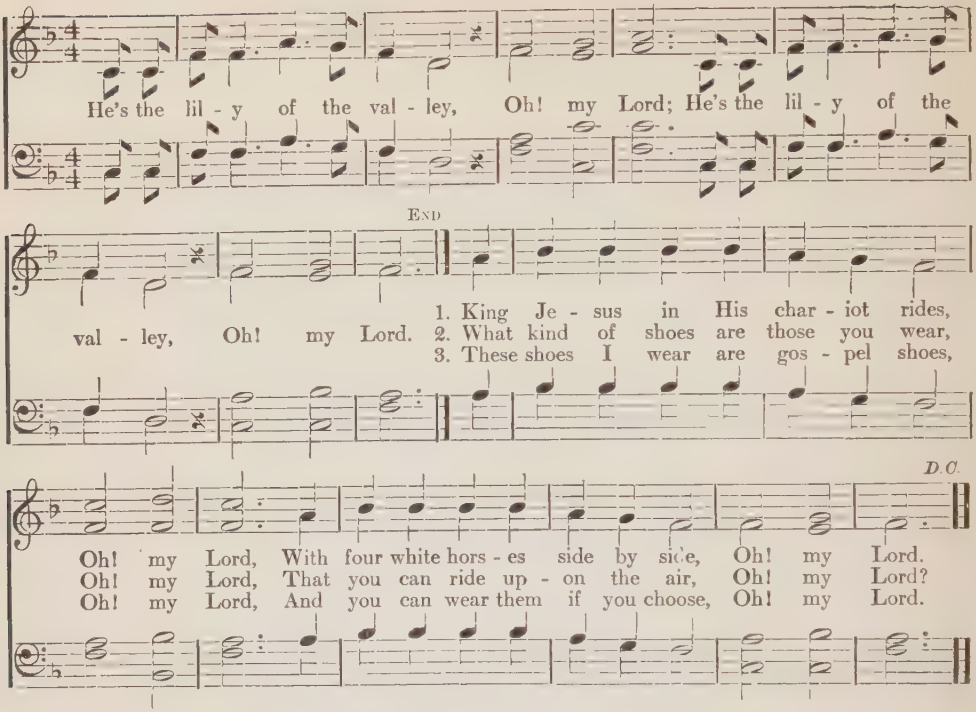
Nobody knows the Trouble I've Seen

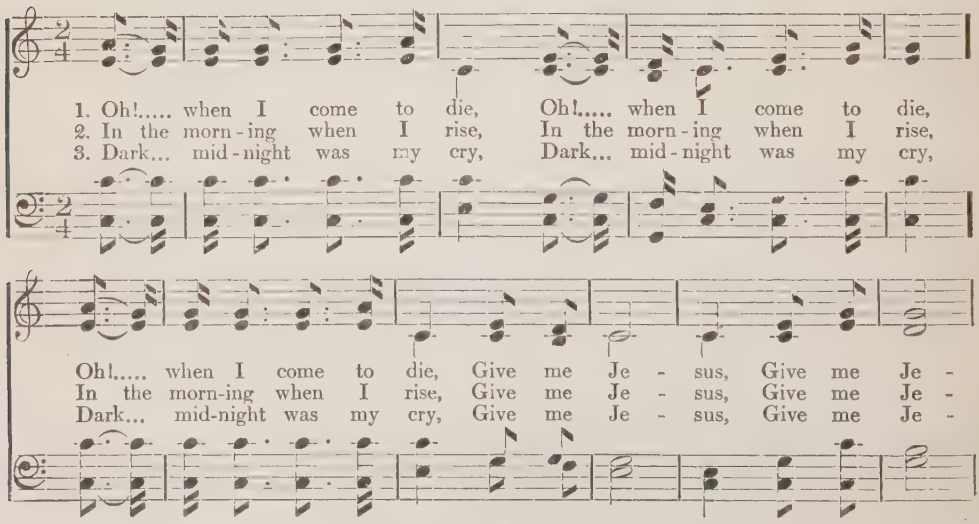

Slow
Oh, no - bod - y knows the trou - ble I've seen, No - bod - y knows but
END
Je - sus! No - bod - y knows the trou - ble I've seen, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!
1. Some - times I'm up, some - times I'm... down, Oh yes, Lord, Some -
Al - though you see me going a - long, so, Oh yes, Lord, I
2. One day when I was walk - ing a - long, Oh yes, Lord, The
I nev - er shall for - get that... day, Oh yes, Lord, When
D.C.
times I'm al - - most to the ground, Oh yes, Lord.
have my tri - - als here be - low, Oh yes, Lord.
el - e - ment o - pened, and the Love came down, Oh yes, Lord.
Je - sus washed my sins a - way, Oh yes, Lord.

Go Down, Moses

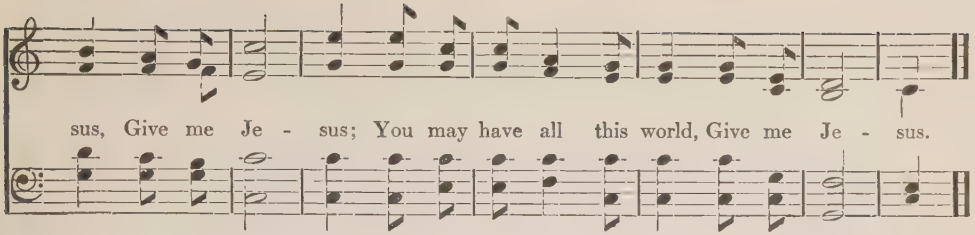

1. When Is - rael was... in..... E - gypt's land, Let my peo - ple go!
2. O come a - long, Mo - ses, you'll not get lost, Let my peo - ple go!
3. As Is - rael stood.. by the wa - ter side, Let my peo - ple go!
4. Ole Pha - raoh said.... he'd... go a - cross, Let my peo - ple go!
Op - - pressed so hard they could not stand, Let my peo - ple go!
Stretch..... out your rod and come a - cross, Let my peo - ple go!
At the com-mand of God it did di - vide, Let my peo - ple go!
But..... Pha - raoh and his host were lost, Let my peo - ple go!
Go down, Mo - ses, 'Way down in E - gypt land,
Tell ole Pha - raoh, Let my peo - ple go!

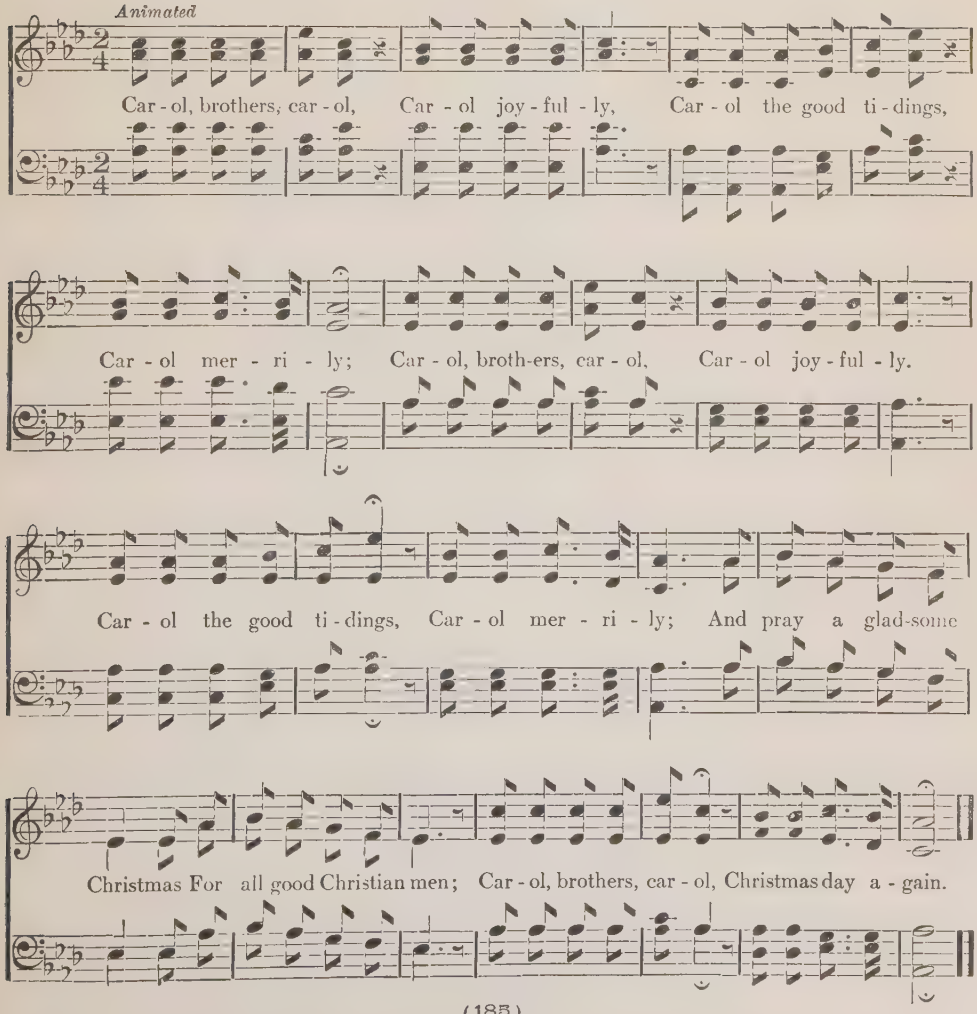
He's the Lily of the Valley


He's the lil - y of the val - ley, Oh! my Lord; He's the lil - y of the
END
val - ley, Oh! my Lord.
1. King Je - sus in His char - iot rides,
2. What kind of shoes are those you wear,
3. These shoes I wear are gos - pel shoes,
D.C.
Oh! my Lord, With four white hors - es side by side, Oh! my Lord.
Oh! my Lord, That you can ride up - on the air, Oh! my Lord?
Oh! my Lord, And you can wear them if you choose, Oh! my Lord.

Give me Jesus.

1. Oh!..... when I come to die, Oh!..... when I come to die,
2. In the morn - ing when I rise, In the morn - ing when I rise,
3. Dark... mid - night was my cry, Dark... mid - night was my cry,
Oh!..... when I come to die, Give me Je - sus, Give me Je -
In the morn-ing when I rise, Give me Je - sus, Give me Je -
Dark... mid-night was my cry, Give me Je - sus, Give me Je -

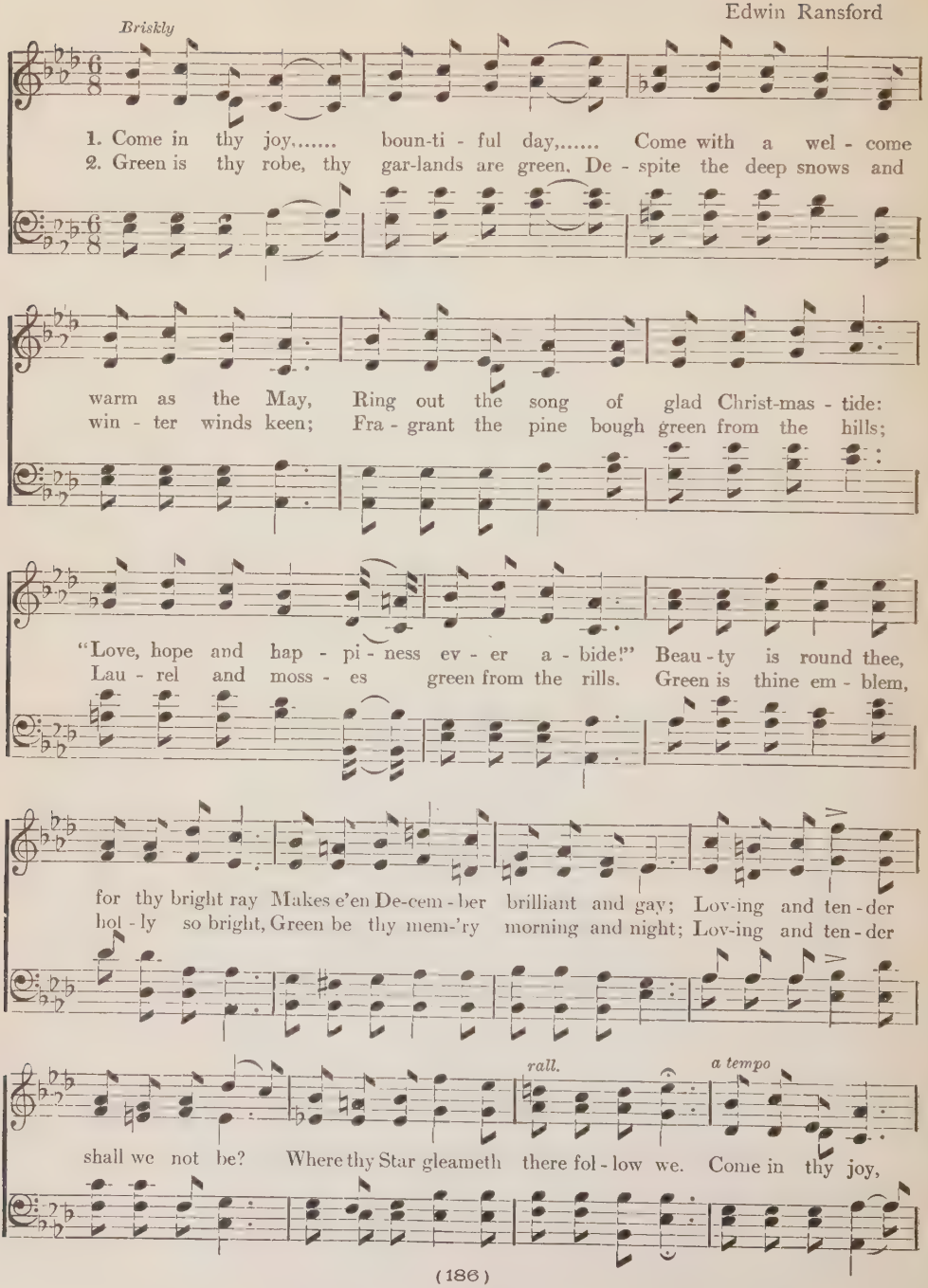
Give me Jesus



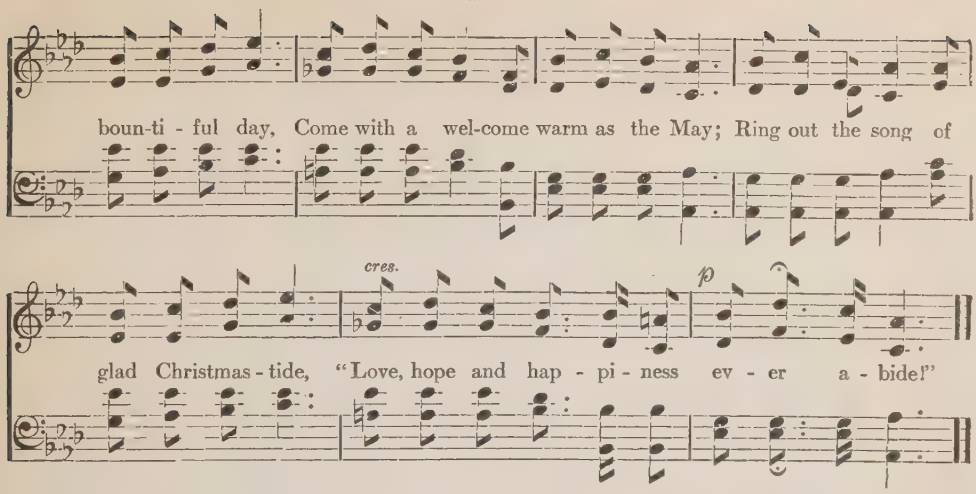
Carol, Brothers, Carol

Animated
Car - ol, brothers, car - ol, Car - ol joy - ful - ly, Car - ol the good ti - dings,
Car - ol mer - ri - ly; Car - ol, broth-ers, car - ol, Car - ol joy - ful - ly.
Car - ol the good ti - dings, Car - ol mer - ri - ly; And pray a glad-some
Christmas For all good Christian men; Car - ol, brothers, car - ol, Christmas day a - gain.

Love, Hope, Happiness

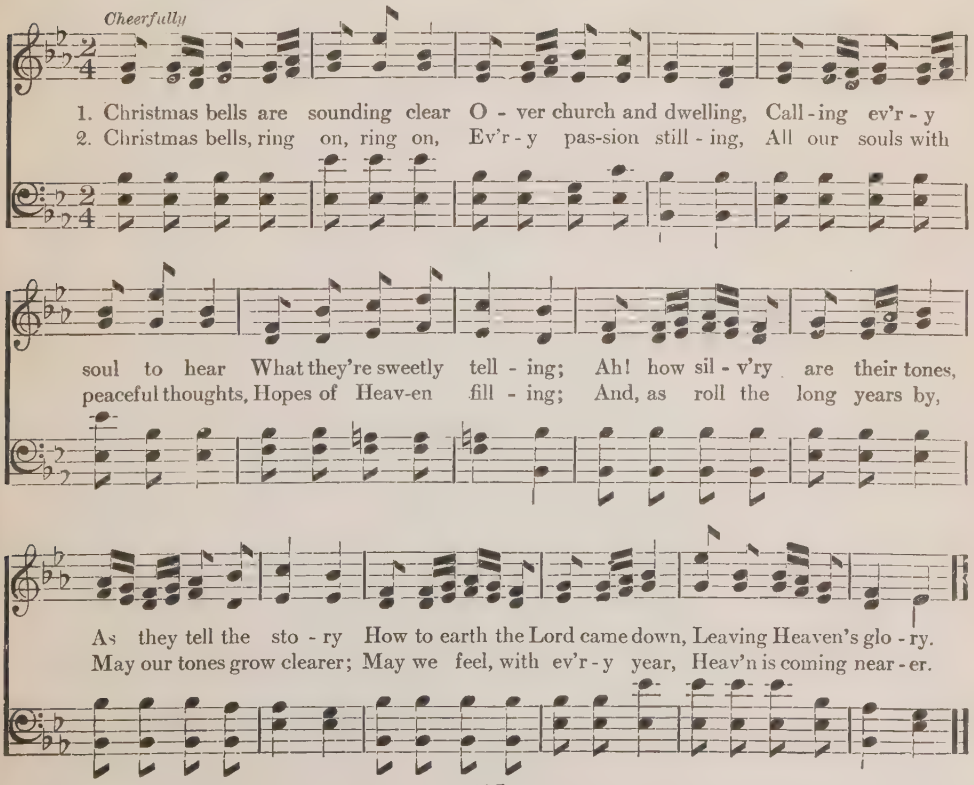
Edwin Ransford


Briskly
1. Come in thy joy,..... boun-ti - ful day,..... Come with a wel - come
2. Green is thy robe, thy gar-lands are green, De - spite the deep snows and
warm as the May, Ring out the song of glad Christ-mas - tide:
win - ter winds keen; Fra - grant the pine bough green from the hills;
"Love, hope and hap - pi - ness ev - er a - bide!" Beau - ty is round thee,
Lau - rel and moss - es green from the rills. Green is thine em - blem,
for thy bright ray Makes e'en De-cem - ber brilliant and gay; Lov-ing and ten - der
hol - ly so bright, Green be thy mem-'ry morning and night; Lov-ing and ten - der
rall.
a tempo
shall we not be? Where thy Star gleameth there fol - low we. Come in thy joy,

Love, Hope, Happiness

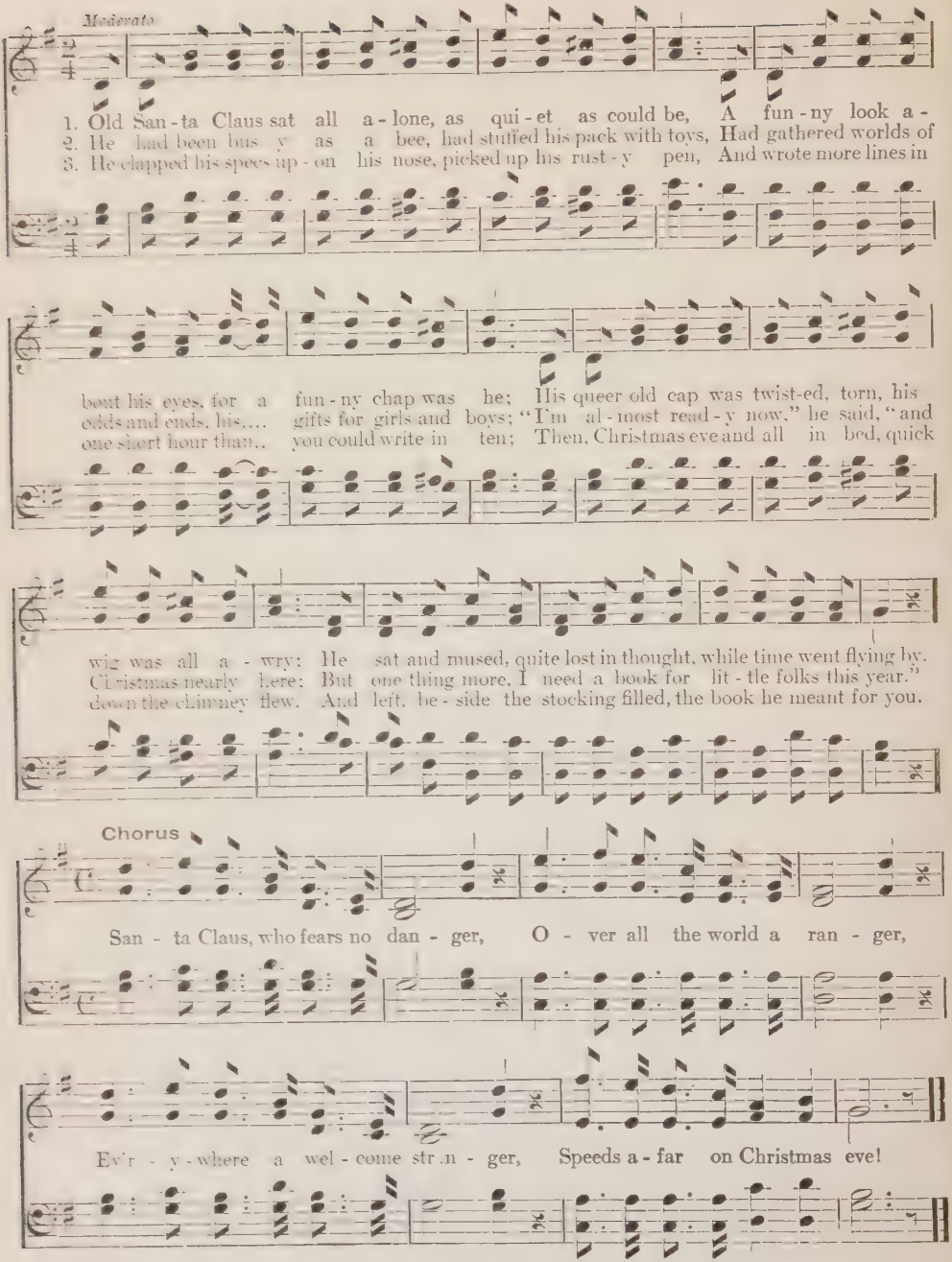

boun-ti - ful day, Come with a wel-come warm as the May; Ring out the song of
cres.
p
glad Christmas - tide, "Love, hope and hap - pi - ness ev - er a - bide!"

Christmas Bells are Sounding Clear


Cheerfully
1. Christmas bells are sounding clear O - ver church and dwelling, Call - ing ev'r - y
2. Christmas bells, ring on, ring on, Ev'r - y pas-sion still - ing, All our souls with
soul to hear What they're sweetly tell - ing; Ah! how sil - v'ry are their tones,
peaceful thoughts, Hopes of Heav-en fill - ing; And, as roll the long years by,
As they tell the sto - ry How to earth the Lord came down, Leaving Heaven's glo - ry.
May our tones grow clearer; May we feel, with ev'r - y year, Heav'n is coming near - er.

Santa Claus

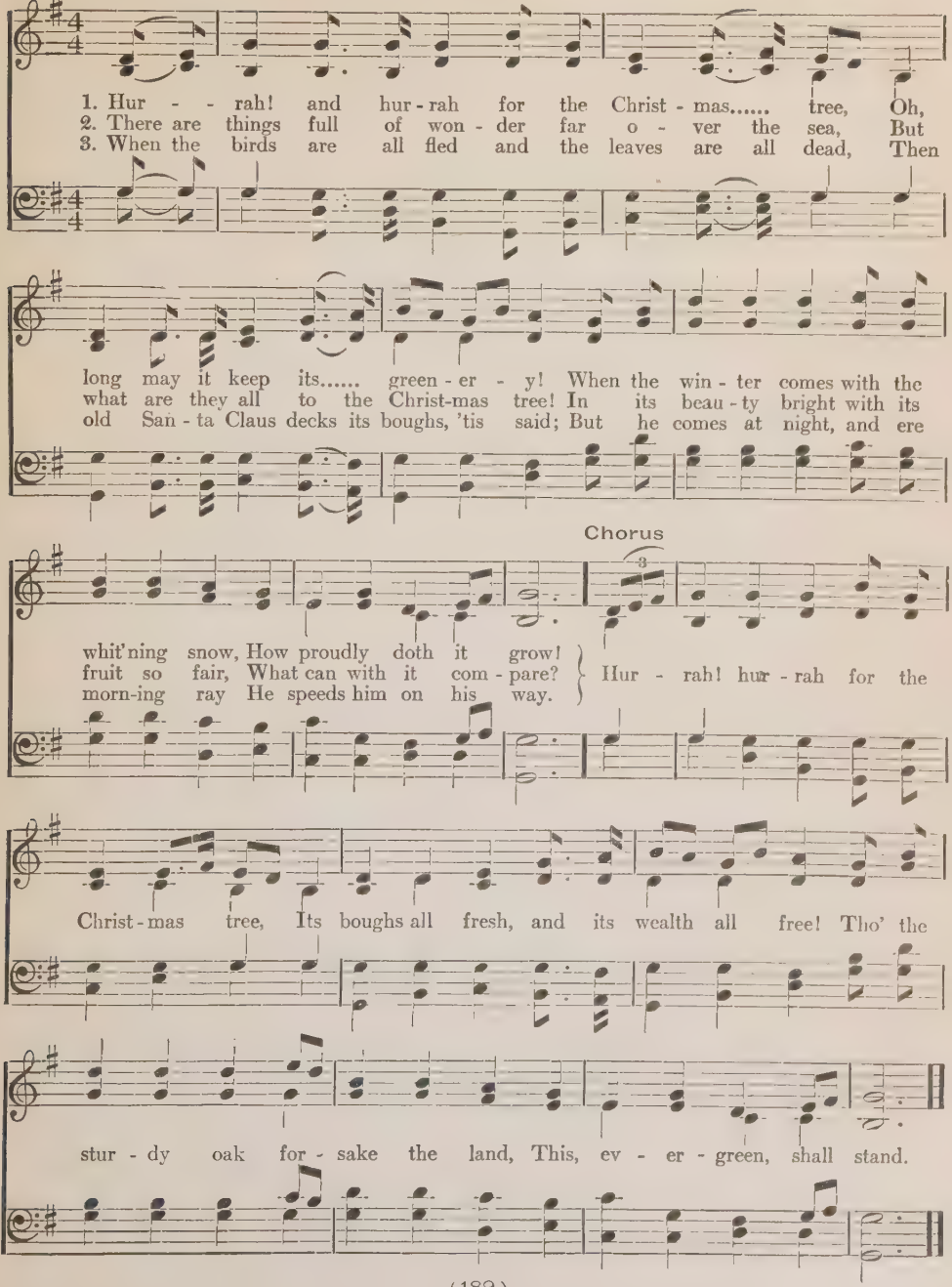
John Read


Moderato
1. Old San-ta Claus sat all a-lone, as qui-et as could be, A fun-ny look a-
2. He had been bus-y as a bee, had stuffed his pack with toys, Had gathered worlds of
3. He clapped his specs up-on his nose, picked up his rust-y pen, And wrote more lines in
bout his eyes, for a fun-ny chap was he; His queer old cap was twist-ed, torn, his
odds and ends, his.... gifts for girls and boys; "I'm al-most read-y now," he said, "and
one short hour than.. you could write in ten; Then, Christmas eve and all in bed, quick
wig was all a-wry: He sat and mused, quite lost in thought, while time went flying by.
Christmas nearly here: But one thing more, I need a book for lit-tle folks this year."
down the chimney flew. And left, be-side the stocking filled, the book he meant for you.
Chorus
San-ta Claus, who fears no dan-ger, O-ver all the world a ran-ger,
Ev'r-y-where a wel-come str.n-ger, Speeds a-far on Christmas eve!

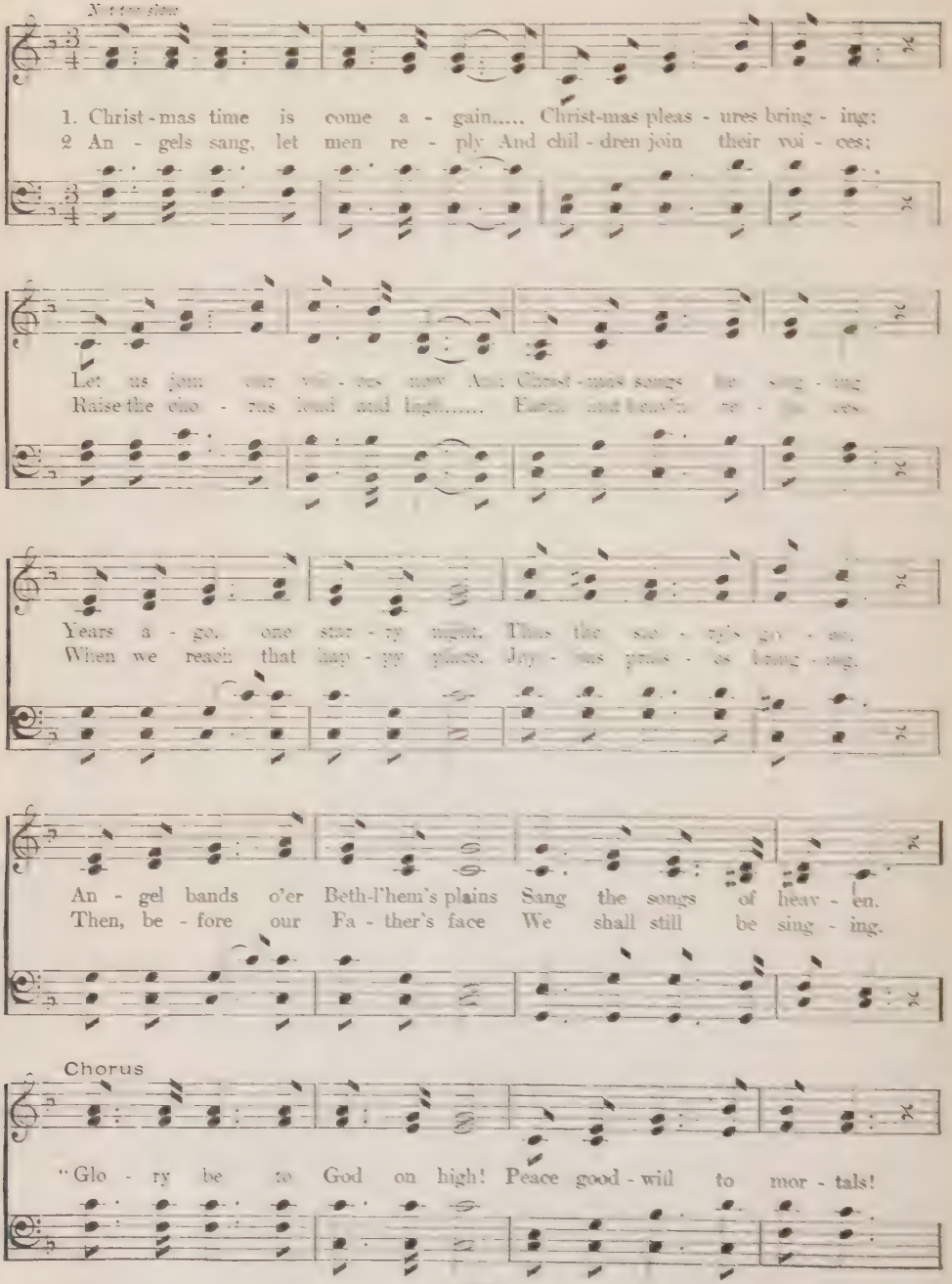
The Christmas Tree

Clara Wallace

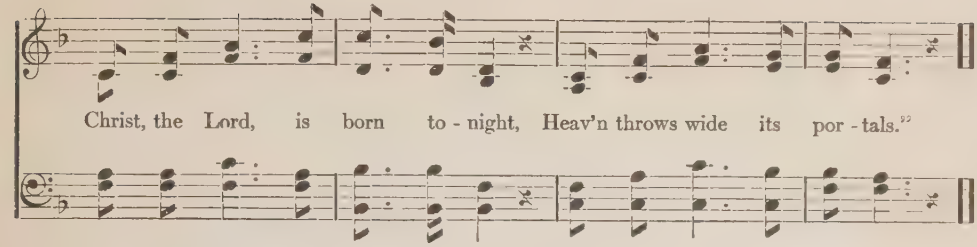
J. C. Lowry


1. Hur - - rah! and hur - rah for the Christ - mas..... tree, Oh,
2. There are things full of won - der far o - ver the sea, But
3. When the birds are all fled and the leaves are all dead, Then
long may it keep its..... green - er - y! When the win - ter comes with the
what are they all to the Christ-mas tree! In its beau - ty bright with its
old San - ta Claus decks its boughs, 'tis said; But he comes at night, and ere
Chorus
whit'ning snow, How proudly doth it grow!
fruit so fair, What can with it com - pare?
morn-ing ray He speeds him on his way.
Hur - rah! hur - rah for the
Christ - mas tree, Its boughs all fresh, and its wealth all free! Tho' the
stur - dy oak for - sake the land, This, ev - er - green, shall stand.

Christmas Time is Come Again

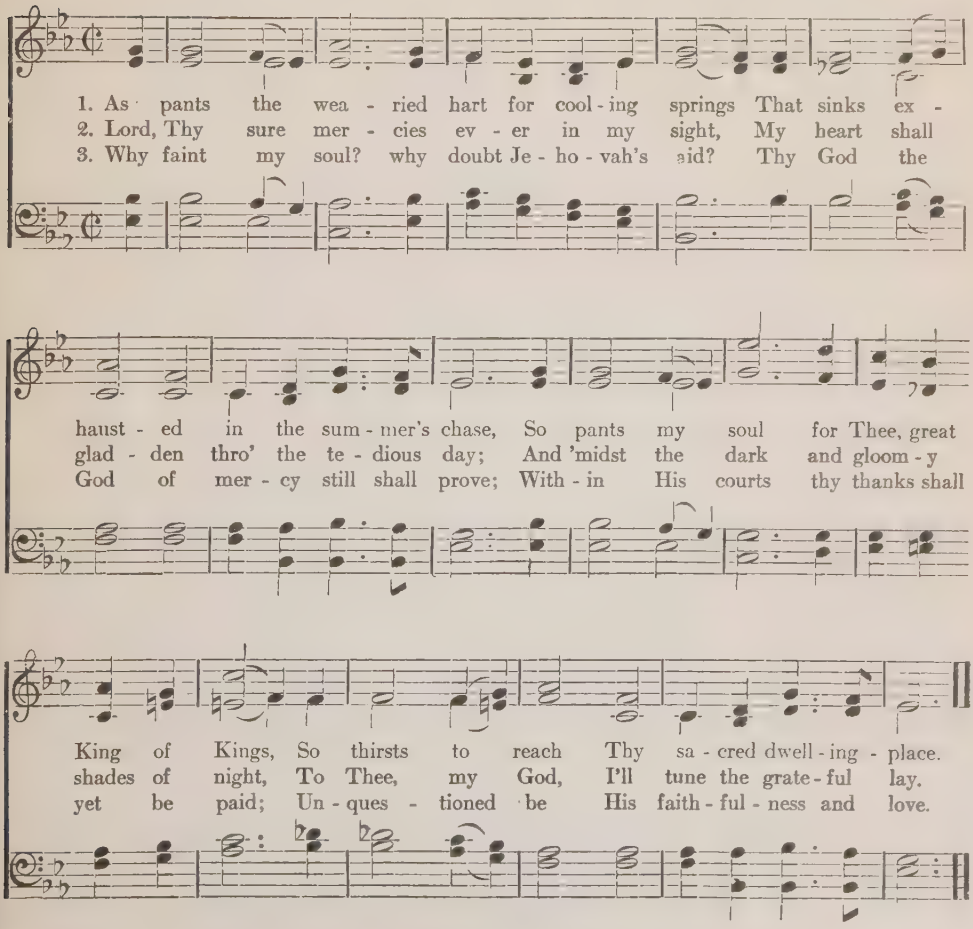

Not too slow
1. Christ - mas time is come a - gain..... Christ-mas pleas - ures bring - ing;
2 An - gels sang, let men re - ply And chil - dren join their voi - ces;
Let us join our voi - ces now And Christ - mas songs be sing - ing
Raise the ho - ly loud and high..... Earth and heav'n re - joi - ces
Years a - go, one star - ry night, Thus the sto - ry's go - ing,
When we reach that hap - py place, Joy - ful pra - ises bring - ing,
An - gel bands o'er Beth-l'hem's plains Sang the songs of heav - en.
Then, be - fore our Fa - ther's face We shall still be sing - ing.
Chorus
"Glo - ry be to God on high! Peace good - will to mor - tals!

Christmas Time is Come Again



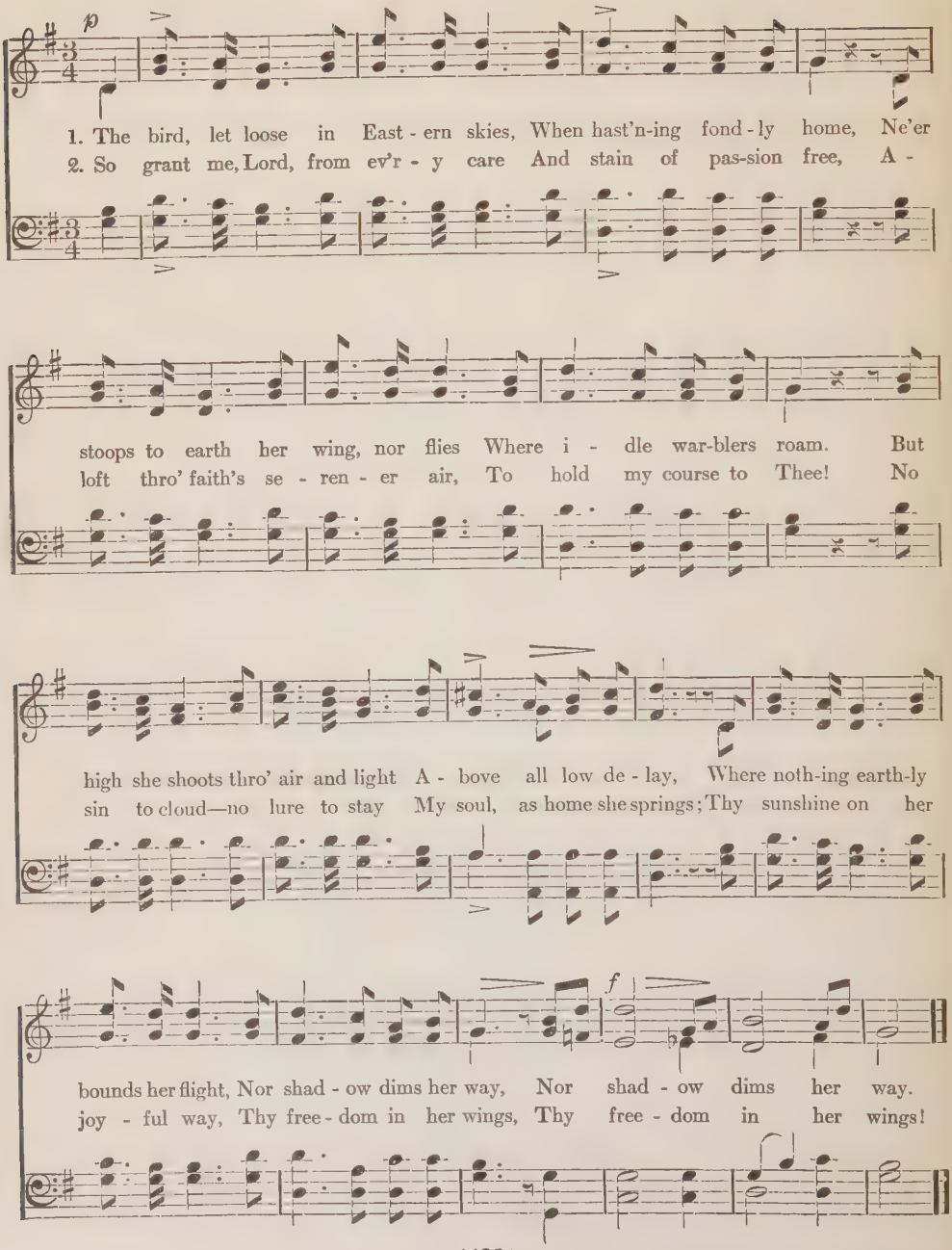
As Pants the Hart

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

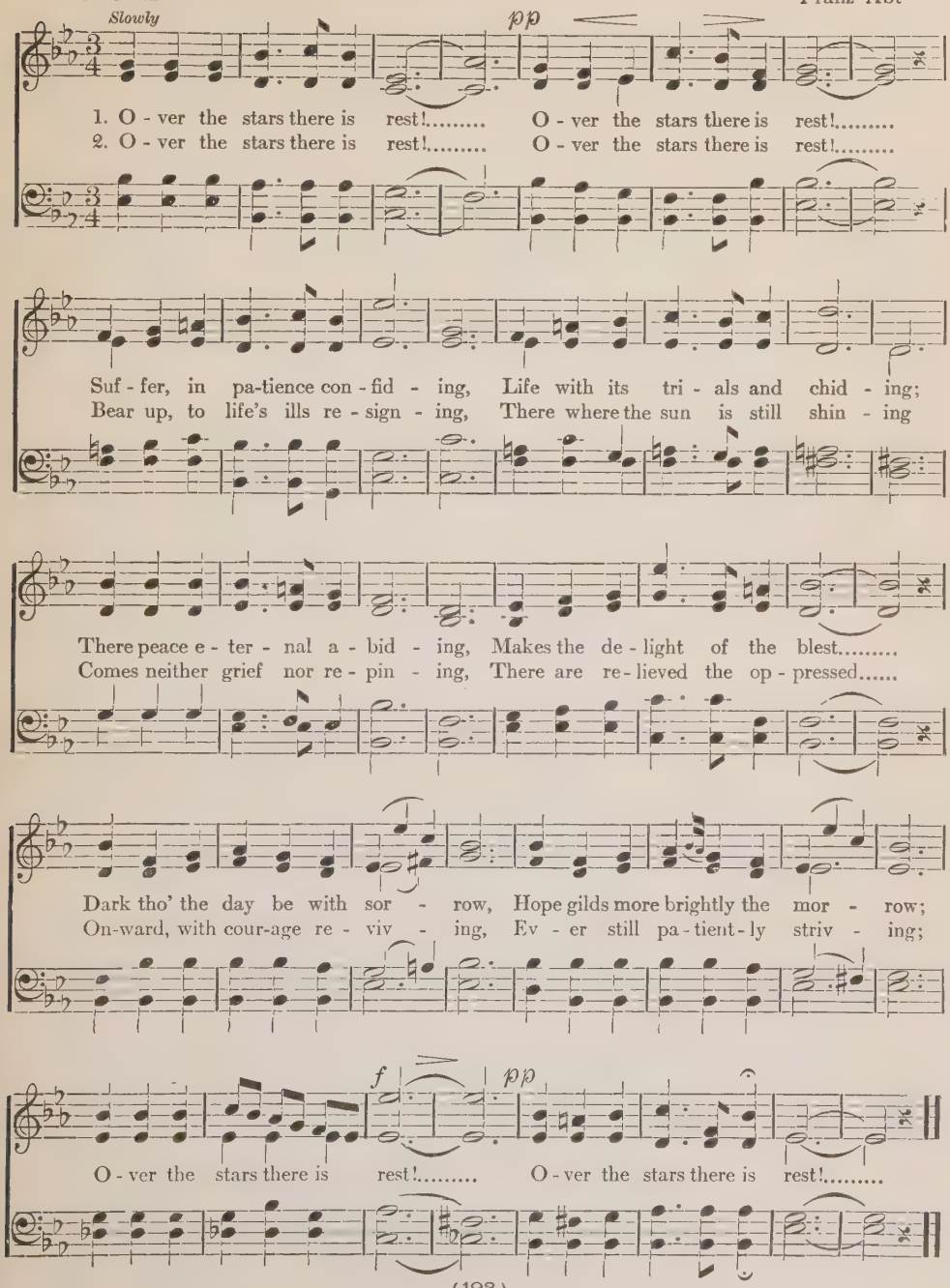

1. As pants the wea - ried hart for cool - ing springs That sinks ex -
2. Lord, Thy sure mer - cies ev - er in my sight, My heart shall
3. Why faint my soul? why doubt Je - ho - vah's aid? Thy God the
haust - ed in the sum - mer's chase, So pants my soul for Thee, great
glad - den thro' the te - dious day; And 'midst the dark and gloom - y
God of mer - cy still shall prove; With - in His courts thy thanks shall
King of Kings, So thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing - place.
shades of night, To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grate - ful lay.
yet be paid; Un - ques - tioned be His faith - ful - ness and love.

The Bird Let Loose

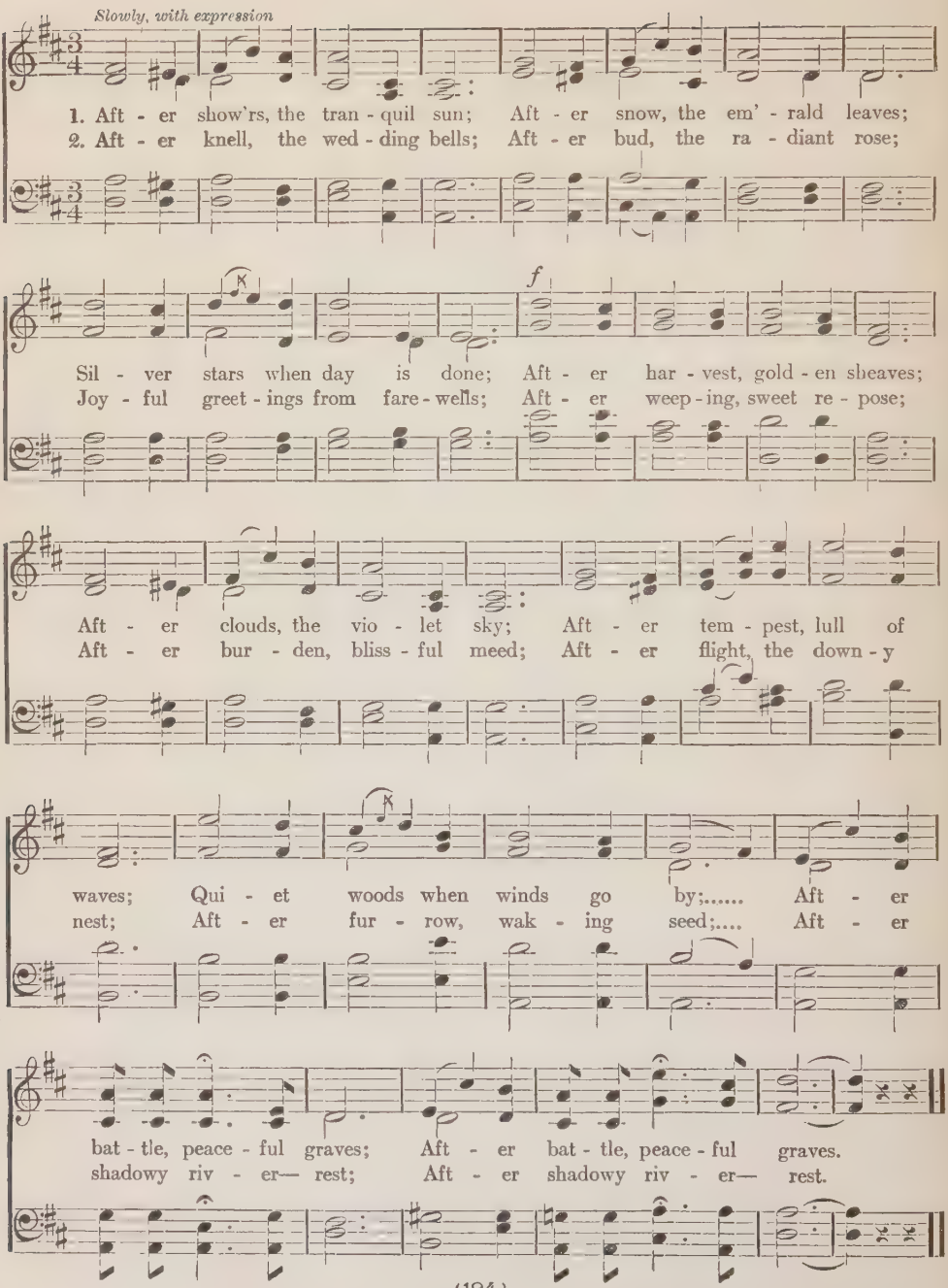
Thomas Moore


p
1. The bird, let loose in East - ern skies, When hast'n-ing fond - ly home, Ne'er
2. So grant me, Lord, from ev'r - y care And stain of pas-sion free, A -
stoops to earth her wing, nor flies Where i - dle war-blers roam. But
loft thro' faith's se - ren - er air, To hold my course to Thee! No
high she shoots thro' air and light A - bove all low de - lay, Where noth-ing earth-ly
sin to cloud—no lure to stay My soul, as home she springs; Thy sunshine on her
f
bounds her flight, Nor shad - ow dims her way, Nor shad - ow dims her way.
joy - ful way, Thy free - dom in her wings, Thy free - dom in her wings!

Over the Stars there is Rest

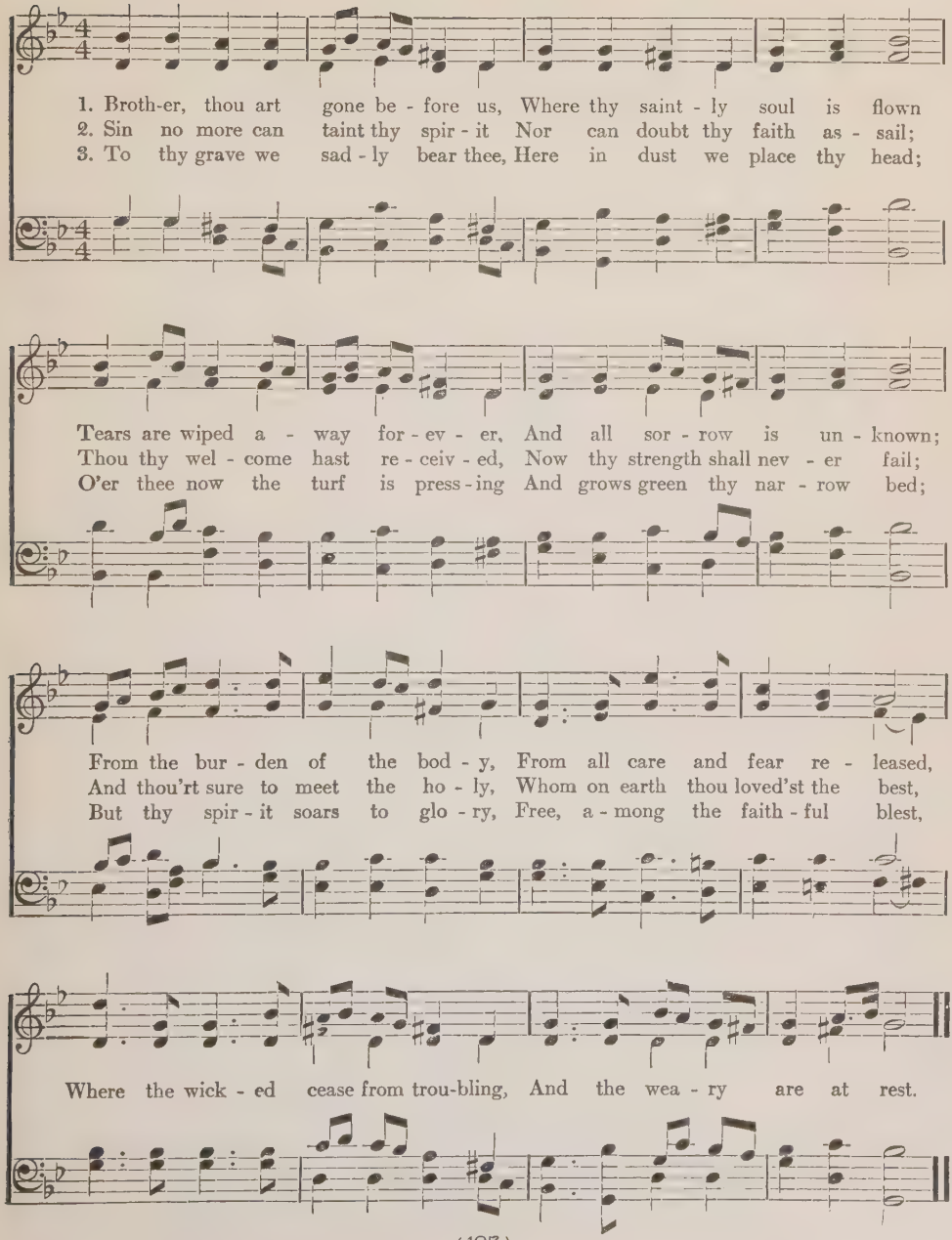
T. T. Barker — Franz Abt

Slowly
pp
1. O - ver the stars there is rest!..... O - ver the stars there is rest!.....
2. O - ver the stars there is rest!..... O - ver the stars there is rest!.....
Suf - fer, in pa-tience con - fid - ing, Life with its tri - als and chid - ing;
Bear up, to life's ills re - sign - ing, There where the sun is still shin - ing
There peace e - ter - nal a - bid - ing, Makes the de - light of the blest.....
Comes neither grief nor re - pin - ing, There are re - lieved the op - pressed.....
Dark tho' the day be with sor - row, Hope gilds more brightly the mor - row;
On-ward, with cour-age re - viv - ing, Ev - er still pa - tient - ly striv - ing;
f
pp
O - ver the stars there is rest!..... O - ver the stars there is rest!.....

After

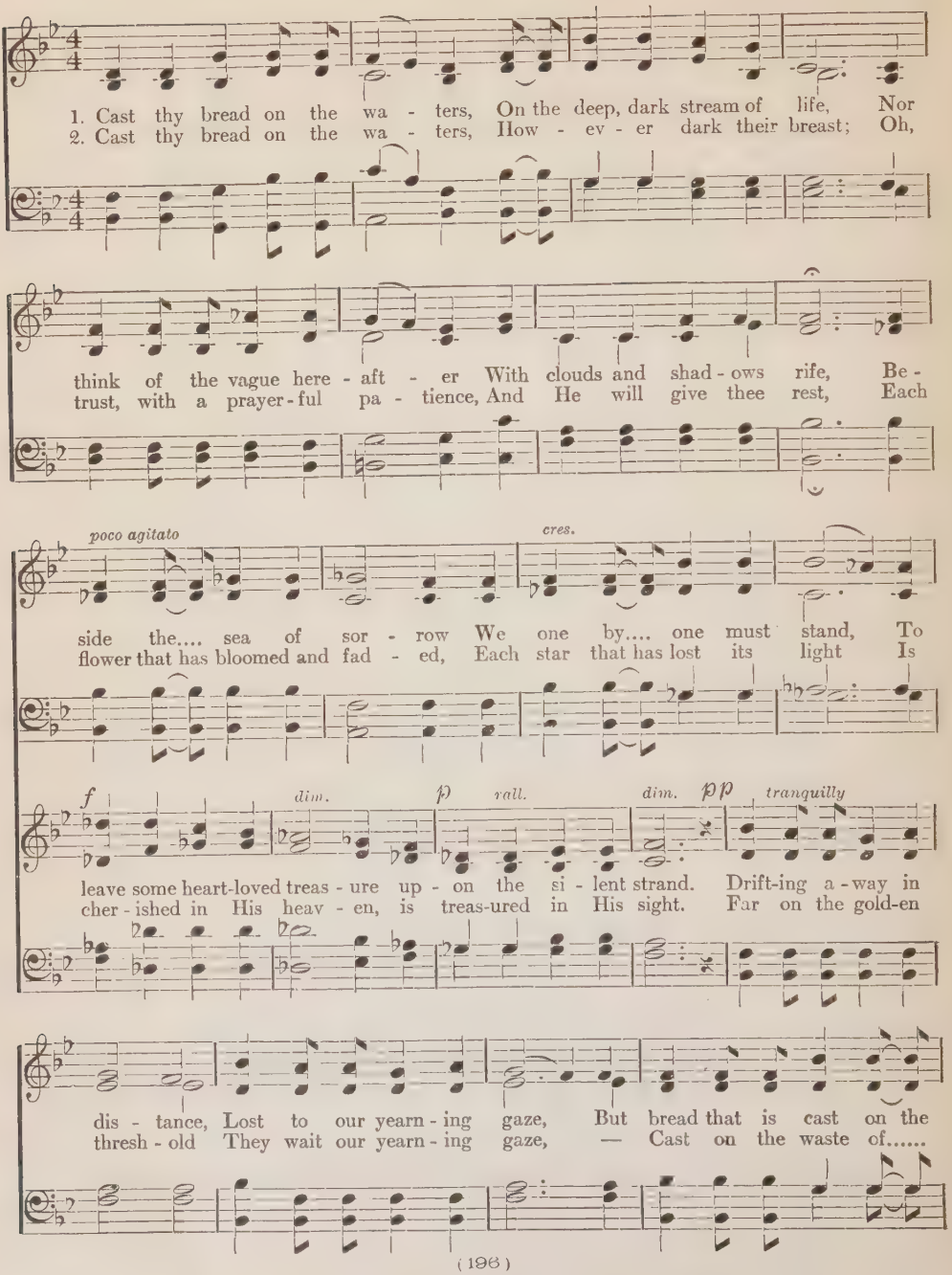
Louis Diehl

Slowly, with expression
1. Aft - er show'rs, the tran - quil sun; Aft - er snow, the em' - rald leaves;
2. Aft - er knell, the wed - ding bells; Aft - er bud, the ra - diant rose;
Sil - ver stars when day is done; Aft - er har - vest, gold - en sheaves;
Joy - ful greet - ings from fare - wells; Aft - er weep - ing, sweet re - pose;
f
Aft - er clouds, the vio - let sky; Aft - er tem - pest, lull of
Aft - er bur - den, bliss - ful meed; Aft - er flight, the down - y
waves; Qui - et woods when winds go by;..... Aft - er
nest; Aft - er fur - row, wak - ing seed;.... Aft - er
bat - tle, peace - ful graves; Aft - er bat - tle, peace - ful graves.
shadowy riv - er— rest; Aft - er shadowy riv - er— rest.

The Weary are at Rest

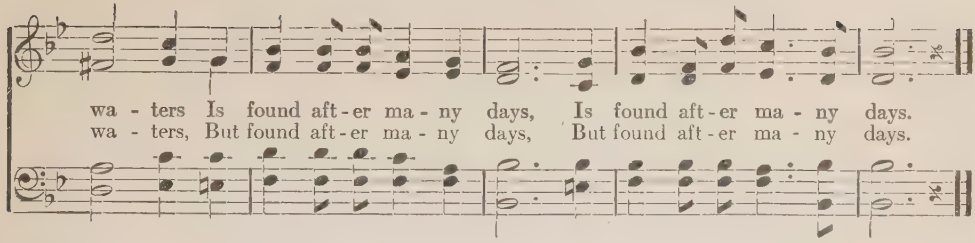
Ancient Irish Dirge


1. Broth-er, thou art gone be - fore us, Where thy saint - ly soul is flown
2. Sin no more can taint thy spir - it Nor can doubt thy faith as - sail;
3. To thy grave we sad - ly bear thee, Here in dust we place thy head;
Tears are wiped a - way for - ev - er, And all sor - row is un - known;
Thou thy wel - come hast re - ceiv - ed, Now thy strength shall nev - er fail;
O'er thee now the turf is press - ing And grows green thy nar - row bed;
From the bur - den of the bod - y, From all care and fear re - leased,
And thou'rt sure to meet the ho - ly, Whom on earth thou loved'st the best,
But thy spir - it soars to glo - ry, Free, a - mong the faith - ful blest,
Where the wick - ed cease from trou-bling, And the wea - ry are at rest.

Cast thy Bread on the Waters

Joseph L. Roeckel

1. Cast thy bread on the wa - ters, On the deep, dark stream of life, Nor
2. Cast thy bread on the wa - ters, How - ev - er dark their breast; Oh,
think of the vague here - aft - er With clouds and shad - ows rife, Be -
trust, with a prayer-ful pa - tience, And He will give thee rest, Each
poco agitato
cres.
side the.... sea of sor - row We one by.... one must stand, To
flower that has bloomed and fad - ed, Each star that has lost its light Is
f
dim.
p
rall.
dim.
pp
tranquilly
leave some heart-loved treas - ure up - on the si - lent strand. Drift-ing a-way in
cher - ished in His heav - en, is treas-ured in His sight. Far on the gold-en
dis - tance, Lost to our yearn - ing gaze, But bread that is cast on the
thresh - old They wait our yearn - ing gaze, — Cast on the waste of.....

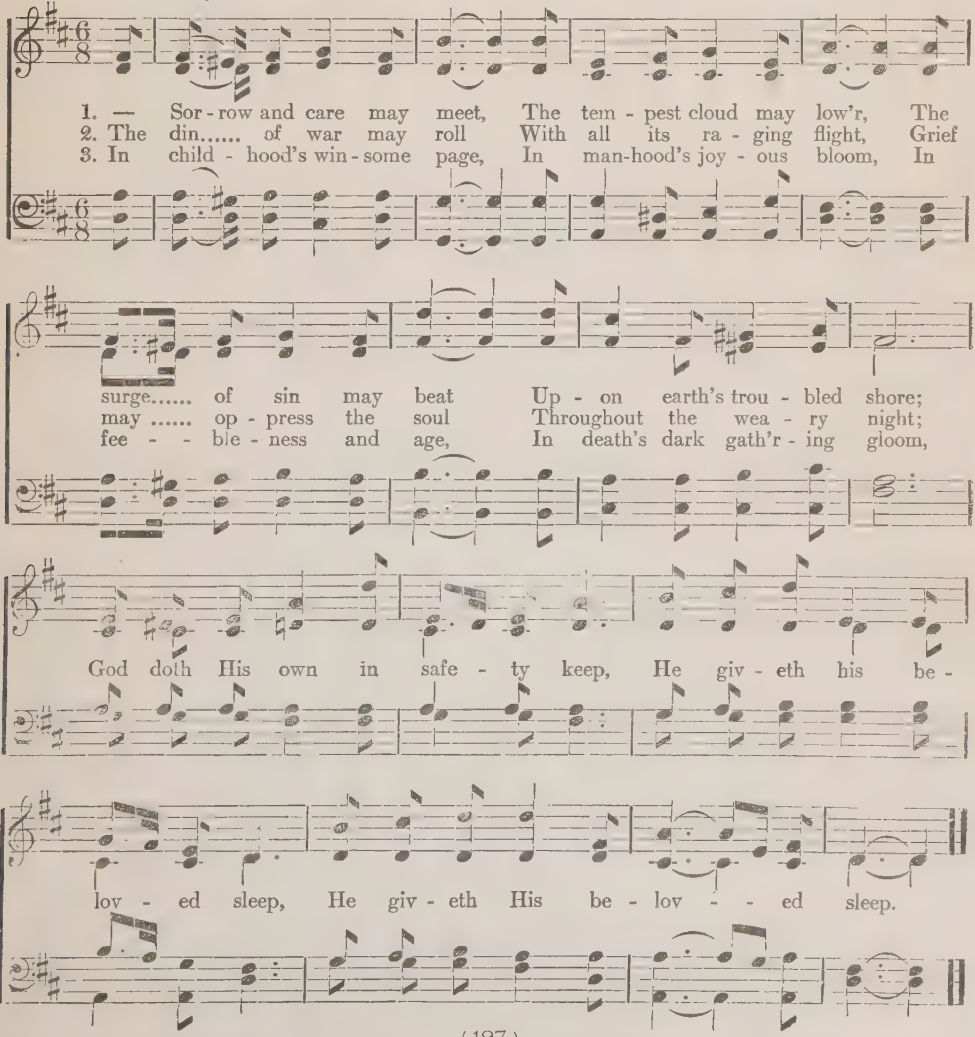
Cast thy Bread on the Waters



He Giveth His Beloved Sleep

T. C. Tildesley

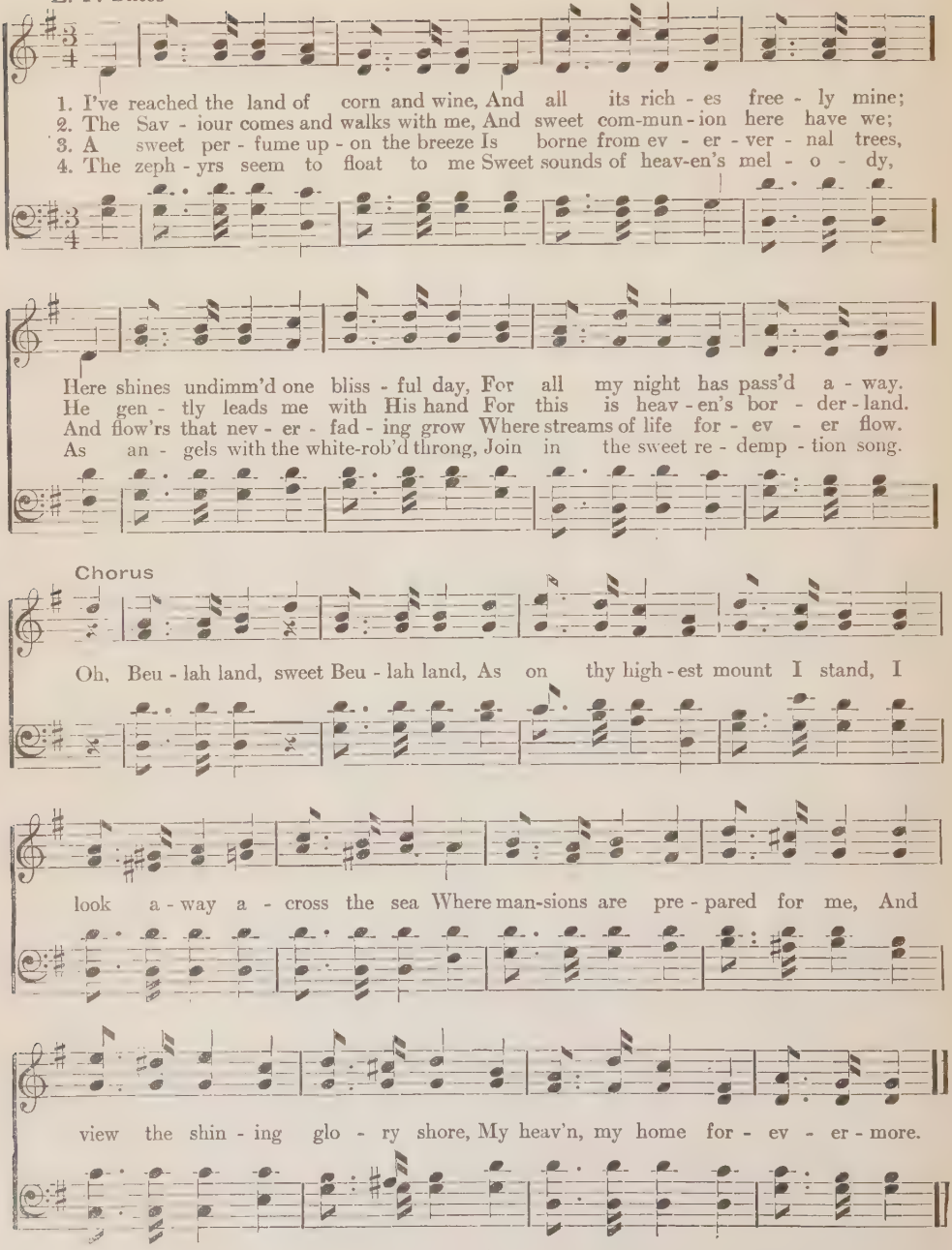
Franz Abt


1. — Sor - row and care may meet, The tem - pest cloud may low'r, The
2. The din..... of war may roll With all its ra - ging flight, Grief
3. In child - hood's win - some page, In man-hood's joy - ous bloom, In
surge..... of sin may beat Up - on earth's trou - bled shore;
may ..... op - press the soul Throughout the wea - ry night;
fee - - ble - ness and age, In death's dark gath'r - ing gloom,
God doth His own in safe - ty keep, He giv - eth his be -
lov - ed sleep, He giv - eth His be - lov - - ed sleep.

Beulah Land

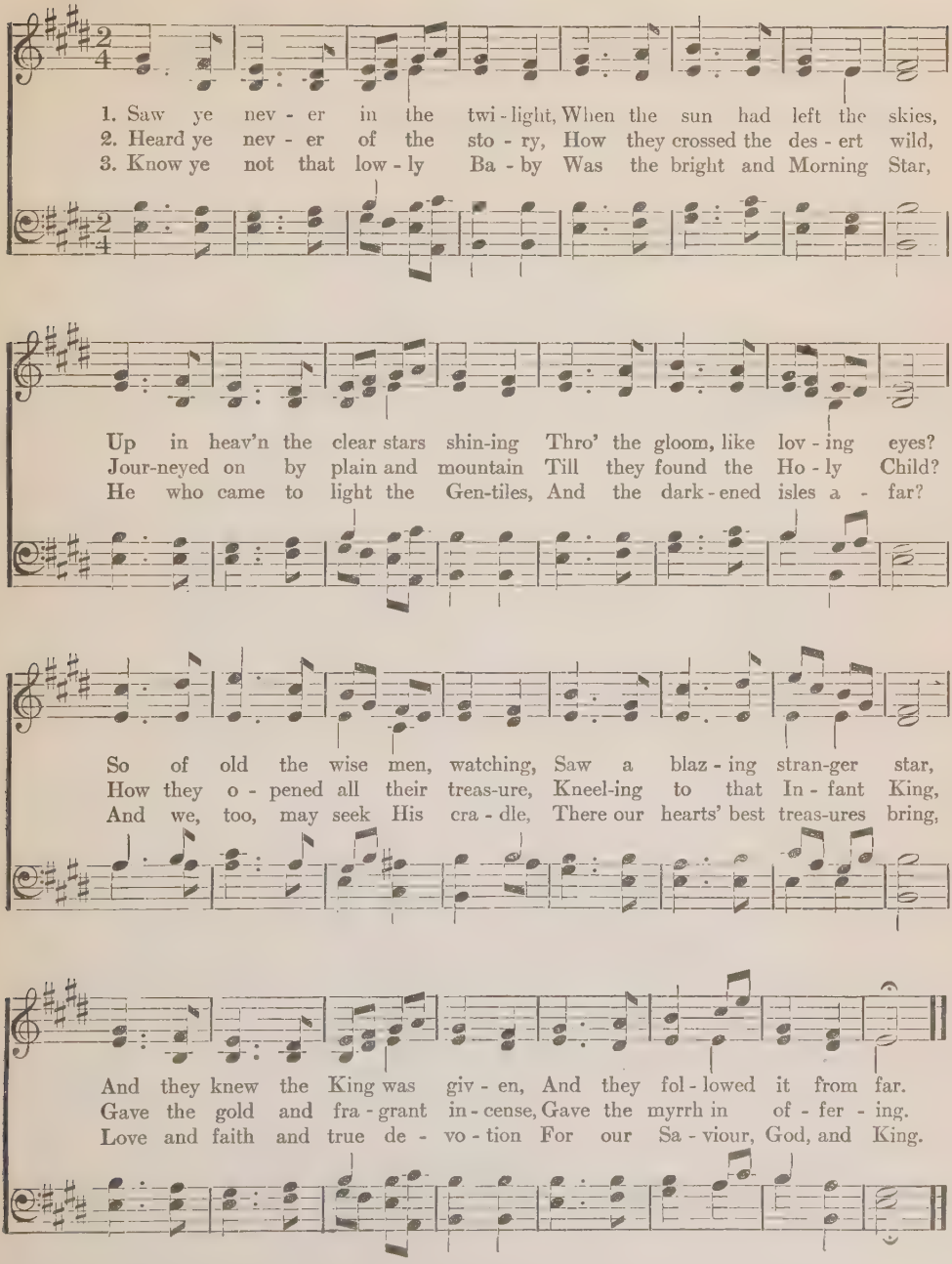
E. P. Stites

German Tune


1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. The Sav - iour comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun - ion here have we;
3. A sweet per - fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy,
Here shines undimm'd one bliss - ful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way.
He gen - tly leads me with His hand For this is heav - en's bor - der - land.
And flow'rs that nev - er - fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As an - gels with the white-rob'd throng, Join in the sweet re - demp - tion song.
Chorus
Oh, Beu - lah land, sweet Beu - lah land, As on thy high - est mount I stand, I
look a - way a - cross the sea Where man-sions are pre - pared for me, And
view the shin - ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home for - ev - er - more.

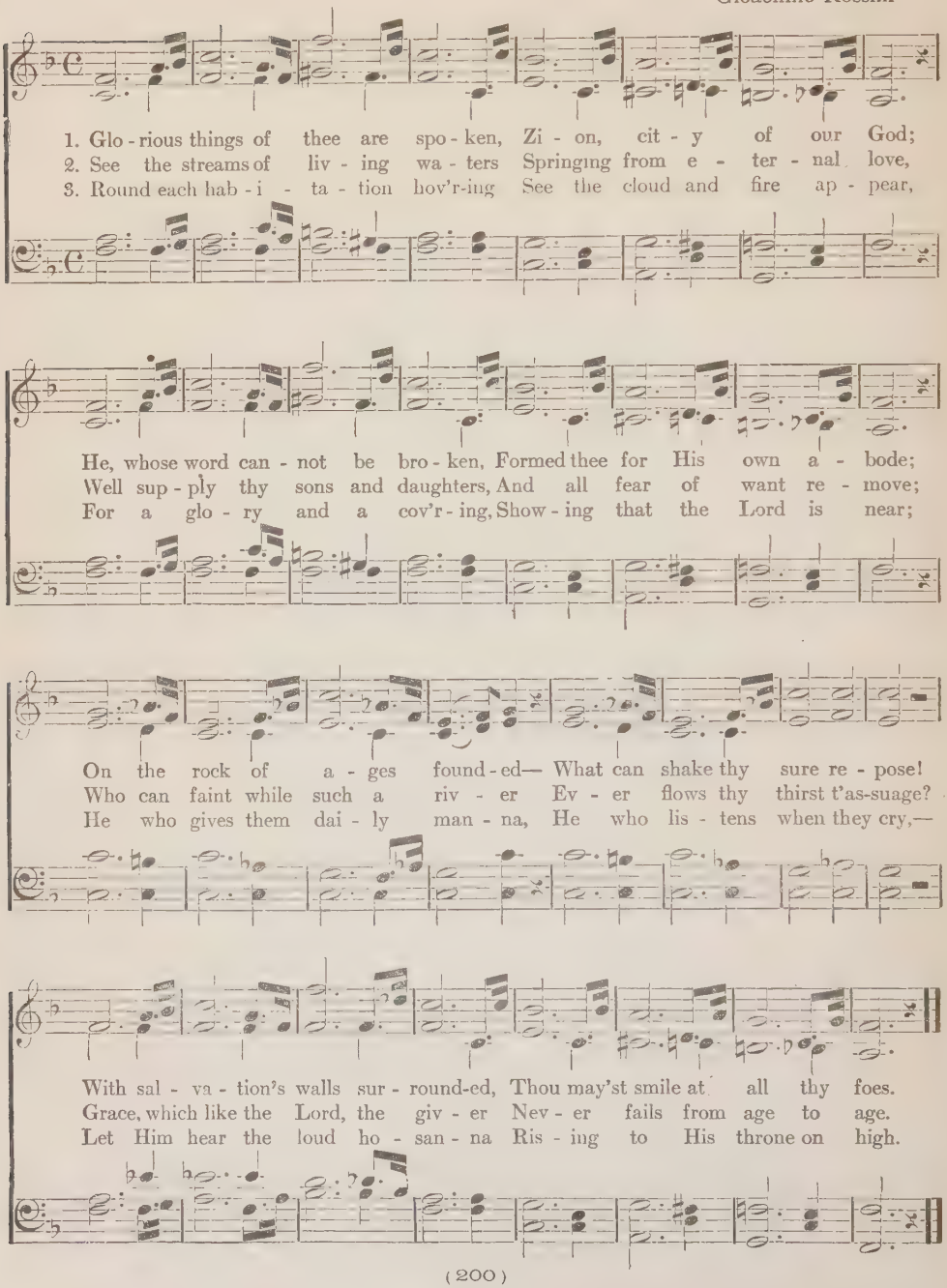
Saw Ye Never in the Twilight

Mrs. C. F. Alexander


1. Saw ye nev - er in the twi - light, When the sun had left the skies,
2. Heard ye nev - er of the sto - ry, How they crossed the des - ert wild,
3. Know ye not that low - ly Ba - by Was the bright and Morning Star,
Up in heav'n the clear stars shin-ing Thro' the gloom, like lov - ing eyes?
Jour-neyed on by plain and mountain Till they found the Ho - ly Child?
He who came to light the Gen-tiles, And the dark - ened isles a - far?
So of old the wise men, watching, Saw a blaz - ing stran-ger star,
How they o - pened all their treas-ure, Kneel-ing to that In - fant King,
And we, too, may seek His cra - dle, There our hearts' best treas-ures bring,
And they knew the King was giv - en, And they fol - lowed it from far.
Gave the gold and fra - grant in - cense, Gave the myrrh in of - fer - ing.
Love and faith and true de - vo - tion For our Sa - viour, God, and King.

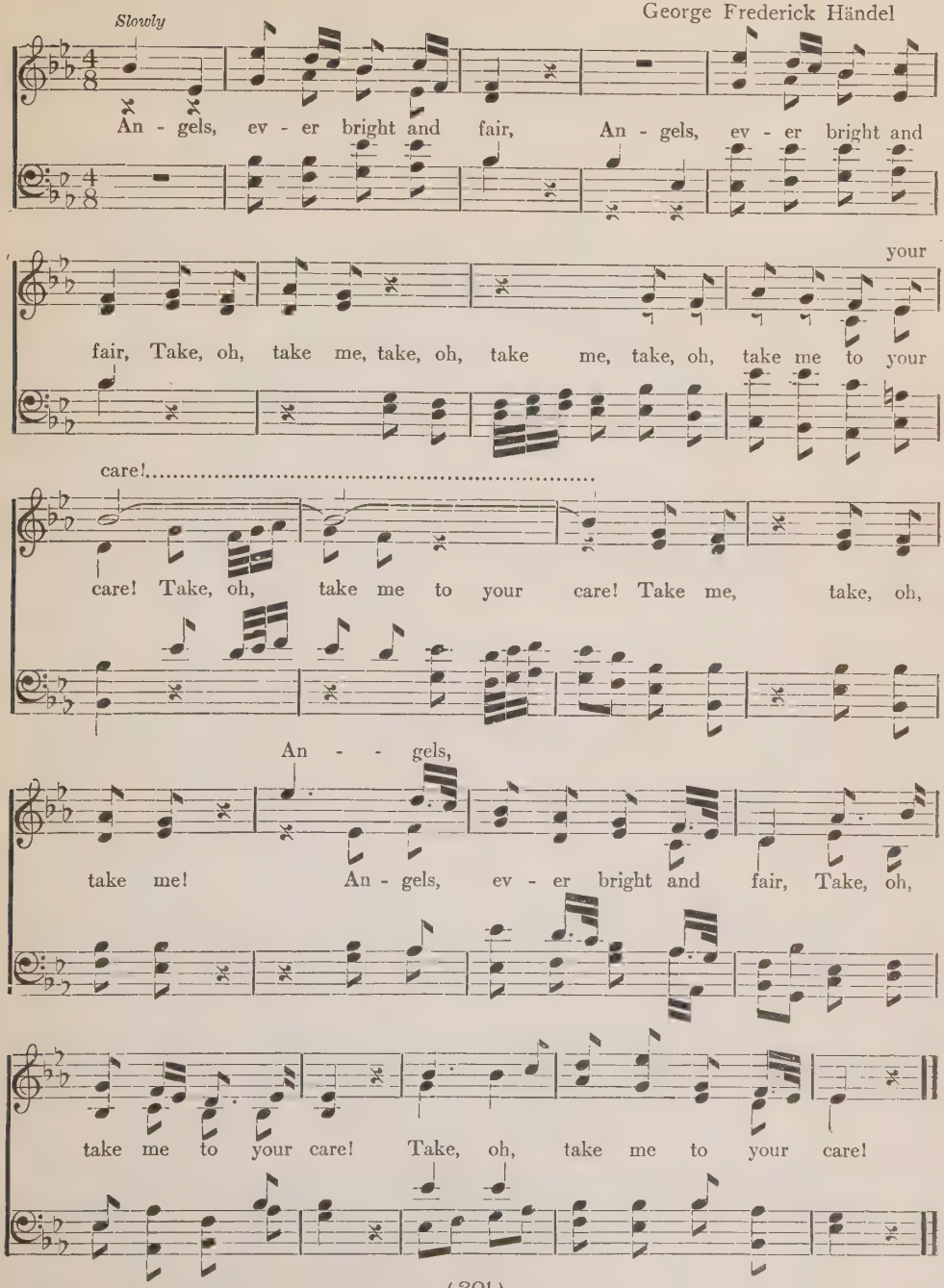
Glorious Things are Spoken

Gioachino Rossini


1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See the streams of liv - ing wa - ters Springing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov'r-ing See the cloud and fire ap - pear,
He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode;
Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move;
For a glo - ry and a cov'r - ing, Show - ing that the Lord is near;
On the rock of a - ges found - ed— What can shake thy sure re - pose!
Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows thy thirst t'as-suage?
He who gives them dai - ly man - na, He who lis - tens when they cry,—
With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which like the Lord, the giv - er Nev - er fails from age to age.
Let Him hear the loud ho - san - na Ris - ing to His throne on high.

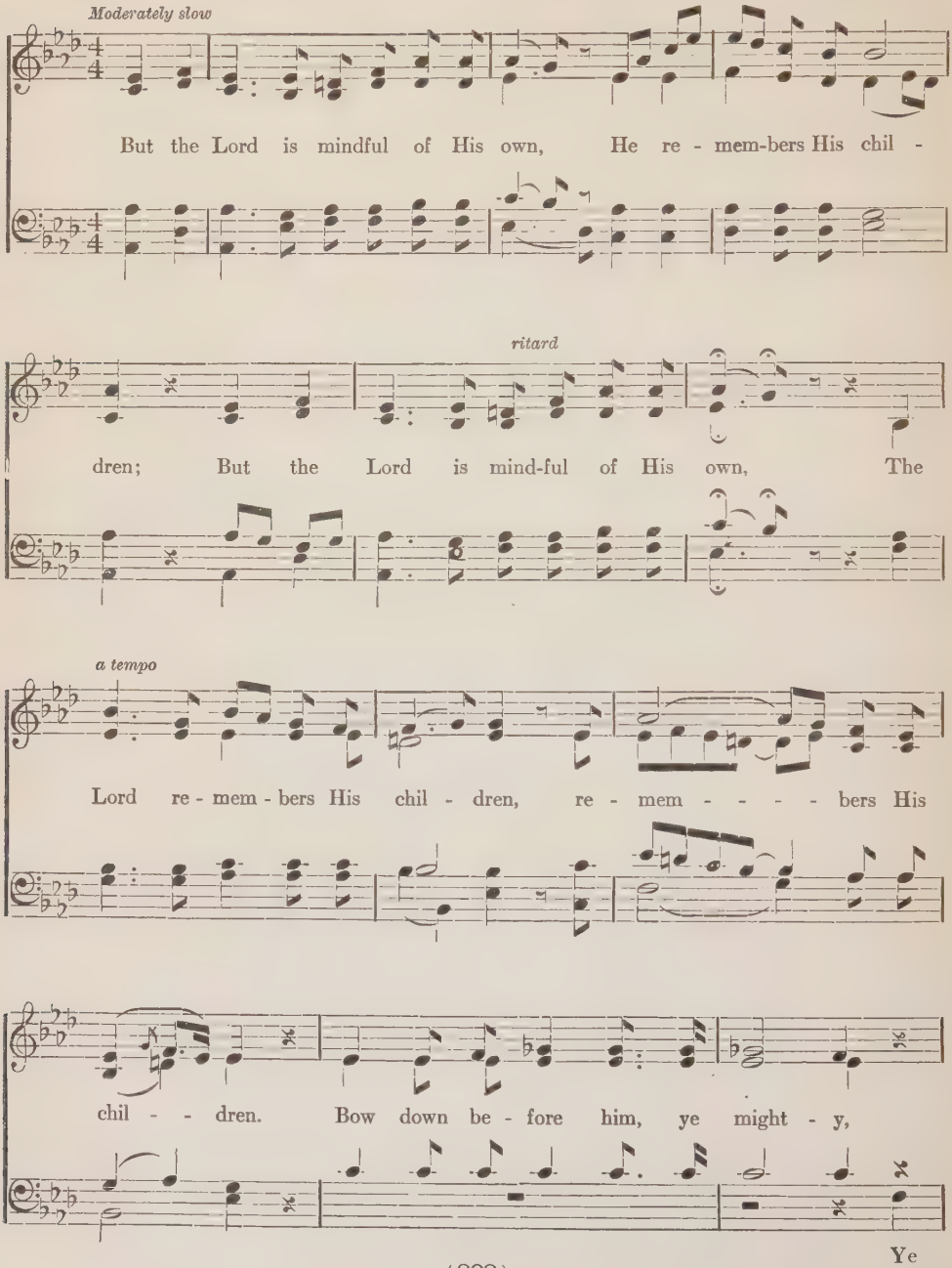
Angels ever Bright and Fair

George Frederick Händel

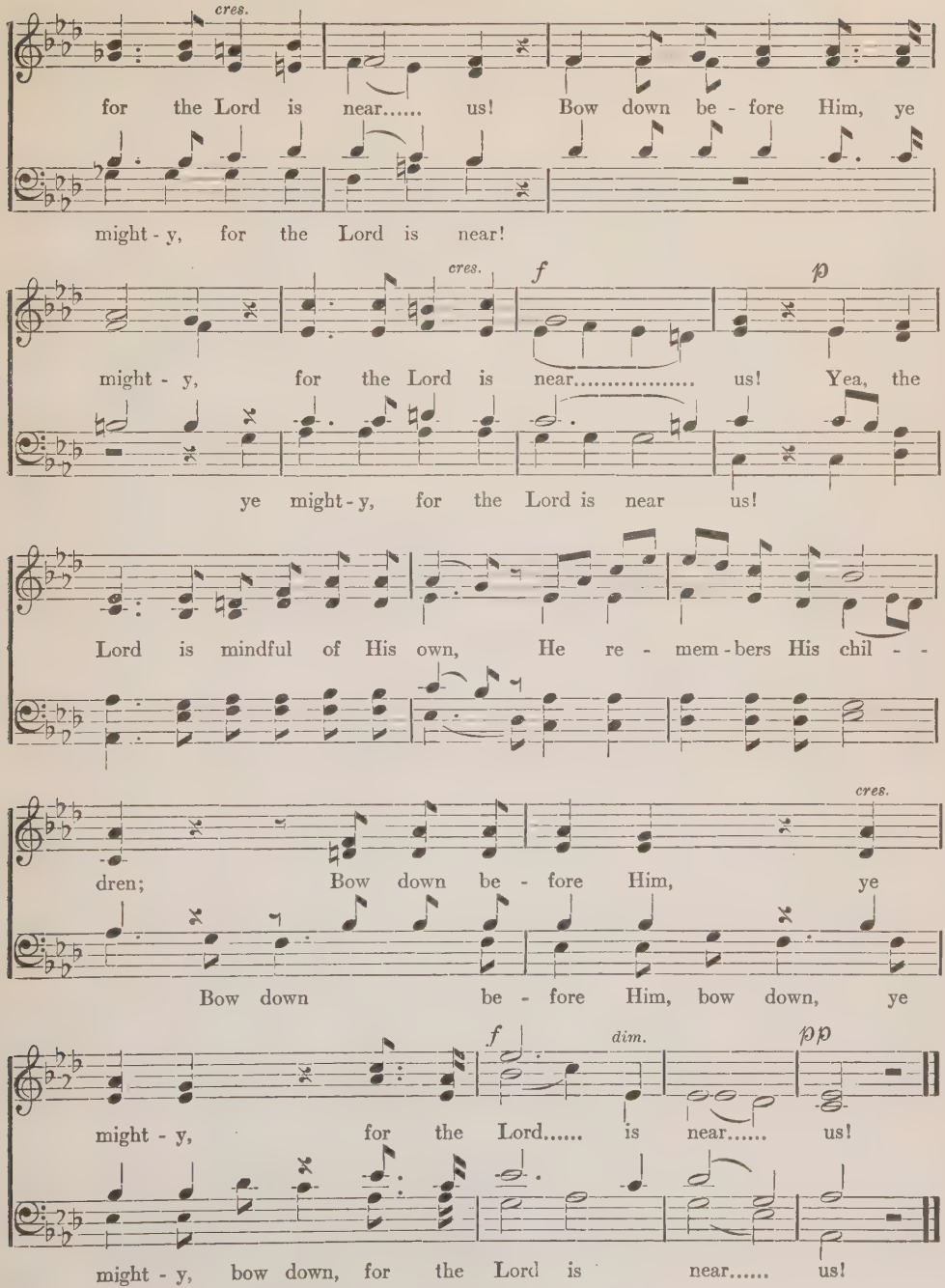

Slowly
An - gels, ev - er bright and fair, An - gels, ev - er bright and
your
fair, Take, oh, take me, take, oh, take me, take, oh, take me to your
care!.....
care! Take, oh, take me to your care! Take me, take, oh,
An - - gels,
take me! An - gels, ev - er bright and fair, Take, oh,
take me to your care! Take, oh, take me to your care!

But the Lord is Mindful of His Own

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

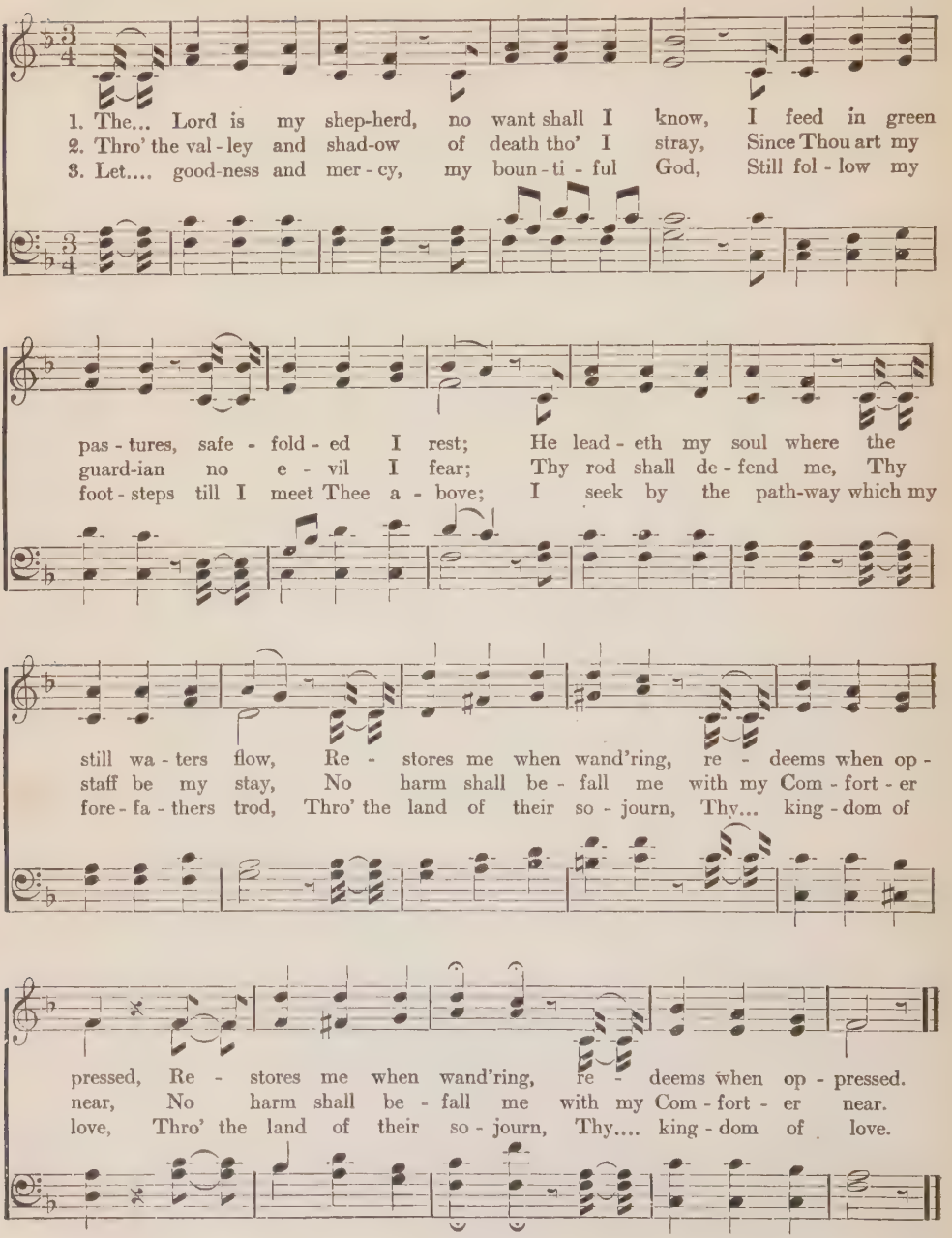

Moderately slow
But the Lord is mindful of His own, He re - mem-bers His chil -
ritard
dren; But the Lord is mind-ful of His own, The
a tempo
Lord re - mem - bers His chil - dren, re - mem - - - - bers His
chil - - dren. Bow down be - fore him, ye might - y,
Ye

But the Lord is Mindful of His Own


cres.
for the Lord is near..... us! Bow down be - fore Him, ye
might - y, for the Lord is near!
cres.
f
p
might - y, for the Lord is near..... us! Yea, the
ye might - y, for the Lord is near us!
Lord is mindful of His own, He re - mem - bers His chil - -
cres.
dren; Bow down be - fore Him, ye
Bow down be - fore Him, bow down, ye
f
dim.
pp
might - y, for the Lord..... is near..... us!
might - y, bow down, for the Lord is near..... us!

The Lord is my Shepherd

James Montgomery — Thomas Koschat


1. The... Lord is my shep-herd, no want shall I know, I feed in green
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. Let.... good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my
pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the
guard-ian no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy
foot-steps till I meet Thee a-bove; I seek by the path-way which my
still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-
staff be my stay, No harm shall be-fall me with my Com-fort-er
fore-fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy... king-dom of
pressed, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.
near, No harm shall be-fall me with my Com-fort-er near.
love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy.... king-dom of love.

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